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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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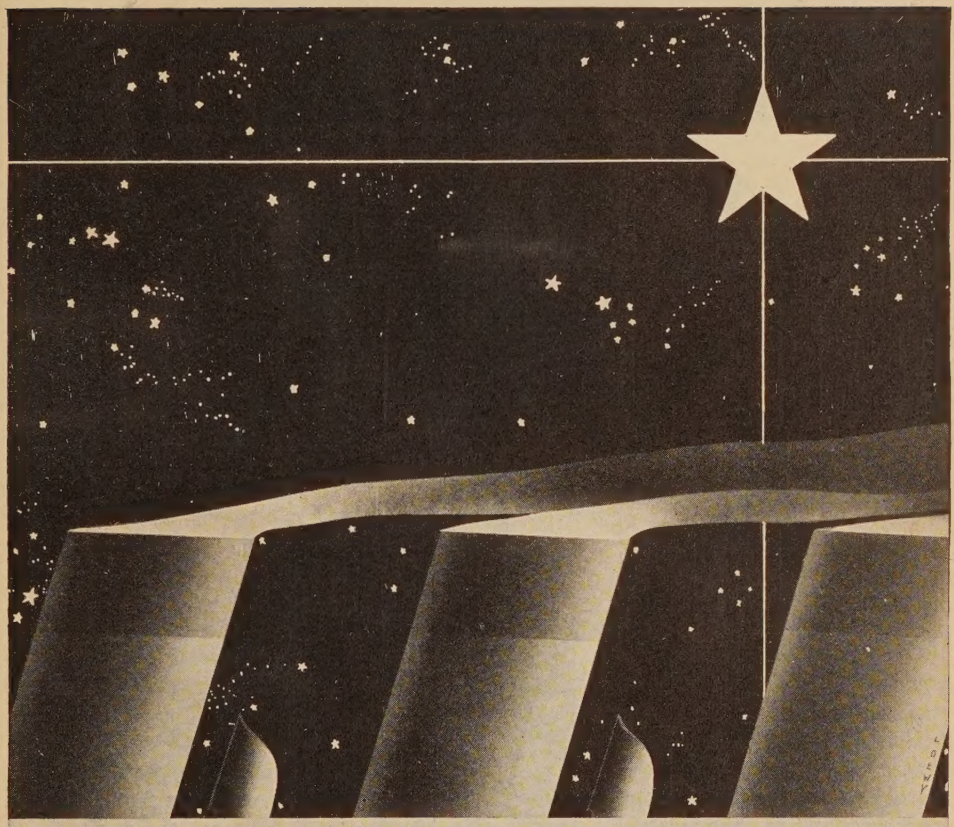

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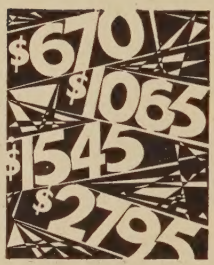

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XIV June 1928 NUMBER 54

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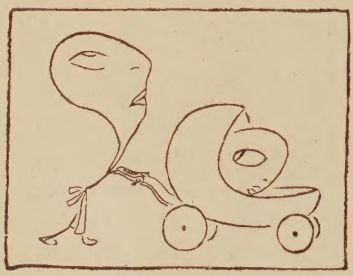

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Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

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A.M.

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My version of the missing line is as follows:

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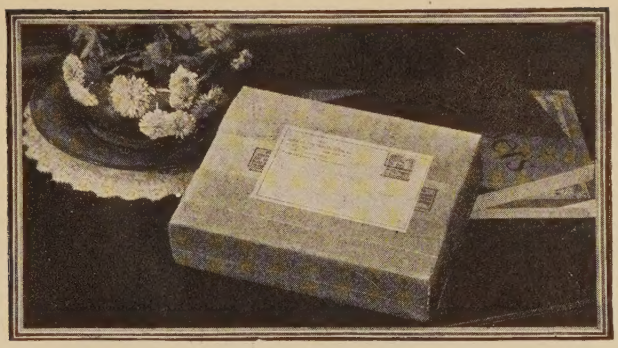

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Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman

You would not be *obliged* to take it, however, unless it appealed to you. That's why you are given a full report about it, a month before it is published. You are thus given the opportunity of choosing some other important forthcoming book. For instance, last month there were fourteen new books about which our Committee reported to members. You might have preferred one of these, in place of the "book-of-the-month;" and if none of them appealed to you—you would not have had to take any!

Heywood Broun

Dorothy Canfield

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of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* April, 1928

State of New York } *ss.*
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Business Manager, Samuel Knopf	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF,
(Publisher)

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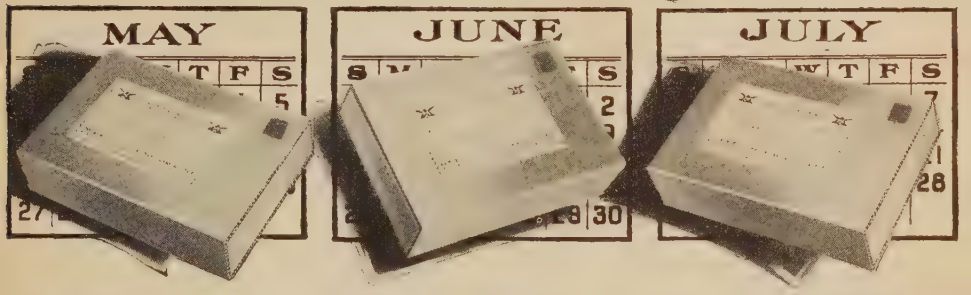

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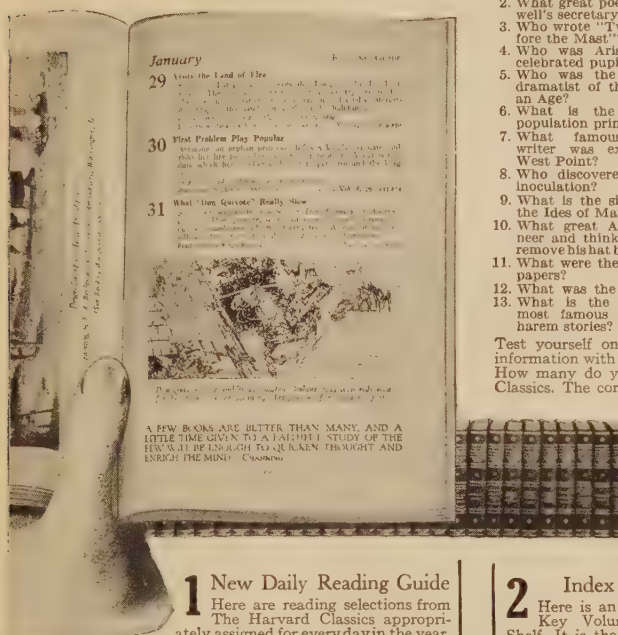
4. Who was Aristotle's most celebrated pupil?
5. Who was the outstanding dramatist of the Elizabethan Age?
6. What is the Malthusian population principle?
7. What famous American writer was expelled from West Point?
8. Who discovered small pox inoculation?
9. What is the significance of the Ides of March?
10. What great American pioneer and thinker refused to remove his hat before a King?
11. What were the "Spectator" papers?
12. What was the Holy Grail?
13. What is the title of the most famous collection of harem stories?
14. What is the source of the quotation "Is this a dagger which I see before me"?
15. What is Stonehenge?
16. Complete the quotation "If winter comes" and give its source.
17. What was the Epicurean philosophy of moral conduct?
18. The Autobiography of what famous Renaissance artist is an outstandingly frank revelation of a dissolute age?
19. What early biographer wrote vividly of the lives of famous Greeks and Romans?
20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for The Divine Comedy?
21. What were "The Sonnets from the Portuguese"?
22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?
23. Who was called "the Father of History"?
24. For what was William Caxton famous?
25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

Test yourself on these questions. They are facts of general information with which the well-read person should be familiar. How many do you know? All can be found in The Harvard Classics. The correct answers appear at the foot of this page.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THE FIRST AMERICANS, 1607–1690.
By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅜; 358 pp. *New York*

PROVINCIAL SOCIETY, 1690–1763.
By James Truslow Adams. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅜; 374 pp. *New York*

THE RISE OF THE COMMON MAN, 1830–1850.
By Carl Russell Fish. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅜; 391 pp. *New York*

THE EMERGENCE OF MODERN AMERICA, 1865–1878.
By Allan Nevins. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅜; 446 pp. *New York*

These volumes belong to a series called "A History of American Life," edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. It will run to twelve volumes, and will carry the story of the daily life of the American people from the earliest colonial times to 1927. The first four volumes show a high merit. The usual dull rehashing of political and military futilities is avoided, and an attempt is made to disentangle and describe the forces that determined the ideas of the people and their methods of meeting the struggle for existence. A great deal of unfamiliar matter is in the chronicle, and it is set forth with much skill and charm. Dr. Adams's volume, as might be expected, is a very fine piece of work, but it scarcely exceeds the contributions of his three collaborators. The narrative is illustrated throughout, and some of the illustrations are from prints of great rarity. In each volume there is an admirable critical essay on the authorities on the period discussed, and each has an adequate index. Altogether, the series promises to be one of the most useful and interesting ever devoted to American history. It is well printed and substantially bound, but the type used seems a shade unsuitable for such a work, and the paper employed is needlessly heavy, so that each volume weighs nearly two pounds.

THE NILE AND EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION.
By Alexandre Moret. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$7.50 9¼ x 5⅞; 497 pp. *New York*

M. Moret, who is a professor at the Collège de France and honorary director of the Musée Guimet, here attempts, and with notable success, to put all of the essential facts of Egyptian history into one volume. The government of Egypt, for many centuries, was primarily a theocracy, and so religion occupies an important place in the story. Its influence, indeed, was largely responsible for the amazing durability of Egyptian institutions, though, as M. Moret shows, the dependence of the people upon the almost mathematically precise cycles of the Nile was also a factor. The book is well illustrated, and presents an immense mass of facts. There are four maps and a brief bibliography at the end, beside a good index. The volume belongs to the "History of Civilization" series. The translation from the French is by M. R. Dobie.

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS.
By J. Fred Rippy. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 286 pp. *New York*

This is a comprehensive survey of the international aspects of Latin-American history. It is well written, and devoid of all pussyfooting, even in the sections dealing with the banditry of the United States in the Southern Continent in recent years. Dr. Rippy, who is professor of history in Duke University and associate managing editor of the *Hispanic-American Historical Review*, points out that "never have the Latin peoples of America been more bitter toward the United States than they are now," but he thinks that some of this bitterness is not justified. Public opinion in this country, he says, has always opposed the imperialistic ventures of the government below the Rio Grande, and it is still Latin America's "best means of defense until world conditions change."

HISTORY OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL.
By G. M. Stekloff. *The International Publishers*
$3.50 9 x 5⅜; 463 pp. *New York*

The translators of this massive work, Eden and Cedar Paul, are probably right in saying that it is the most comprehensive history of the First International yet published. It deals not only with the First International itself, which lived from 1864 to 1876, but also with all the subsidiary internationals of the time, especially the anarchist ones sponsored by such men as Bakunin and Kropotkin, and it discusses the First International's historical relationship to the Second and Third. Mr. Stekloff does not pretend to be unbiased. He is an avowed Communist and thinks that "only the Third International can be regarded as the rightful heir of the First," and that it alone would gain the favor of Karl Marx, were he alive today; nevertheless, the tremendous mass of facts he has gathered seems to be reliable. There are all the signs of careful scholarship: numerous explanatory notes, an extensive bibliography, an appendix of valuable documents, and an excellent index.

Continued on page xiv

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Continued from page xii

CRITICISM

WORDSWORTH IN EARLY AMERICAN CRITICISM.
By Annabel Newton. *The University of Chicago Press*
$2.50 7⅛ x 5¼; 210 pp. *Chicago*

Wordsworth's work, points out Dr. Newton, who is professor of English at Baker University, gained recognition in this country very slowly. In fact, it was not till 1824, twenty-six years after the first publication of his "Lyrical Ballads" here, that he achieved any favor, and that was due, almost completely, to the influence of the growing Wordsworth cult in England. The American critics of the time (and there were some good ones among them), like so many of their successors for nearly a hundred years, lacked independence, and followed the judgments of their English colleagues. After the aforementioned date Wordsworth became the rage in this country, and exerted a great influence on the native poets. Dr. Newton discusses the subject with full knowledge, and her book is an interesting contribution to the history of American literary criticism.

THE ESSAY.
By R. D. O'Leary. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$1.75 7½ x 5⅛; 230 pp. *New York*

This is a general discussion of the essay, and is intended for the use of college freshmen and sophomores. It is a refined and remarkable book, and will undoubtedly win the applause of the pedagogical world. "The essay," says Dr. O'Leary, who is professor of English in the celebrated University of Kansas, "is in prose," and is short. "One may say with safety" that it runs anywhere from one thousand to six thousand words in length. There are three types of it: (*a*) "that in which the central idea is simple;" (*b*) "that in which the central idea takes the form of a group compound;" and (*c*) "that in which the central idea represents an æsthetic concept." The primary theme of the essay is "classes, kinds, varieties, not individuals;" excellent subjects of this character are "death, immortality, love and friendship." Of course, not everybody can be an essayist. "The essayist," warns the learned professor, "must be a reflective person" and be possessed of "a considerable degree of placid content with things as they are. . . . [He must never defy] decent and profitable literary conventions." From all this it follows naturally that such low fellows as Carlyle and Swift were "no essayists." The latter's "Tale of a Tub" is only "a rhetorically incoherent whimsicality of the irritatingly self-conscious and defiant sort." The real essayists were Lamb and Stevenson.

THE SCIENCES

WHY MEN FAIL.
Edited by Morris Fishbein & William A. White.
The Century Company
$2 7¼ x 4⅞; 344 pp. *New York*

This volume is a symposium by a group of medical men and women, chiefly psychiatrists. But though one of the editors is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the other is a former president of the American Psychiatric Association, and among the contributors are such authorities as Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe and Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles, it cannot be said that the volume offers anything that is new. Much of its text, in fact, might have been lifted out of the works of the late Orison Swett Marden. Psychiatry, it appears, has little more information to offer regarding the causes of maladjustment than is already known to every reasonably intelligent person.

APPENDICITIS.
By Thew Wright. *Allen Ross & Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 129 pp. *New York*

In this little book Dr. Wright presents all the information that the layman may be trusted to absorb about appendicitis. He describes the disease clearly, explains the necessity of early operation, and shows the tragic consequences of delay. There is an interesting and useful chapter upon appendectomy from the subjective standpoint, dealing with the patient's probable experiences and sensations under the knife and afterward.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY.
By A. A. Roback. *The Sci-Art Publishers*
$6 8¼ x 5⅜; 340 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

This bibliography was originally planned as an appendix to "The Psychology of Character," by the same author, reviewed in The American Mercury for April, 1928, p. 520. It became so bulky that printing it with the text turned out to be impracticable, and so it is issued separately. It is substantially if not quite exhaustive, and includes writings on temperament as well as on character and personality.

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION THROUGH QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
By H. E. Palmer & F. G. Blandford. W. Heffer & Sons
3s. 6d. 7¼ x 4¾; 119 pp. *Cambridge, Eng.*

Mr. Palmer is linguistic adviser to the Japanese Ministry of Education, and this little book was

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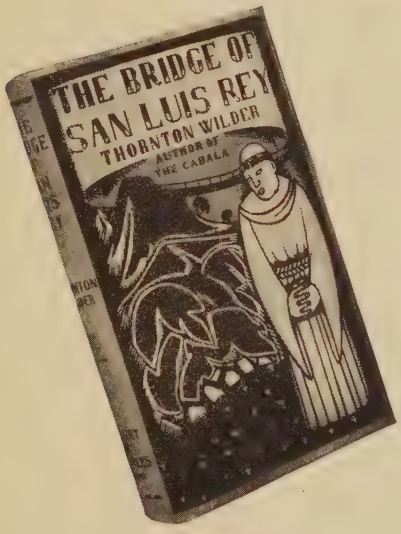
CLOSE YOUR EYES —AND CHOOSE



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Continued from page xiv

originally planned for the use of Japanese students of English. But teachers of other foreigners will find it very useful, and it may even be of aid to those who labor with the faulty pronunciation of American-born children, though all of the pronunciations which differ in English and American are here given their English forms, as in, for example, *clerk* and *can't*. The various sounds are taken up in order, beginning with the vowels, and space is provided for teachers to wrestle, on the same plan, with the special deficiencies of individual pupils.

MIND AND BODY.
By Hans Driesch. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$3 8 x 5½; 191 pp. *New York*

Professor Driesch here denounces and attempts to dispose of "the orthodox theory of psychophysical parallelism," *i.e.*, the theory that every psychical process is accompanied by a physical process, and flows out of it. But in the end he is forced to adopt a form of parallelism himself, and it differs from the "orthodox" variety only in that physical processes are changed into "non-mechanical natural processes," whatever they may be. The book is by no means easy reading. Dr. Driesch's intent is always clear enough, but his argument is often extremely difficult to follow. There is a bibliography of his writings at the end. He is professor of philosophy at Leipzig. He began his university career as a biologist, but abandoned the natural sciences for philosophy in 1916.

THE STORY OF THE HAIR.
By Charles Nessler. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 277 pp. *New York*

Mr. Nessler, who is a professional hair-dresser and the inventor of the permanent wave, here sets forth the results of his many years of study of the human hair. He is very cynical about nostrums for making it grow, and describes the defects of the various popular dyes. The permanent wave, he says, is produced by "boiling the hair in an alkali solution while it is tightly wound on a curling rod." The theory behind the process is that hair is wavy in proportion as it absorbs water from the atmosphere, and that alkalis increase its capacity for absorption. This artificial waviness, like natural waviness, increases and diminishes as the air is humid or dry. Mr. Nessler says that determining the degree of alkalinity suitable for a given head of hair is a matter of some delicacy, and that relatively few hairdressers are prepared for it. The method he describes, in fact, obviously demands some skill at laboratory processes.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WHITHER CHINA? *An Economic Interpretation of Recent Events in the Far East.*
By Scott Nearing. *The International Publishers*
$1.75 7¾ x 5¼; 225 pp. *New York*

Dr. Nearing is mainly concerned with the precise nature of the influence Soviet Russia has had on the New China, and the importance of the increasing co-operation between the two countries. Bolshevik Russia, he says, is held in such great esteem in China because it is the first Western country of major grade to join it as an ally on "a basis of full reciprocal right," and thus has made the slumbering giant of the East a telling part of the Eurasian bloc. This bloc, he continues, "inspired by the Soviet Union, headed by an organized, armed China and with Japan as a subordinate, but powerful member," will gradually loom up as a colossal ganglion of world Communistic force, standing in opposition to the capitalistic countries headed by the United States, and the great struggle of the future will be between these two antagonistic unions. Dr. Nearing believes that the Soviet idea will emerge triumphant. There are an extensive bibliography and two maps.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF SOCIOLOGY.
By Herbert Newhard Shenton.
The Columbia University Press
$3.50 8⅜ x 5¾; 259 pp. *New York*

The time has come, thinks Dr. Shenton, who is assistant professor of sociology in Columbia University, for sociology to step out into the market place, and take its place as an applied science on the same plane with applied physics and chemistry. It can now be used, he believes, "for the diagnosis of social situations and for the evaluation of social factors in socio-economic processes, for the alteration of these situations and processes, and for the building and administration of social mechanisms." Unluckily, he fails to prove this claim. He presents not one situation wherein the so-called findings of the academic sociologists can be of any practical value. The fact is that sociology is still not a science, either theoretical or applied; it remains in the metaphysical stage.

BACK OF WAR.
By Henry Kittredge Norton.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¾; 356 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Norton here discusses the causes of international conflict: (1) primitive causes, (2) social causes, (3) economic causes, (4) political causes; and concludes that "war is not to be persuaded out of

Continued on page xviii

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Charles Scribner's Sons
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

existence. The effective worker for world peace will not waste his time and his energy in mere denunciation or even prohibition of war. He will . . . get back of war into the tangle of economic forces and psychological motives that will inevitably result in periodic outbursts of slaughter and death until they are untangled and so coördinated that continuous coöperation shall replace the interminable conflict." The book lacks both a bibliography and an index.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MODERN STATE.
By Charles C. Marshall. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 350 pp. *New York*

Mr. Marshall is the author of that open letter to Governor Al Smith which, when it was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year or so ago, kicked up a dreadful pother, and brought from Al a reply which probably made him many hundreds of thousands of votes. Here Mr. Marshall returns to the attack, and with great vigor and plausibility. He analyzes all the principal Catholic pronunciamentoes on the relations between church and state, and shows that, in the main, they argue against that separation which, at least in constitutional theory, prevails in the United States. He also has interesting chapters on the governmental structure of the church itself, on its attitude toward marriage, and on its policy regarding education. There are a bibliography and a good index.

APPELLA, *or, The Future of the Jews.*
By A Quarterly Reviewer. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6⅛ x 4⅜; 95 pp. *New York*

There is not much here that is not obvious. The author thinks that Judaism as a religion is on the decline but that as a culture it will probably continue to influence world thought for a long time to come, that assimilation will increase, and that Zionism will never be espoused by more than a fanatical minority of the race.

AN AUSTRALIAN LOOKS AT AMERICA.
By Hugh Grant Adam.
The Cornstalk Publishing Company
5s. 8⅜ x 5⅜; 118 pp. *Sydney, N. S. W.*

Mr. Adam, who is a well-known Australian journalist, came to the United States with a commission of eight men, four representing capital and four labor, sent here by the Australian government to study American industrial conditions. Like most observant foreigners he carried off the impression that there is something unhealthy about American prosperity. His remarks about company unions, instalment buying, the employment of married women, mass production and so on are searching and sensible. "Instead of saying that the American worker has a high standard of living," he concludes, "it is nearer the truth to say that he has a high standard of spending. It is made easy for him to gratify every passing want. But is it comfort to have a player-piano and be unable to pay the grocer's bill?"

HYMEN, *or, The Future of Marriage.*
By Norman Haire. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 78 pp. *New York*

Practically everything that Mr. Haire says here has been said before. He believes that "lifelong monogamous marriage is the ideal to aim at," but that "it is an ideal at present suitable to, and attainable by, only a small minority of people,' or, at all events, only a small minority of men. Women, he believes, are not so apt to wander, "though whether this is biological or due only to long ages of repression and convention is not at present clear." In the future, he predicts, "so long as the sexual rights of others are not interfered with, and no undesirable children result, the sexual relations of two mutually consenting adults will probably be considered their private concern."

THE MIRAGE OF VERSAILLES.
By Herman Stegemann. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 360 pp. *New York*

This work follows Herr Stegemann's two earlier volumes, "The History of the War" and "The Struggle for the Rhine," and is in a sense a sequel to them. The author is a German, but has lived in Switzerland for many years and has been the editor of important journals there. His conclusion is that in Europe "everything depends upon the recovery of Germany. The issue of the crisis will be determined not so much by the law of the victors as by the fate of the vanquished." If there is ever to be any genuine rehabilitation, he says, it must be based upon "the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles and the spirit that rules it."

POWER CONTROL.
By H. S. Raushenbush & Harry W. Laidler.
The New Republic
$1 7½ x 4¾; 298 pp. *New York*

A tract in favor of the public control of water power. The authors describe the gradual concentration of the control of that power in a few hands, and denounce with great eloquence the lobby which labors at Washington to prevent its recapture. The volume belongs to the admirable series of paper-bound

Continued on page xx

A Mirror for Witches
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On the trail of masters of crime with a famous criminologist; true stories of crimes stranger than a novelist could devise. Illus. $3.50

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Philosopher of Love
Houston Peterson
The life story of the man whom H. L. Mencken calls "the most civilized Englishman of his generation," including a study of the whole modern sex movement. Illustrated. $4.50

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By Ameen Rihani
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Burton J. Hendrick has told of Mr. Page's earlier career as editor, publisher and educator. Illustrated. $5.00

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The man selected by Byrd to manage dogs on the South Pole expedition tells of some of his thrilling earlier experiences. Illus. $3.50

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2. REEDS AND MUD. *By* V. BLASCO IBANEZ. 15th Ed. (Fict.) (Book of the Month for April) $2.50.

3. THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS. *By* GERALD HOPKINS. 5th Ed. (Fict.) (Book of the Month for May) $2.50.

4. HAPPINESS. *By* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. 13th Ed. (Gen.) $1.00.

5. IRON AND SMOKE. *By* SHEILA KAYE SMITH. (18th Ed.) $2.50.

6. THE DREADFUL NIGHT. *By* BEN AMES WILLIAMS. 9th Ed. (Detec.) $2.00.

7. MUSSOLINI, MAN OF DESTINY. *By* VITTORIO DE FIORI. 5th Ed. (Biog.) $3.00.

8. CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE. *By* EDDIE FOY. 5th Ed. (Autobiog.) $3.00.

9. ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. *By* A. L. P. DENNIS. 4th Ed. (Gen.) $5.00.

10. THE CREATIVE EAST. *By* J. W. T. MASON. Just Published (Gen.) $1.50.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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books on public questions issued by the *New Republic* at a dollar each. Reading it would be more comfortable if the pages were cut. There is a good index.

LET FREEDOM RING.
By Arthur Garfield Hays. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 341 pp. *New York*

For many years Mr. Hays has been actively engaged at the bar in cases involving violations of the Bill of Rights, both as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union and similar organizations and as a private attorney. Here he describes and analyzes six of the important struggles in which he has been employed: the Scopes trial, the series of cases flowing out of the frequent attempts to put down radical labor leaders, THE AMERICAN MERCURY case in Boston, the Ossian H. Sweet case in Detroit, the prosecution of "The Captive" in New York, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It is a melancholy tale that he has to tell, but he manages to do it with great good humor. One gathers from his chronicle, indeed, that fighting for free speech is a very exhilarating business, despite the fact that it involves close contact with malignant stupidity. His account of the Scopes trial, in particular, is full of high spirits. The book is illustrated, but it sorely lacks an index.

FEDERAL AID. *A Study of the American Subsidy System.*
By Austin F. Macdonald.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$2.75 8 x 5¼; 285 pp. *New York*

The growth of Federal subsidies to States since the beginning of the Twentieth Century has been phenomenal. In 1927 the government expended in this manner nearly $150,000,000. More than half of this was for highway construction; the remainder went for such matters as agricultural colleges, vocational education, forest fire prevention, and maternity and infant hygiene. Dr. Macdonald, who is assistant professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania, discusses each of these ventures in its historical and political aspects. Toward the end he considers the various objections that have been put forth against the present general scheme of Federal aid, and endeavors to dispose of them. Personally he is in favor of it on these grounds: "(*a*) It stimulates State interest and State activity. (*b*) It brings about a certain degree of uniformity without ignoring differences in local needs. (*c*) It raises local standards and establishes a national minimum of efficiency. (*d*) It equalizes to some extent the tax burdens of the various States. (*e*) It recognizes and reaffirms the principle of local autonomy."

Continued on page xxii

HARPER'S Books *of the* Month

CHOSEN BY THE *Book-of-the-Month Club* FOR MAY

THE CLOSED GARDEN

By JULIAN GREEN

Author of "Avarice House"

ANDRÉ MAUROIS says: "Here is a very young man in whom several fine minds see a novelist arisen, without doubt the best of his generation. . . . One can imagine nothing more vivid than the depiction of this ad house, of the monotonous and tragic life of its three figures. Above ll I have been struck by a power to evoke details which at times recalls olstoy." *First Printing, 90,000 copies.* $2.50

JULIAN GREEN

Naked Truth

By CLARE SHERIDAN

Mrs. Sheridan's truth is naked—nd often unashamed. She draws o veil over her own experiences—r those of others. Sometimes we we a great deal to indiscreet writ-rs. In this instance we owe most xciting reading to Mrs. Sheridan." —*Harry Hansen in the N. Y. World.* $5.00

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A negro's own story of "Nigger-heaven." The novel that has created a literary sensation. $2.40

Black Majesty

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

"A gorgeous tale, a historical romance or a biological romance, as you choose. Beautifully written." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

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By ERNEST MILTON

The story of a boy sent from the shelter of Canterbury to London, into a life for which he has no preparation. It combines sophistication with an exotic beauty characteristic of great works of imagination. $2.50

Shipwreck in Europe

By JOSEF BARD

This strange and individual novel is the story of a rich and world-weary young American who goes to Vienna to find the sense and pleasure of a full existence. "Not only distinguished but wholly unforeseen," says Louis Untermeyer of this novel of strange and compelling ideas. $2.50

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By CHRISTOPHER WARD

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The Island Within

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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By LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D.

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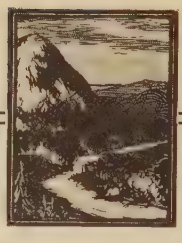

THE RIVER

By **TRISTRAM TUPPER**

Author of "JORGENSEN"

The smell of woodsmoke and the sound of a mountain stream continually define this novel of a man's first headstrong love—a novel vigorously conceived, delicately written. Mr. Tupper, author of three previous novels and much shorter fiction, here steps out courageously from conventional ranks and does an unusual thing with extraordinary quietness. $2.50

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—*Walter Yust in the Philadelphia Ledger.*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

BIOGRAPHY

THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRA AND THEODORE THOMAS.
By Charles Edward Russell.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 344 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This is the first adequate biography of the man who did more for decent music in America than any other, nay, than any dozen others. Mr. Russell lays great stress, and properly, upon the immense value of his courageous pioneering, and shows how raucously and ignorantly it was opposed. It may seem incredible, but it remains a fact that until Thomas introduced them in the late 60's even such things as Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, Beethoven's grand fugue, opus 133, Haydn's "Surprise" symphony and Mozart's G minor had never been heard in America. His services to Brahms, Dvořák, Liszt, Rubinstein and other such contemporaries were high and memorable. He was the first to play Brahms' second and third symphonies and the "Academic" overture—and incidentally, the first (O noble privilege!) to play Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" and "Wine, Women and Song." He played the "Til Eulenspiegel" of the other Strauss, Richard, in Chicago in 1895, eight years before it was first heard in Europe. Mr. Russell's book is pleasantly written, and there are many illustrations. At the end a great deal of interesting historical matter appears in a series of appendices.

MARY TODD LINCOLN. *An Appreciation.*
By Honoré Willsie Morrow.
William Morrow & Company
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 248 pp. *New York*

Herndon's judgment that Mrs. Lincoln was a shrew and a distinct hindrance to the President's ambitions has remained the general opinion of her. Mrs. Morrow, in this fictional biography, presents a totally different view. She argues that while Mrs. Lincoln was an aggressive person, she was possessed of good taste and keen insight into people, and that she was of great help to her husband. She is "firmly convinced that without the influence and inspiration of Mary Todd Lincoln the world never would have known Abraham Lincoln, for he never would have reached the White House without her."

MAXMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO.
By Egon Caesar Corti. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$12.50 9⅝ x 6⅜; 2 vols.; 976 pp. *New York*

This is probably the most comprehensive study of Maxmilian and Charlotte that has yet been put on paper. It is in large part based on the Emperor's

Continued on page xxiv

Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers

by Frances Newman

Author of The Hard-Boiled Virgin

Cabell, Mencken, W. E. Woodward, Rebecca West, and other noted writers welcomed THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN for civilization's sake. Civilization is again well-served in Miss Newman's new novel. It is a savory summing-up of marriage as a genteel function, with southern aristocracy as its background; written in the style of many subtle beauties. $2.50.

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by Dorothy Parker

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Woman in Flight

by Fritz Reck-Malleczewen

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Daisy and Daphne

by Rose Macaulay

"For me DAISY AND DAPHNE the most lovable of Rose Macaulay's books." — *Elinor Wylie.*

3rd large edition. $2.50.

That Bright Heat

by George O'Neil

A superlative writer, a fine constructionist. He betrays a deep knowledge of life that is rare, even in a writer of a novel so sophisticated."

—*Ohio State Journal.*

2nd edition. $2.50.

Strange Interlude

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Blair Niles, N.Y. Herald Tribune.

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"TIMID AMERICA"

ONE of the most noted liberal lawyers, a fellow fighter with Clarence Darrow, describes the state of liberty in America today. He tells the inside story of fascinating and epochal legal battles such as the Scopes trial, the Sweet case in Detroit involving negro segregation, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, censorship trials, etc.

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secret archives, which were kept in hiding by the Hapsburgs, and yielded to Count Corti—the first to examine them—only at the fall of the monarchy. The translation from the German by Mrs. Catherine Alison Phillips is extremely readable. There are many illustrations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND WALT WHITMAN.
By William E. Barton. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.75 8⅝ x 5⅜; 277 pp. *Indianapolis*

During his life-time Whitman gave everybody, including his most intimate friends, the impression that he knew Lincoln very well, and that he was greatly admired by him, both as a man and as a poet. Dr. Barton has investigated this matter in great detail, and come to the conclusion that the facts do not bear out the pretension of the poet. The truth seems to be that the two never spoke to each other, and that the President knew nothing of Whitman, not even how he looked. The story that Lincoln once gazed out of a White House window, and saw Whitman and said, "He looks like a man," is in all probability nothing more than fiction.

ANNIE BESANT.
By Geoffrey West. *The Viking Press*
$2 7¼ x 5¾; 174 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Besant, now in her eightieth year, has lived one of the most colorful careers in the history of the woman movement. The wife of a clergyman whom she did not profess to love, she "battled for free thought in days when Hell was an ever-threatening reality; she strove against the subjection of women in a period when the general attitude was that . . . no woman ought to be encouraged in the belief that she had separate interests or separate duties. She gave in the seventies the first popular impulse to the first modern birth-control movement; she was a Socialist before Socialism became respectable; an advocate and organizer of trade unions when even the workers accepted them unwillingly; a propagandist against royalty, capital punishment, the existing land system, and for woman suffrage and equal justice; and, finally, a leader of Indian national politics, and president and autocratic director of the world-wide activities of a new and prosperous religion." In this short biography Mr. West has drawn an interesting and impartial portrait of her. The book belongs to the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell; it has a bibliography, but an index is missing.

APHRA BEHN.
By V. Sackville-West. *The Viking Press*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 177 pp. *New York*

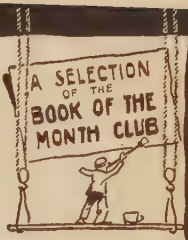
"The importance of Aphra Behn is that she was the

Continued on page xxvi

DELUGE

BY

S. FOWLER WRIGHT



DELUGE is the amazingly dramatic story of a flood that destroyed civilization, and of how one man and two women battled their way out of the ensuing welter. "Unique, magnificent, exciting, irresistible, delightful, brilliant, better than Jules Verne at his best"—these and a whole thesaurus-ful of adjectives of praise have been bestowed upon DELUGE by 125 reviewers, representing most of America's leading newspapers. That helps to explain why DELUGE is making history, why it is a selection of the Book of The Month Club, and why Cosmopolitan Book Corporation issued a first edition of 100,000 copies of a novel by a previously unknown writer. *$2.50*

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—*William Rose Benét in The Saturday Review*

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—New York Evening Post. . . . $2.00

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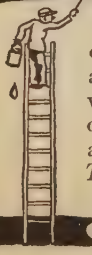

The Rise of the House of Rothschild

***by* Count Egon Caesar Corti**

This history of the House of Rothschild constitutes a magnificent expression of the basic foundation, the factors of power and the mistakes of construction of the old Europe. The reader will find in this book a condensed history of Europe, chockful of instructive and amusing details, hidden away in the story of a banking house.—*Emil Ludwig, in the New York Herald Tribune.* *$5.00*

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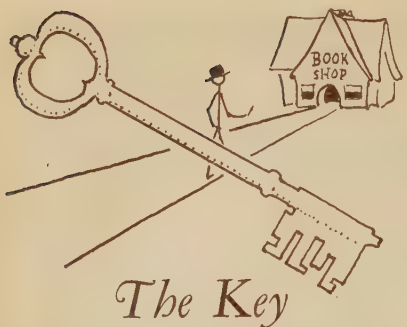

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Continued from page xxiv

first woman in England to earn her living by her pen," says Miss Sackville-West. "The fact that she wrote is much more important than the quality of what she wrote." The present study is brief, but exceedingly picturesque and enlivening. There is a bibliography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON. 1712–1750.

Dodd, Mead & Company
$4 9 x 5¾; 487 pp. *New York*

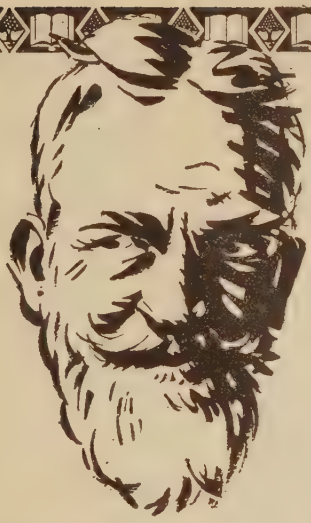
Dean Swift's last years in Dublin were very boring to him; he greatly missed the antics of the statesmen and clergy of London, and the pleasure of being disagreeable to them. He was therefore forced to tolerate the friendship of his neighbors. One of them was Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, a poet and recently married to a somewhat moronish minister. Both of them amused him greatly. He used to regale the lady with wild jokes, and gave her instruction in the writing of English, all of which she repaid by pasting his private letters into a book for him and by talking to him loud enough for him to hear. Her husband he sent off to London on a fool's errand. Letitia soon began to have her poems published, and before long, as the result of a prolonged literary discussion, did something forbidden by the Bible. Her husband obtained a divorce, and she at once rushed to London where she struggled for years as a hack. Toward the end of her life, out of poverty, she wrote her Memoirs, which are here reprinted without omission but with modernization of spelling and punctuation. A large portion of them is unintelligible, but the rest is of historical interest and of value to the biographer of Swift. There is an excellent introduction by Iris Barry.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.
By Thomas Francis Moran.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 318 pp. *New York*

Dr. Moran obtained his Ph.D. at the Johns Hopkins in 1895, and since that time has been head of the department of history and economics in Purdue University. He is the author, by himself or jointly, of twelve books, and a frequent contributor to the historical magazines. During the war he was associate director of the Division of Public Speaking of the Bureau of Public Information, and spoke in thirty-eight States for the cause of democracy. He has been a member of the Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives for twenty-five years, and is now its chairman. He has also been active in the National Collegiate Athletic Association from the day it was founded. Last year he delivered the Lincoln Day Address before the Indiana General Assembly. The

Continued on page xxviii



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THE SONGS OF PAUL DRESSER.
Edited by Theodore Dreiser. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 10¾ x 8; 263 pp. *New York*

Paul Dresser (*geb.* Dreiser) was the author of "On

Continued on page xxx

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the Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "The Blue and the Gray," "You Don't Belong to the Regulars; You're Just a Volunteer," and many other immensely popular songs of the nineties. He was, indeed, the true poet laureate of the Spanish-American War, though he did not write its "Marseillaise," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Born in 1857, and for long successful as minstrel and comedian, he was for many years a salient figure of the gay, gaudy Broadway that is now no more. In the present volume fifty-eight of his songs are reprinted, words and music, along with some of the pictures that the song-illustrators used to show with them in the variety houses. There is a brief but interesting account of him by his brother, Theodore Dreiser, the novelist. It was Mr. Dreiser who suggested the writing of "On the Banks of the Wabash," and who wrote the first stanza and the familiar chorus.

LITERATURE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY.
By Harold Nicolson. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 158 pp. *New York*

As a rapid critical survey of the history of English biography this is probably the best book yet published. Mr. Nicolson is a biographer of repute himself, and thus intimately acquainted with the problems which beset the practitioners of the art. His discussion is always clear, and his criticisms sensible. The chapter on Boswell contains some of the most acute observations on that silly yet amazingly gifted loafer that have appeared anywhere. As for the future of biography, Mr. Nicolson thinks that the formula of Strachey will give birth to excellent works, but he is somewhat skeptical as to whether we shall again have masterpieces: "We shall not have another Boswell or another Lockhart." The purely psychological and the purely literary interest in individuals, he believes, have become too distinct and separate.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.
By Allardyce Nicoll. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 168 pp. *New York*

The title of this book is something of a misnomer. Mr. Nicoll does not discuss all of Shakespeare's works, but only four of his tragedies: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear." The four studies are addressed to the general reader who desires to get in touch with some of the better critical thinking on the subject, and as such are very good. Mr. Nicoll is professor of English language and literature in the University of London.

Continued in back advertising section, page xl

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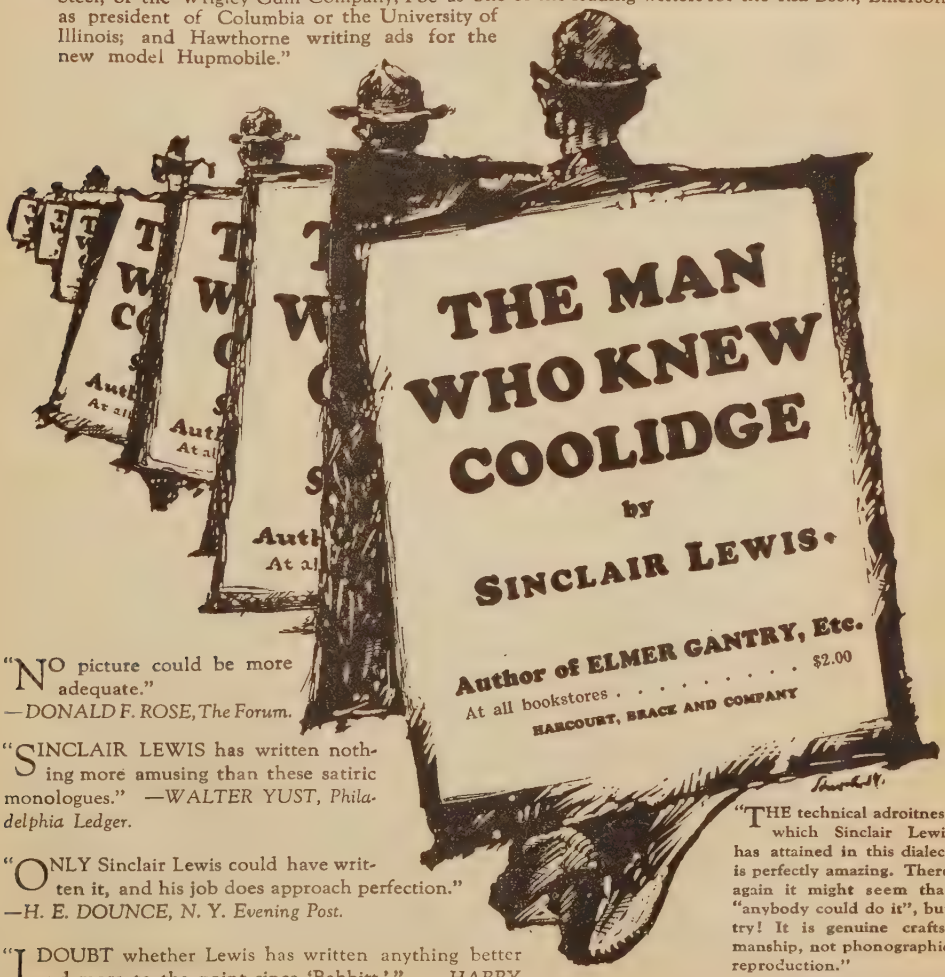

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VOLUME XIV NUMBER 54

The American
MERCURY

June 1928

FAT CATS AND FREE RIDES

BY FRANK R. KENT

MACHINE politicians—real machine politicians—constitute a distinct class. There are, in round numbers, about 400,000 of them in the United States. Regardless of party, they are basically all alike, with a viewpoint wholly disassociated from issues, policies, personalities or principles, and severely concentrated on practicalities. Their idioms and ideas, which are always essentially the same, are not clearly comprehended by those who watch politics from the outside and to whom it is not a means of livelihood—in other words, the non-professionals. The only reason there is any mystery about machine men is because of these misconceptions concerning them.

One such misconception is that the successful political leader is necessarily a fellow of great shrewdness, subtlety and resource. The fact is that the amazingly adroit political mind exists only in fiction. Except in the imagination of hard-pressed political writers and credulous side-line observers, there are no deep plots in politics, no dark and diabolically ingenious schemes. The clever explanations of political tactics are almost always completely false. When stories of craft and cunning are unfolded they are usually so fascinating and plausible that the temptation to believe them is almost irresistible. The disposition to romanticize politics is strong in all of us and it is hard to avoid yielding to it. Yet the fact remains that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand what appears to be superhuman strategy is actually either accident or blunder. The mysterious moves that arouse vast speculation among the Washington correspondents as to what is behind them in nearly all cases turn out to have nothing whatever behind them. In the end the perfectly simple explanation is usually the true one.

For example, with Democratic orators and organs bellowing about the sinister nature of the secret Sinclair contributions to the Republican campaign, and with Senator Reed romping around the country inveighing against the great campaign funds in Pennsylvania and Illinois, the reaction of the Democratic machine leaders is precisely the same as that of their Republican colleagues—in brief, they are against it. It leaves them cold, and for two entirely simple reasons. One is that these professionals know better than anyone else that corruption in government is not by itself a winning issue for the party out of power. It is all right for a campaign cry, but the notion that the American voter inherently revolts against corruption is not well founded. Presidential and Senatorial candidates, to be sure, assume that he does, and unless the writers of political

editorials cling to that theory they would indeed be in a bad way. But the precinct executives know better. They know that corruption is effective as an issue only in a period of economic distress, when the envy of the people is aroused. Otherwise, shaking down the rich for the party and grabbing off a little for themselves seems to the average American voter the normal political proceeding. His feeling is that both sides do it when they can; that they are indeed foolish if they do not; that that is the main idea of getting in; and that the charge of corruption is to be expected from the outs against the ins. In other words, however depressing the fact may be to those who have faith in "the fundamental intelligence and right-mindedness of the American people," every machine politician with precinct experience knows that that faith is without foundation, and that in the matter of corruption—except under certain narrow conditions—the people are complacent rather than resentful.

That is one reason why the hard-boiled boys of the Democratic machine fail to be aroused over the huge and secret campaign contributions to the other party and the drenching of States with money in primary fights. But there is another reason equally simple and practical. They believe that raising a row over such things has a tendency to scare the Fat Cats out of politics—and to the organization professionals, from city boss to precinct executive, there could be no more discouraging business than that. "More and Fatter Cats" expresses the universal machine desire, regardless of party. Give them a Fat Cat in every campaign and the boys who man the assembly districts will not care what the issues are or who wins the election. The great trouble with politics, from the machine standpoint on both sides, is the chronic scarcity of Fat Cats. Anything that tends to make them more scarce naturally finds disfavor in machine eyes.

A Fat Cat is a man of large means and no previous political experience who, having reached middle age, achieved success in business, and finding no further thrill, sense or satisfaction in the mere piling up of more millions, develops a yearning for some sort of public honor, and is willing to pay for it. There are such men in all the States, and they are as welcome to the organization as the flowers in May. They relieve the pressure all along the line, lighten the load, make life brighter and better for the busy machine workers. The machine has what the Fat Cat wants, and the Fat Cat has what the machine must have, to wit, money. Only through machine backing can the Fat Cat achieve elective office. Only with its support can he be honored by the people.

If his desire is backed by a willingness to pay the freight, it can be set down as certain that he can get what he wants in State politics more speedily than anyone else, provided he does not exercise the excessively bad judgment of picking for his own a party hopelessly in the minority in his State. For while under ordinary circumstances the nominations for the higher offices go to the men who have come up with the escalator—men such as Coolidge, for instance—, when a Fat Cat, hungry for public honors, appears on the political horizon there is a rush to "take" him. Campaigns, to be won, must be financed; organizations, to function effectively, must be well nourished. Every machine has on its private payroll hundreds of henchmen who have no other means of living. These workers do not play politics for the fun or glory of it, but for the chance to make money either through participating proportionately in the regular cut of the campaign funds or by holding on to some sort of political job.

II

In every State there are but two regular sources of campaign funds. One is the business men and corporations which regard it as good policy to make regular contributions through the organization channels, sometimes openly but very often

secretly. The other lies in assessing not only all the candidates on the party ticket from top to bottom, but also collecting from the organization office-holders, big and little, from 2% to 4% of their salaries. Under ordinary circumstances, it is a struggle and a fight to get enough money to meet the actual headquarters expenses and satisfy the demands of the ward and precinct executives, by whom an election day rake-off is regarded as quite as much a matter of course as the election itself. The precinct executive regularly counts on it for a suit of clothes.

When into such a situation a Fat Cat steps, it is quite naturally the cause of much joy up and down the line. It means not only that the assessments on office-holders and candidates will be measurably lightened; it means also a more liberal split in the precincts. It means two suits of clothes for the executive, a new car for the ward boss, a trip to Europe for the district leader, a fuller safe-deposit box for the city boss. It means that everybody else on the local ticket makes his fight on the Fat Cat's money. He gives all the other candidates a free ride. He gets what he wants and they get what they want, so everybody is pleased and there is no hard feeling.

Up to date, no Fat Cat has yet landed the Presidency, though in 1920 and again in 1924 one or two of them got fairly close to the nomination. But they are common enough in Congress. It is not as cheap a way of getting the organization support for what you want as being an organization man, but it is much more expeditious. Probably the fattest Fat Cat in the Senate—and a splendid specimen he is—is Senator T. Coleman DuPont of Delaware, but there are other fine ones in the House, in the Senate and in various Gubernatorial mansions. The late Senators Stephen B. Elkins and Henry Gassaway Davis, both of West Virginia, were among the outstanding Fat Cats of the last generation. Clarence W. Watson was a Fat Cat. The late John B. Weeks of Massachusetts qualified in this class, and if Andrew W. Mellon is not the finest Fat Cat they have had in Pennsylvania since anyone can remember, then every sign fails. To some Senator James Couzens of Michigan would appear fat cattish, and Senator Phipps of Colorado certainly belongs in that class. Samuel Insull of Chicago was a Fat Cat for many years, but not any more.

It would be easy to pile up more examples, but it is not worth while, and enough have been given to show the high political estate of the breed. Nor is it necessary to explain that the machine leaders can always find ways by which Corrupt Practices Acts can be kept from interfering with the liberality of Fat Cats eager to be "taken." Corrupt Practices Acts are jokes. There never was one and there probably never will be one that the politicians will not know a dozen ways through, over, under and around, and not one of those ways will impose any strain on the Fat Cat conscience or endanger the Fat Cat safety—save from such fellows as Jim Reed and Tom Walsh. So it is easy to see why the professionals on the Democratic side are not very hearty about this row over the use of too much money in the Republican primaries, and do not join in the current criticism of who gives and how much with any more enthusiasm than the Republicans. It is not the sort of thing to encourage the Fat Cats to jump into the game. "What," said an old-time Democratic boss, discussing the issue some time ago, "are they trying to do—frighten away every Fat Cat in the country? There ain't no nourishment in that!"

The cold fact is that this corruption issue, upon which the Democrats so confidently counted in 1924 and which, revived by the Hays-Sinclair disclosures and the additional revelations concerning the sinister Continental Trading Company, is again counted upon to be effective in 1928, is regarded by the precinct boys on both sides of the fence as just a lot of hooey. On the Democratic side it will unquestionably constitute the main plank

in the party platform and it will be the principal theme of the candidatorial speakers and publicists, but the district leaders and city bosses of the Democratic machines are perfectly well aware that no effective appeal along those lines can be made to the voters. They know that even if the issue were clear cut and the indictment unanswered, few votes would be changed.

In this case, however, they also know—and so does everyone else who gives the matter any real study—that before election day the so-called mind of the average American voter will be in a state of complete bewilderment on the subject. The Republican smoke screen thrown out by Robinson, the Ku Klux Senator from Indiana, which, notwithstanding its unscrupulous distortions and unfounded insinuations, will be made use of by the Republican publicity agencies, the antics of Nye of North Dakota, with his absurd allegations against Al Smith, and the tossing of Elder Hays to the wolves which is scheduled to take place at Kansas City,—all these things will combine to convince the unintelligent and gullible voters of the land, which means approximately 95% of them, that there is no real party guilt so far as the Republicans are concerned, or, if there is, that the Democrats were in it too, or would have been had they had the chance.

In addition to being completely muddled as to the facts (which all save a small percentage of them are now), the voters by election day will be most thoroughly and whole-heartedly bored with the subject. The impossibility of keeping public indignation (if and when it has been stirred up—and it has *not* been) at white heat for seven months ought to be clear enough to even the amateur in politics. The professional knows it can't be done. He knows this Presidential election is not going to swing on the issue of corruption, even if there is more of it. He knows the people do not care three hurrahs about it, that they are not excited and will not become so. It is, he is willing to concede, a good thing perhaps to whoop the campaign up with this "Turn the rascals out!" cry, but unless there is a great increase in unemployment and the general run of the people are consciously less well off than formerly, there will be no real response to that cry. There never has been. Down in his heart the feeling of the hard-boiled Democratic professional is that unless there is a change in economic conditions and his party gets the right end of a real issue the net effect of all the corruption stuff will be zero. And if the party gets the breaks on the economic situation, it will not need anything else.

To sum up, the one certain effect of the row over large campaign contributions and campaign money generally is to increase timidity in the political Fat Cats and diminish their desire to hold high office. And that, from the machine standpoint, is bad—very, very bad.

A GLANCE AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BY FLETCHER PRATT

EVERY public library in the United States now places restrictions on the use of fiction. In the reading-rooms (reference-rooms, in library jargon) the reading of it is under the interdict as far as possible. The Buffalo library allows only one book of fiction to be drawn by a reader at a time; Newark has announced that it will buy no more of the frivolous stuff for its main library; New York removes the chairs from the room in which fiction is on display ("Grab it and get out of here!"); Baltimore keeps its fiction shelves closed and makes readers select the exact book they want from a catalogue; Brooklyn buys but ten or twelve new novels a month out of the hundred or more published; and Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, one of the big men of the library profession, defends the policy of allowing readers to take books home by saying that "books used in the building are used trivially and consist of light fiction, while those taken home are studied seriously."

American librarians, in fact, have become obsessed with the idea that the national literature will go to the dogs unless they persuade their customers to read something beside fiction. Indignant papers in the library journals and long discussions at librarians' meetings are given over to the great question of how to keep the public from reading what it likes and how to induce it to read the mouldering stacks of books it doesn't care about. It is not a question of literary excellence, for in these discussions the fiction of Joseph Conrad and the fiction of Harold Bell Wright get exactly the same treatment. In the librarian's scale of values Milton Work on bridge and Emily Post on how to hold a fork are serious authors, while Sinclair Lewis on Babbitt is a mere frivolous butterfly.

Three classes of books—travel, biography and history—are held in orthodox library circles to be the best antidotes to this depraved fondness for works of the imagination. To these the best shelves are given, for them the special bulletins are printed, and on them the lady attendant spends the best efforts of her cajolery to make her percentage of non-fiction circulation high. Since biography began to be popular with the publication of "Six Eminent Victorians," even this highly respectable class has got a certain bad odor; one must read the older biographies, or, better still, books of travel, to really win a librarian's heart.

But the American public annoyingly refuses to appreciate these efforts to raise its literary taste, and so turns from the public libraries to the two-and-three-cent-a-day lending libraries, from which it can get whatever it wants. The growth of these commercial libraries is the salient feature of the American library landscape today. A compilation by the *Publishers' Weekly* lists sixty-seven new ones established in 1927. They outnumbered the new bookstores by five to three and the new free libraries by seven to one. More, each of the sixty-seven is provided with an attendant chain of deposit stations in drug-stores, stationery shops, and news-stands.

The librarians explain their failure to keep abreast of the times by saying that since they can't buy everything, they prefer to get books for scholars, and point to

their growing circulation figures as evidence that their effort to educate the public away from fiction is a success. But a rummy suspicion goes the rounds that the figures are cooked. A favorite device for increasing circulation painlessly is to require every reader who uses a reference-book to fill out a slip for it. These are then reckoned as circulation, and thus a man who drops in to look up the capital of North Carolina or the address of his aunt contributes to the circulation of the library he uses. Another potent scheme is to take books into the schools; a third is to offer vacation libraries of twenty-five or fifty books for the Summer. Are they read? Who cares? They make circulation, and circulation, in the librarian's mind, is the *summum bonum*. Yet even with these aids circulation growth falls below the ratio of population growth in most cities.

II

The librarians themselves grant that they are not keeping up with the output of the publishers. For this they assign one all-sufficient reason, to wit, that they do not receive the appropriations they got fifteen or twenty years ago.

Not that appropriations have failed to go upward. In most of the large cities, in fact, they have doubled since 1914. Reports from 248 cities show that they were twenty-two cents per capita in 1913, twenty-four cents in 1915, and forty-six cents in 1926. But appropriations for schools have quadrupled in the same period. In 1903, the libraries, then much fewer and smaller, got 1.5% of the cities' budgets, while today they get only 1.2%. Meanwhile, expenditures have so far outdistanced appropriations that they are left behind.

Books, for instance. One can arrive at a rough estimate of the increase in their cost by comparing two sets of figures. The publishers annually report the number of new titles they issue, and the Department of Commerce gives out an annual report on the retail value of books printed in the country. The value figures include items not in the publishers' list, such as pamphlets and continued printings of old books for which the demand is not dead. But as the elements other than new books are fairly constant and the comparison is one between years, it is not invalidated.

In 1914, then, the publishers announced about 9800 new titles and new editions. These had an aggregate retail value (including the other items mentioned) of $87,000,000, or something less than $8,926 a publication. In 1927, there were only 8900 new books and new editions, but they had an aggregate retail value in the neighborhood of $280,000,000, giving an average value of nearly $31,500 a publication. Some of this increase can be explained away, no doubt, by the increased sales of reprints and paper-backs. But there remains an imposing rise in prices. The one-dollar novel has become the two-dollar novel, and the seventy-five-cent book of verse a two-dollar book of verse. In other words, the libraries are getting almost twice as much money, but they are paying more than twice as much for their stock in trade.

But that isn't all. A certain portion of these increased appropriations has gone into heavier salary lists, and a still larger bit has gone into pork. Aldermen have found that a branch library in the home ward is a good fence-builder. Thus the money goes, leaving little for books. The Brooklyn Public Library spent $126,560 for them in 1914 and only $174,080 in 1927, with prices more than doubled, and the Akron Public Library (an extreme case) bought $8,137 worth in the former year and only $4,134 worth in the latter. Small wonder, then, that the libraries try to shunt their patrons from the new fiction to the antique history, travel and biography. They can't afford the new books, and their failure to provide them works into a vicious circle of declining public interest, declining pressure on city councils, and declining appropriations.

Meanwhile, ambitious libraries con-

stantly bite off more than they can chew. Not content with "taking literature to the people," their elder and legitimate aim, they have of late tried to make their libraries the chief fountains of learning in their communities and the only book-distributing agencies. Newark conducts direct-mail advertising campaigns among engineers and business men with all the fervor of a company pushing a new safety razor; Los Angeles and San Francisco call upon college professors and students to use the local libraries for all purposes; grandiloquent posters in other American libraries advertise library work as "the profession upon which all others depend," and the librarians do their best to make this a fact by inviting specialists of all kinds to do their research work in public libraries.

This is an invasion of the field of the university and special libraries, and the process has been accelerated by the bequests of well-meaning collectors and the natural tendency of all librarians to specialize. The New York Public Library now has no less than eighty-three special collections, including groups on such topics as magic, penmanship and shooting. But a special collection makes a heavy drain on the resources of the library that maintains it, for it involves the purchase of numbers of rare and expensive books and the services of highly-trained assistants for the benefit of small groups of students. These students often come from considerable distances, and while the specialization is no doubt of benefit to them, it leaves the general reader with a feeling that he has been told to go hang.

The paradoxical cheapness of certain sorts of literature is one of the reasons why the general reader is quite willing to keep away. Public libraries have always received their warmest support from that comparatively well-educated section of the public which reads the classics and semi-classics by choice. Fifteen years ago most of these books could be had only in out-of-print editions at high prices. But then came the Everyman's Library and the Modern Library, and now nearly every publisher has something of the sort. The annual number of new editions of old books has gone up from 760 to 1,450 in fifteen years, while the number of new books has sunk from 10,135 to 7,450. Every purchaser of these reprints is a patron lost to a public library.

Parallel with this is the discovery by the publishers that the star system could be applied to literature. The increasing effort given to making the best-sellers even better sellers has thrown on the libraries the burden of providing an immense number of copies of the two or three books at the head of the current list, with the certainty that in a year or two they will cease circulating for good and all. Stacks of such successes as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Red of Redfields," and "Michael O'Halloran" can be found gathering dust in every large public library in America.

Meanwhile, a new class of readers has risen to call for these best-sellers. These new readers are the stenographers and shop-girls, sheiks and shebas who want "good live fiction." A compilation by the Syracuse Public Library shows that 12,109 of its card-holders are school-boys and school-girls, that only 5,134 of them are business and professional men and women, and that the 12,000-odd remaining are largely stenographers and clerks who like books with a kick. Twenty years ago a similar compilation by the Albany Library showed about as large a proportion of students, but the proportions of the other readers were reversed.

These new readers represent the second and third generations of the wave of immigration that struck this country between 1890 and 1910. The old folks read the *Staats-Zeitung* and the *Novy* when they read anything; the youngsters are brought up on the tabloids and carry the literary tastes inculcated by these sheets into the libraries. "Fewer old people patronize the library now," said the librarian of a

branch in the foreign section of New York," and we have had the Italian books taken out because of the lack of demand. The young people read English, but they want nothing but the cheapest and trashiest books." It is this younger generation which supports the commercial lending libraries, which give them books that even the public libraries refuse to supply.

If the public libraries stopped here in their refusal to supply books it would be bad enough. But the censorship which begins on the level of good taste inevitably works into a criticism of morals, and as such it irks even the most doltish reader. Let a new work be a truthful one, and down comes the censorship. "Jurgen" is hardly to be found in any public library in the country. Ambrose Bierce is set down as immoral in many cities, Frank Harris in others, and Dreiser in nearly all. As far as the public libraries are concerned, "Susan Lennox" simply does not exist. Even the classics feel the edge of this censorship. Many libraries maintain a double-star case in which Rabelais, the Arabian Nights, and Boccaccio are permanent tenants, under lock and key, to be issued only when the librarian in charge has looked over the applicant and decided that his appearance indicates a moral character sufficiently stout to withstand such poisonous stuff. In the Buffalo Library the Decameron was long kept in the private office of the librarian, where the reader had to peruse it under that worthy's watchful eye, lest, incited by the fiery words of the Italian, he dash out and perpetrate a statutory crime on the first female he met.

III

But censorship is only one manifestation of the lush growth of the new library technique, which has been invented apparently with the idea of making an easy thing as difficult as possible. Nothing is more curious to the outside observer than the typical librarians' preoccupation with the infinitely little. Recently, for example, an angry controversy raged through the library world as to whether Radio or Wireless should be the heading under which books on the subject were classified. A long paper in a library magazine discusses the question whether the titles on the backs of thin books should run up or down the back, and solemnly rehearses arguments on both sides, gathered in an elaborate referendum on the subject. In a library where the writer once worked hours of discussion at a staff meeting were given over to the absorbing question as to whether it was better to hold a book in the left hand and insert the charge slip with the right, or *vice versa*.

Classification is naturally another field wherein library technique runs riot. In some libraries, such as the New York Public's great reference department, old and bad classification schemes are a serious hindrance. The system at this library grew out of an old private library scheme; it has no particular logic or arrangement, and one must spend hours searching for information that should be available in minutes. The trouble increases with the number of books that have to be shoehorned into the antiquated arrangement, and as time, money and cataloguers are lacking for a re-classification, no abatement is in sight.

Happily, this is not the general condition. In 1876 Melvil Dewey announced his Decimal Classification plan, and it is now in use in 96% of the American public libraries. It is so simple that its essentials can be learned in a day and so elastic that libraries running all the way from 5,000 to 5,000,000 volumes use it. Only the great system of the Library of Congress can compare with it, and this system, recently perfected, is regarded quite rightly as one for big libraries only. But whatever the classification scheme, the librarians find time to wrangle over its details. A recent survey of public libraries lists a long line of topics over which there is violent disagreement as to classification. Is a diplomatic history of the Papacy to be classified

with the Popes or the nations? Are chronicles in verse poetry or history? Do books about the structure of edible plants deal with food or botany? Where should books on duels be placed? These are among the questions that fever the library world.

Germane to this is the libraries' passion for correct names. Mark Twain's books, in the majority of American libraries, have had the name of the author painted out and Clemens written in white ink below; Anthony Hope's novels are to be found only under Hawkins; and some libraries go to the length of rewriting, on the inside and out of Anatole France's works, the Thibault which was his family name. Only Joseph Conrad has escaped; Korzeniowski is too much of a mouthful for even a librarian. Married women writers have their names altered almost invariably. When Dorothy Canfield married a man named Fisher, Canfield was erased from the library catalogues and book backs. Ida Bailey Allen, who has been three times married, has seen her books pass through a triple change.

This tireless energy over trivialities argues that small minds are at work, and sure enough, there is a certain lack of intelligence among librarians. The reason is not far to seek; intelligence follows the cornucopia, and library work is probably the worst paid of all intellectual vocations. The library journals today are filled with such ads as these:

> Wanted—Trained librarian for library of 4,700 volumes in city of 25,000. Salary, $1200 to $1500. Experience and pleasing personality will be given preference.
>
> Wanted—Librarian with ability and pleasing personality competent to take charge of circulating department. Salary, $1200.
>
> Wanted—At once, in Middle Western university, assistant for order work and some desk work. Salary, $1700.

The average starting salary of a library assistant is about $75 a month. After twenty years of experience the dignity of a branch librarianship and $2000 a year may be reached. From beginners on this long pathway, a university diploma with additional library-school work is required—in Minnesota, by law.

Yet there is never a shortage of workers. Twenty-three full-fledged library-schools with all-the-year-round courses and forty-eight Summer-schools which cover the same ground in a slightly longer time are shooting out new ones at the rate of a thousand a year, and the libraries constantly recruit others from the ranks of ordinary graduates without special training.

Since girls first discovered that it could furnish them with pin-money while they waited for someone to love them, library work has been a prime favorite with the female of the species. It involves little labor, and that of a highly genteel character; it demands no great mental ability and it places the husband-hunter who enters it on public exhibition, where she can look over and be looked over by all the nubile males of the district under the most refined auspices.

Melvil Dewey established the first library-school at Columbia in 1883. Columbia was not then co-educational, but he took in many girls, and soon faced a faculty trial for breaking the university rules. By 1914 there were fifteen such schools in full blast, and five of them had found the applicants so numerous that they required college graduation or a stiff examination for entrance. Now nearly all of the twenty-three full-time schools have put up the bars; a college diploma or the completion of the major part of a college course has become the usual requirement for entrance.

The subjects taught in these schools vary little, but the degrees conferred show the bewilderment of the pedagogues. Carnegie and Pratt Institute give mere certificates of librarianship; Buffalo and Michigan classify library work as an art and hand out a B.A.; golden California rates it as worth an M.A.; at Illinois and New York State it becomes a science and a B.L.S. is granted; Columbia gives a plain B.S. for one year's work, but crowns a second year with an M.S.; Washington awards a B.S. in L.S.

In no case does the course extend beyond two years, and the pedagogues have had to drag in such subjects as the History and Philosophy of Printing to make it last that long. Before these schools got under way the libraries trained rather better staffs than they have now on a month's lectures with practical experience. The truth is that there is very little to teach; any literate person can learn all there is to a library system in a few weeks. Consequently the library schools have to drill their future B.S.'s and M.A.'s in the beautifully vague principles of "library economy," and to impress them with the importance of such details as inserting the charging slip with the right hand, or lettering the title on a thin book in the proper direction.

That the salaries earned in library work are lower than those of reliable telephone operators is not important to the fledgling bibliophiles. Their jobs, in the main, are only a stop-gap between education and marriage. When the library worker has reached her late twenties without being discovered by an eligible male, she begins to take it seriously and cries to be placed in charge of a branch where she can really earn a living.

There are never enough branches to go round, but the head librarians, pushed from below by their staffs and from above by aldermen anxious for pork, do their best, and so new branches are added apace. The fund established by the obliging Mr. Carnegie makes it easy; all the city has to do is furnish the books; the Carnegie fund will put up the imitation Greek temple and even the funerary vegetation around it. Los Angeles now has forty-three of these tiny libraries, beside eighty-six deposit stations, which are branches in embryo; Buffalo has added four since 1914; St. Louis has added nine, including seven Carnegie branches; Detroit ten, including eight Carnegies; Cincinnati ten, including nine Carnegies; the Enoch Pratt of Baltimore nine, in addition to rebuilding others; and even little Akron, which spent half as much money for books last year as it did thirteen years before, has put in three new branches.

These branches are as alike as so many pumpkins. In each is a tiny reading-room, a diminutive children's department, a bulletin board for the announcements of the local ladies' clubs, and a small collection of books. Obviously, neither the collections of the branches nor that of the main library can increase very fast when every book must be duplicated twenty-five times, one copy for each branch. Still the branches grow, and with them the process of splitting good, big libraries into small, bad ones.

IV

Once in a while, even a public library gets a good man—one of those rare souls in whom a romantic devotion to literature or the public service is combined with administrative talent of a high order. Walter L. Brown, of Buffalo, is such a man. He meets the branch problem by vigilantly keeping down the branch collections, concentrating on the main library and making temporary loans from the big collection to meet the requirements of the back blocks.

Herbert Putnam has wrought similar marvels with the Library of Congress, though he has no branch problem. The service system there, the special exhibits and collections, and the classification system make it in the truest sense what it should be, a great national library. St. Louis, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco stand out in the library world, the two former because of the administrative talent of Dr. Bostwick and Adam Strohm respectively, the two latter because California libraries generally seem to have found the secret of cozening almost unlimited funds out of their city councils.

But it is in Newark, N. J., that library administration touches what is probably its highest peak. There, John Cotton Dana, working with a small city and a limited appropriation (compared to St. Louis,

Detroit or Los Angeles), has made the public library a model to be imitated. He has met the restricted purchase and branch questions by putting his fiction into the branches and keeping the main library for students; the appropriation problem by boldly spending some of his money for advertising and thus forcing the library on the attention of the public and city council; the staff problem by making the requirements for entrance to the service so stiff that to have worked in Newark is to have won a diploma of merit in the library world. The public's side of it is that any book and almost any information is instantly available. Few libraries are used so much.

Right across the Hudson is the great New York Public, in any one of whose vaulted corridors Newark's whole collection would be lost. The contrast is striking. In the New Jersey institution one watchman is at the door and a whole corps of eager assistants stand ready to help the visitor; in the marble monument to the Astors one may count a dozen policemen in neat horizon blue idling about to enforce the library rules, while one poor boy struggles vainly with requests for information.

PORTRAIT

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

Her parents were plodders, not given to dreaming,
And so they baptized her Hannah Eliza;
More fitting Francesca had been or Deidré:
Even Flora or Grace had been wiser.

Of fog was she fashioned and thin desert air,
Of cypress shade and the poppy's red blaze;
Yet Hannah Eliza they called her—and Hannah
Eliza she stayed to the end of her days.

Romance was her diet—bright tales of old lovers
And great deeds greatly enacted. Her world
Was peopled with knights and chargers and maidens,
With conquerors crowned and banners unfurled.

Demure and elusive was Hannah Eliza,
So chary of words and amorous graces
That swagger young swains of the town, soon bored
By her shyness, would turn to sprightlier faces.

Yet a suitor lingered, though not like her lover
Of dreams, gold-medaled with glory and pride;
And she walked to the altar with Ephraim Hoskins,
As smiling and proud as an emperor's bride.

A well-to-do grocer was Ephraim Hoskins,
As thick of body and brain as molasses,
Stolid and smug, yet Hannah Eliza
Always saw him through polychrome glasses.

To the public Eph was a hard-working merchant,
Reeking with onions and oily content,
But to Hannah Eliza her man was a legion
Of heroes in one bland American blent.

When he prodded a customer tardy in payment
Or berated a negligent clerk, she saw
Alexander demanding his toll from the Persian,
Or Solon expounding Athenian law;

When in church, frock-coated, loudly he nasaled
Old hymns, he was Bayard of stainless savor;
And when some trinket he brought her, she knew
'Twas Cophetua seeking the beggar-maid's favor.

Sometimes the scales would drop and her eyes
See starkly through anger or other mischance,
But in self-defence then she would fling herself prone
On the facts and weep her way back to romance.

Thus daily Hannah Eliza at will
Climbed up from the highroad of commonplace hours
Into her hill-perched castle of fancy,
With its drawbridge and moat and fortified towers.

And there from its casements she visioned the trail's
Drab end and solaced the heart-old pain
Of parting by picturing poor bald Eph
As Lancelot bowed at the bier of Elaine.

PUTTING THE PSYCHE TO WORK

BY J. v. D. LATIMER

THERE was a time, as everyone knows, when the study of the human mind, and its secret and horrible processes, was confined to philosophers, and all that was actually known about the subject could be expressed in a few occult apothegms. That was before psychology came out of the cloister. But now, thanks, on the one hand, to such adepts with the plumb-bob and yard-stick as MM. Simon and Binet, and, on the other hand, to such masters of bold and racy fancy as Herren Freud, Jung and Adler, it is a science for the multitude, and anyone who has a few dollars for tuition and a few hours for spare-time study may become a professor of it. As a result, there is immense interest in it throughout this realm, and great institutions for the teaching of it spring up on all hands. And as it thus gathers popularity, it takes on steadily a larger and larger complexity. Once almost as simple, in essence, as draw poker, it now becomes as complicated as bridge whist. Here, for example, is a list of the different psychologies taught by the celebrated Professor William Marcus Taylor, A.B., Ph.G., BP.D., head of the Taylor School of Bio-Psychology, Inc., at Chattanooga, Tenn., capital of the Baptist Holy Land:

Physiological Psychology
Histological Psychology
Behavioristic Psychology
Neural Psychology
Cerebral Psychology
Habit Psychology
Instinctive Psychology
Perceptual Psychology
Conceptual Psychology
Apperceptual Psychology
Emotive Psychology
Volitional Psychology
Ideality Psychology
Rational Psychology
Unconscious Psychology
Subconscious Psychology
Personality Psychology
Pathological Psychology
Therapeutic Psychology
Social Psychology
Group Psychology
Pedagogical Psychology
Professional Psychology
Child Psychology
Business Psychology
Salesmanship Psychology
Religious Psychology
Success Psychology
Prosperity Psychology
Happiness Psychology
Industrial Psychology
Vocational Psychology
Crime Psychology
Folk Psychology
Symbolic Psychology
Dream Psychology
Phantasy Psychology
Memory Psychology
Feeling Psychology
Faith Psychology
Analytic Psychology
Sympathetic Psychology
Temperamental Psychology
Work Psychology
Economic Psychology
Epistemological Psychology
Synthetic Psychology
Hypnotic Psychology
Hypoanalytic Psychology
Senescent Psychology
Inheritance Psychology
Writers' Psychology
Scenario Psychology
Dramatic Psychology
Phenomenal Pyschology
Ethical Psychology
Music Psychology
Art Psychology
Advertising Psychology
Efficiency Psychology

But bigness and organization are not the only virtues of the New Psychology. It is also, as I have said, democratic, practical, and popular. In the words of Dr. Henry Knight Miller, the eminent editor of

Psychology, the trade journal of the new movement,

> Psychology is the popular by-word of the day. . . . Thousands have been healed of sickness through the power of this new teaching. Over a million converts have been made since the popular propaganda was launched some fifteen years ago. Psychology Clubs are springing up in all our cities. Front-page space is given in the newspapers to discussions. Scores of books are being written. Hundreds of lecturers are spreading the message far and near.

Even in the regular rolling-mills of learning the new science seems to be enjoying high esteem, and next to Scientific Salesmanship and Education it is now the best-selling item in the entire curriculum. And working hand in hand with the Higher Learning and the "hundreds of lecturers" are the indefatigable radio, scores of journals, thousands of psycho-analysts and psycho-practors, and a whole raft of special schools, such as the American Institute of Psychology at Jacksonville, Fla., the Psychology Training School of Los Angeles, Calif., the Psychology Institute of Chicago, Ill., the College of Divine Metaphysics, Inc., of St. Louis, the aforesaid Taylor School of Bio-Psychology, Inc., of Chattanooga, and the Long Island Summer School of Psychology, at Sea Cliff, L. I., not to forget the course in Scientific Mind Training manufactured and sold by the Pelman Institute of America, Inc.

All of these disseminators of the new message are recognized by State charters, and all of them are doing a rushing business. The Pelman Institute, for example, has turned out "over 650,000 Successes in All Parts of the World," and more than one other such seminary has a student body as large as that of Columbia University itself. To teach so many requires vast armies of highly trained pedagogues: the Pelman Institute, for example, has a faculty including a Ph.D. from Heidelberg, three Ph.D.'s from Columbia, an M.D. from McGill, and a whole constellation of A.M.'s, mostly from Columbia. Not all of the new psychology mills, of course, are so well-staffed. Some of them, indeed, are still in the embryonic state, wherein the chief stockholder is not only president but also dean, head-professor, and chief door-opener. But what such institutions lack in faculty they more than offset in richness of curriculum. Here, for instance, is the instruction offered by Prof. Junius G. Harrison, P.Sc.D., of Winston-Salem, N. C.:

> COURSES
>
> In Suggestive Psychology, Eugenics, Child-Training, Chemistry, Oratory, Lettering, Chiropractic, Massage, Beauty Culture, Character Analysis by Astrology, Palmistry and Phrenology, Touch Typewriting and Shorthand mastered in 60 days, Electricity, Drafting, Bricklaying, Barbering, Short Story Writing, correspondence courses on all subjects, information secured on practically all subjects.

II

Such versatility as Prof. Harrison's, however, is rare. Most of the New Psychologists are specialists who deal in only one or two items from the Chattanooga list. But they handle these few perfectly.

The greatest of all the new seminaries is no doubt the Taylor School of Bio-Psychology, Inc., a shrine of opportunity chartered under the beneficent laws of the enlightened State of Tennessee. This school, so says its beautifully illustrated bulletin, "tolerates no exaggerations."

> It is scientific. It knows how to get results, and gets them. It can get them again and again. It teaches others how to do so. It carries the student through a course of self-study and self-discipline in the principles and laws of life and mind which heretofore have been unknown to him. By doing so he becomes a veritable bio-psychological human engineer.

If you have no idea of the nature of Bio-Psychology, then hearken to Dr. Taylor, its discoverer:

> There are many branches . . . of psychology and biology, and every branch is good in its place, but any one of them in detachment or isolation from the great body and root of the tree of Bio-Psychological Knowledge is limited in its scope and power to help one. . . . The mastery of Taylor's Bio-Psychology makes all branches of . . . psychology clear, lucid, easy, practicable and effectual, and it enables one to become dominant over all the old, and creative in all the new branches of the science.

Quite naturally, the creator of such a marvelous science is no ignoramus:

> He [Dr. Taylor] has kept close to the Medical Schools and Universities; he has done research work in the greatest libraries of the world; he has selected and bought thousands of dollars' worth of books on the subject; he has read, underscored, interlined and marginally noted these books through a period of more than thirty years of incessant study. . . . He has also been a student of Oriental mind and thought and has had the special privilege of a course of study under a Bishop of the Buddhist Church who was knighted by the King of Siam for his scholarship.

In addition, "he has unified all this knowledge into a synthetic system of practical philosophy, which he is endeavoring to make a commodity for all mankind." In appreciation of Dr. Taylor's services to humanity, the citizens of Chattanooga lately got together in a public mass-meeting, formally organized the Taylor School, elected a board of trustees, and bestowed the well-merited presidency upon the founder of Bio-Psychology.

The school has prospered, and now conducts "correspondence courses and resident classes in every known branch of Psychology." Believing that "Psychology is the Master Science," and that "you should be more careful of your mind than of your body," Dr. Taylor divides his basic course into twenty sections, and in them he explains such things as the Bio-Psycho-Dynamic, the Bio-Psychological Relations of Man with the Universe, and the Bio-Psychological Law of Progress by Day-Dreams. His "message is to you."

> You, the consummate flower of the evolutionary process. You, the potential of what is. You, the prophecy of what is to be. You were born from the matrix of mother substance. . . . The whole creation was in travail and labor pains for eons upon eons . . . to give birth to you, a potentially free moral agent.

Naturally, the Taylor temple has hordes of eager customers:

> Its pupils are from all over the world and it numbers among its correspondents Medical Doctors, Osteopaths, Chiropractors, Bio-Chemists, Dieticians, Naturopaths, Preachers, Lawyers, Professors, Scientists, Social Workers, Psycho-Analysts, Business Men and Women, and ambitious students in all walks of life.

Among these numerous candidates for the doctorate in Bio-Psychology (BP.D.) are some whose previous education "did not get beyond the first year of grammar-school" as well as "several university graduates." The doctor's degree can ordinarily be achieved in about twenty months, though "concentration in study should shorten the course to one year." The oldest matriculant so far is Mrs. S. G. Stein, "a woman of seventy." Concerning the youngest matriculant no report is available, but in answer to the question "Am I too young?" Dr. Taylor assures me that "one is never too young to get started right in life." All studies are conducted under the "personal instruction of the Author of the Science." Bio-Psychology, as a science, ought to be suspect in Tennessee, but Dr. Taylor gives assurance that it never interferes with a prospect's religion. "It only improves one's character, so that he becomes a superior member of the church of his choice." The tuition fee is $115, and for this all textbooks, examination papers, and diplomas are thrown in without extra cost. A Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.) can practice "in any State or Nation whose constitution declares the right of men and women to teach and lecture and carry on friendly converse."

But the real big and devastating kick of Bio-Psychology lies in its healing powers. Here are a few of the many things it has cured:

> Arterio-sclerosis and nervous indigestion, suicidal mania, exhaustion, defective vision, epilepsy, palsy, asthma, deafness, goiter, kleptomania, domestic troubles, insanity, prostate trouble, rheumatism, universal arthritis, shell shock, ptosis and colitis, fever, panic, dementia praecox, imbecility, tuberculosis.

These I take from Dr. Taylor's own list, which, unfortunately, is much too long for complete citation. Here is a thankful line from a happy Taylor alumnus:

> I received the diploma, and it is fine. . . . Have removed two goiters.

Here is another:

> A lady who had ordered her attorney to draw di-

vorce proceedings against her husband took up the study of Bio-Psychology and soon withdrew the proceedings and has lived happily with her husband ever since.

And here is one more:

An insane man escaped from the State Asylum; he was a dementia praecox of the lethargic and taciturn type. After a few lessons in Bio-Psychology, he became normal and went to work.

In the Taylor archives at Chattanooga the signed originals of all these testimonials may be found. There you will also discover a file loaded with eulogies by the mayor of Chattanooga, and by hordes of M.D.'s, housewives, dentists, psychoanalysts and men of God.

III

The further south one strays, the more marvellous the New Psychology seems to be. When one gets to Jacksonville, Fla., it becomes a science which ushers "right into your Consciousness a flood of bright, daring, two-fisted new hopes for the Future." This is the stuff sold at the American Institute of Psychology, a house of learning chartered by the State of Florida, and now under the guidance of Judge Daniel A. Simmons, "famed as a psychologist, a scientist and a jurist," and Mr. Edwin C. Coffee, "master psychologist and trained psychoanalyst." Oddly enough, it has no highfalutin cognomen like Bio-Psychology, but is known simply as the Realization System. Its aims, too, are quite simple:

To tear down the barriers between you and the RESULT GETTER, your Subconscious Mind, let the sunlight stream in, and speedily, joyously put that new found Miracle Mind to work—doing for you all the glorious things your heart has long wished for.

While the American Institute of Florida awards only a Pr.P. degree (Practical Psychologist), it is nonetheless absolutely scientific, and proves it by sending out a lengthy questionnaire to its prospective clients. Here are just a few of the questions:

Are you married?
How old are you?
What kind of literature do you read?
Have you read much on the subject of Psychology?
Have you received any personal instruction in it?
Will you agree that you will never knowingly use the truths about to be given into your possession for the injury of any other person?
Will you agree to report in detail . . . the successful outcome of your different uses of the Realization System?

The Realization System is also more up-to-date than Bio-Psychology in that it makes much greater use of the Freudian thought, or at least its terminology:

There constantly resides within you a mind that is very wise and very powerfully constructive. This mind is something entirely apart from the mind which you consciously use in your everyday affairs. . . . You probably know that I am a psychologist [*i.e.*, Judge Daniel A. Simmons]. In the language of Psychology, the mind that builds, sustains, repairs and operates the body is called the Subconscious Mind.

The chief mission of the Florida Sorbonne is to help every customer "actually to communicate with his Subconscious Mind, and to draw upon it for the things he wants." This is important, for you can't "ignore your Subconscious Mind," and also because "ignorance of the existence and power of the Subconscious Mind is responsible for *all* the failures and half-successes in the world." Here is the Institute's way of helping the *studiosus* to "come to himself through a realization of the majesty of his indwelling wisdom and power":

When you retire at night, make yourself thoroughly comfortable and assume your favorite position for sleep. Think for a few minutes of the wonderful mind within you, of how it built your body from its beginning, and how it is still sustaining and operating it. Think of all the miracles it performs . . . and realize that such wisdom must be able to direct all your other affairs. Then whisper these words many times:

I CAN BE WELL, SUCCESSFUL AND HAPPY.

Whisper them slowly, pausing an instant at each of the words, *well*, *successful*, and *happy*, in order to comprehend their full meaning. When you get too sleepy to whisper the words any more, which will be very soon, just think them till you fall asleep.

The student is also given a bit of homework to be done in the morning before breakfast:

> In the morning when you awake, and before you get out of bed, say to yourself a number of times:
>
> DAY BY DAY, HOUR BY HOUR, I GROW HEALTHIER, HAPPIER AND YOUNGER.

This may seem to scoffers to be a mere echo of the late M. Coué, but it is important for the novice to use the exact formulæ prescribed by the Institute.

> They are carefully worked out in compliance with powerful subconscious laws, so that there is magic and danger in any attempt to change or vary them.

Particularly, beware of the Law of Reversed Effort. This makes its appearance when the student says "I *am* well, successful and happy" instead of " I *can be* well, successful and happy." The results, according to Judge Simmons, are always disastrous:

> Any disease with which you may be afflicted would be aggravated, your business problems would become more harassing, and your mind filled with doubts and forebodings as to the future.

But if one is careful, and if, also, one has paid the requisite tuition fee of "$25, payable in full now," or "$30, payable $5 now and $5 per month," everything will turn out all right. Indeed, the vaults of the Institute are bursting with thankful epistles from satisfied students. For example:

> Practical Psychology is transforming my simple daily life from the depths of pain and misery to a feeling of Heaven on earth.

Here's one from a man who "works for a pay-check":

> I wanted to get off the position I was on and go on to the road. For the past two weeks I have been traveling. Oh, it works! I thank you!

But here's one of the most glowing of them all. It is from a business man:

> I have effected the cure of constipation, insomnia and pyorrhea of my teeth.

The new mind science is also spreading its beneficent influences in the Middle West In St. Louis, for example, there is the College of Divine Metaphysics, which, though its name gives no clue, is really one of the most prosperous and up-to-the-minute psychology seminaries in the country. It is "incorporated under the laws of the State of Missouri . . . as an educational institution for the purpose of fostering education along the lines of Psychology and Metaphysics." It has a large faculty and a learned president by the name of Professor William H. Woodfin, A.M., Ph.D., D.D. The College conducts resident and correspondence courses, and its "opportunities have recently been broadened by the establishment in Europe of two branches." Appealing only to customers of high moral standing and with advanced I.Q.'s, it has a varied curriculum. A customer may choose among three degrees, *viz.*, Doctor of Psychology (Ps.D.), Doctor of Metaphysics (Ms.D.), and Doctor of Divinity (D.D.). If he doesn't care about a degree, he may pay fifty dollars for a thirty-three-lesson course in Metaphysical Healing. For this he gets only a diploma, but if he chooses he may call himself a P.T., which means Practitioner of Truth.

Under certain conditions a student may, upon payment of the requisite fees, acquire all three doctorates in addition to the P.T. Usually, however, the Ps.D. is the most sought. To get it the candidate must engorge all the wisdom offered in Metaphysical Healing and in Business Psychology, though for the latter he may substitute the Master Key course. All this costs only about $100. If, to any, this price seems a bit steep, let him think for a moment what he gets in return:

> Were you to secure these three degrees from a regular old school, college or university, you would have to be away from home. You would spend railroad fare. You would have to rent a room, pay board, purchase books, pay tuition, and stop your income or salary by attending such school. . . . The final cost would be five or six thousand dollars.
>
> With our college extension courses you study at home in your spare time, you are with your loved ones, your salary and income go right on uninterrupted, you have no room rent, railroad fare or board to pay. This greatly reduces your expense in obtaining a degree through our college.

The College of Divine Metaphysics always does its share. Some of its courses are unique, and touch upon matters unheard

of even in Chattanooga. Here, for instance, are a few of the things studied by the student of the Psychology of Business Success, under Dr. Joseph Perry Green:

Material Success
Unswerving Perseverance
The Silence
The Silence (continued)
Fundamentals of Self-Faith
The Development of a Powerful Mind
Initiative, Ideals and Practical Methods (3 Parts)
Judicious Advertising
Intuition (4 Parts)
The Master Man
Demonstration of Sales
The Metaphysical Truth about Money
The Money Consciousness
The Enlarged Money Consciousness

And here are some of the tit-bits offered in Social Science, a twenty-dollar course:

Compatibility
Compatibility (continued)
Courtship (2 Parts)
Love
The Engagement
Marriage
Marriage (continued)
Marriage and Glorious Children
Marriage and Post-Natal Culture
Sex and Physical Regeneration (3 Parts)
Causes of Divorce.

The Master Key course, arranged by Prof. Charles F. Haanel, is divided into two dozen instalments. Here are some of its more important parts:

How and why the operations of the mind are carried on by two parallel modes of activity.

Tells what it is which controls that which you call yourself.

How to create and re-create.

Idealization, visualization, concentration, and manifestation.

Knowledge of cause and effect is power, and wealth is the offspring of power.

The Universal can act only through the individual; man is the channel for its activity.

Health is based on the law of vibration.

But the College is really at its best in its high-powered pedagogical technique. Here is a brief description of its *modus operandi:*

THE SILENT HOUR

Each morning at nine o'clock, Standard Central time, the personnel of the College of Divine Metaphysics meets in the office of the president for a twenty-minute period of Silence. At this time our thoughts go out to our students and correspondents throughout the world. . . . We know we reach and help our people everywhere. . . . By taking part in this service, you will help to complete a circle of love and goodwill which encompasses the world. You will be greatly benefited yourself. . . . All those who have requested our assistance are especially remembered.

Unfortunately, this pedagogical method is still in the experimental stage. Hence no definite statistics of results are available.

IV

But the real king-pin of all the Republic's up-and-doing schools of Psychology is to be found, not in St. Louis nor even in Jacksonville or Chattanooga, but in the great city of New York. I refer to the famous Pelman Institute of America, Inc., with its learned faculty and its 650,000 successful alumni.

In a general way the wares of the Pelman Institute are much the same as those of any other up-to-date psychology mill, but in its own particular field of Scientific Mind Training, it really stands incomparable. Bigger and better than any other similar institution in America, it has branch schools in England, Sweden, France, India, and South Africa. In the early days Pelmanism was restricted to memory training and concentration, but today the Institute broadcasts almost as many brands of psychology as are inscribed on the immortal Chattanooga list. Pelmanism, it appears, "is the one known course in Applied Psychology . . . that builds minds as a physical instructor builds muscle." The course is thorough and complete, and includes, beside a beautiful diploma, many inspiring and "understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education." Beginning with First Principles, it reveals to the customer all the secrets of Knowledge and the Senses, Mental Connection, Personality, and the Subconscious. There are many other pleasing features, such as a Money-Back-Guarantee, a Confidential Questionnaire, and a Permanent Service Bureau. Naturally, such things appeal to forward-looking people, and so, "in one month alone," men and women of more than 108

"trades, professions and occupations enrolled" for work in the Limitless Mind. These 108 included actresses, army officers, artists, bank-tellers, blacksmiths, clergymen, chiropractors, coal operators, diplomats, funeral directors, estimators, meteorologists, osteopaths, tree surgeons, tailors, stage directors, authors, and valets.

Though the Pelman school awards no doctorate, its alumni are nonetheless very loyal. Grateful letters have been received from all over the globe, and from such eminent men as Granville Barker, "actor manager and playwright;" Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "philosopher, stylist, scholar and man of letters"; the Hon. George Lunn, once Lieutenant-Governor of New York; H.R.H. Prince Charles of Sweden, Sir Harry Lauder, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the inventor of companionate marriage. So bulging with thankful epistles are the stack-rooms of the Institute that its faculty was constrained to invent a handy key-system to save time in consulting them. Thus, G 26171 is an alumnus who is now a chauffeur with "a definite aim in life"; C 8370 is a department manager who was "complimented on his Efficiency;" N 10017 is an embryo medico who is "a drifter no longer"; and W 22563 is a pedagogue who "found Auto-Suggestion a tremendous help in rearranging his life."

V

The big mills, of course, are not the only disseminators of the New Mind Science. In addition, there are thousands of individual scientists who have climbed so high in knowledge that they are universities all by themselves. In this brief monograph, of course, only the top-notchers can be mentioned. All of them have written books. Not a few contribute regularly to *Psychology*. And as sidelines most of them conduct correspondence courses. Such a whale is Professor C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D., of Chicago, a prolific author and a steady advertiser in *Psychology*. Dr. Leavitt has tossed off many scientific tomes, his more important ones being "The Laws of Self-Development," "Mental and Physical Ease and Supremacy," and "The Study of the Mind." The first of these is his best money-getter. Containing some fifteen sections, it "comprises the most complete and comprehensive work" on

How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
How to Scientifically Apply Auto-Suggestion
How to Remold Yourself
How to be a True Success

Being a medical man as well as a psychologue, Dr. Leavitt is also privy to such things as

The Mystery of Cure
The Healing Mysteries
Mental Causes of Disease
Mental Attitude toward Sex
Influencing the Unconscious
Telepathic Curative Helps
All Cures are Self-Helps
The Rationale of Cure

Dr. Leavitt's real genius, however, is revealed not in his books, but in his "What Can We Do For You?" column, which is a monthly feature of *Psychology*. Here the doctor shows himself to be almost as omniscient as the celebrated Rev. Dr. Cadman, the oracle of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the only real difference between them being that Dr. Leavitt deals, not with matters of faith and morals, but, as he says, with the "unreasonable FEARS, such as Self-Consciousness, Worry, Inferiority Complexes, Apprehension and lack of self-confidence in general pertaining to social, domestic or business life; Unhappiness, Domestic Troubles, Habits, Stammering." The doctor has had "an active practice in this specialty for twenty-one years." He writes:

> You perhaps have been in doubt regarding the nature of YOUR troubles. To those who purchase my 100-page book, "SELF-MASTERY THROUGH UNDERSTANDING," at the small price of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, I will mail with the book my regular Analysis Blank, which will entitle you to a Preliminary Analysis of YOUR case, without charge. And I want you to feel that this service will be most confidential and that the

blank will come direct to me and not be opened by another. You can discuss your most intimate problems. . . .

If I fail to reprint the Leavitt Analysis Blank in detail, it is not because it isn't a marvel, but simply because it's not the best in the field. The real master here is Dr. John Stewart Connet, a Bio-Psychologue of Philadelphia. This doctor also advertises in *Psychology*. He knows all about Freud, Jung and Adler. He says:

Yes, your personality IS plastic! It is subject to physiological functions and gland secretions. These, in turn, are subject to environmental, chemical and mental influences and are potentially within your control! A Bio-Psychological-Analysis will give you HOPE, COURAGE and a sense of responsibility . . . to overcome the obstacles which are preventing you from possessing HEALTH, SUCCESS, and HAPPINESS.

Are you ill? Afflicted in any way? Does your case seem hopeless? Nothing upon this earth is hopeless! . . . Let me diagnose your case. . . .

The usual charge is $25, but if you "seize this opportunity" Dr. Connet will accept $5. In return you are required to fill out the Connet Bio-Psychological Analysis Questionnaire. This is a four-page sheet, with some eighty questions for males and females, and two dozen extra ones for the latter. The following are some of the more important:

What is your number?
Are you a success?
Is your skin clear?
Do you have flat feet or high arches?
Are your fingers long, short, slender or spade-like?
Is your nose long, short, pug, or hooked?
Are your lips thin, thick, pale, rosy, curling or drooped?
Do you have hair on your arms and legs?
Do you have hair on your back or chest?
Are you bald?
Any false teeth?
Were your parents nervous?
Have you suffered matrimonial infelicities?
Have you a sex problem? Give particulars.
What is your custom in regard to baths?
What is your religious faith?
Whom do you love most of all others?
Do you have headaches? Where?

And here are a few of the milder Special Questions for Women:

Have you leucorrhea?
Are your sexual organs in normal condition?
Were your labors hard?
Did you ever have a fright in regard to childbirth?
Do you loathe men?

The doctor lists a batch of more than a hundred ills. You are expected to "draw a circle around any of these named that you have had." Here are a few:

Brain trouble, Kidney trouble, Constipation, Dysentery, Bladder trouble, Goiter, Liver Splotches, Fallen Stomach, Fallen Arches, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Sex Impotency, Hypersensitive Sex Glands, Disappointments, Unsatisfied hunger for happiness, Mental incapacity, Brain storms, Alcoholic Appetite, Diarrhea, Hysterias, Kleptomania, Stage fright, Fatigue.

Another great master of the New Mind Science is Edmund Shaftesbury, a pioneer who was even "forty years ago a student of the human mind." By long and diligent research Prof. Shaftesbury has developed what he calls Instantaneous Personal Magnetism. Two score years ago he first "applied his discoveries," but he played safe and did it "secretly in his own circle of friends." His results were astonishing. Indeed, "his methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transferring people into entirely new human beings."

Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons.

His early students, however, were all "people who could pay $25 or $50 each for instruction books." But today competition is much stiffer, and so the learned professor has cut his price "within the reach of all —$3." For this sum you get exactly what Queen Victoria got—and more, since just the other day "Shaftesbury . . . consented to reveal new discoveries never before put into print." His students

quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others, not by loud argument, but rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks, so he states, are "never the same" after reading his Message.

Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes, yes, even their actual features seem to change. They seem to grow more cultured and refined. Their eyes . . . become clear, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant, mellow as a golden bell.

There appear to be only a few things that Prof. Shaftesbury and his Mind Science can't do. These, *grace à Dieu*, have all been taken care of by Professor Charles F. Winbigler, Ph.M., also an advertiser in *Psychology*. As the author of "Self-Healing through Auto-Suggestion," this Master of Philosophy is probably the first one in the Republic to utilize Scientific Psychology in the permanent cure of insomnia, impatience, anger, passion, indecision, and *CONSTIPATION*. (The italics are not mine.)

VI

But if the aspirant to the psychological arcanum wants to be really scientific, he can do no better than to buy himself a Psycho-Phone—the Latest Triumph of Science. This is a machine which "enables you to direct and control . . . the creative power of the unconscious mind." The Psycho-Phone is really only a victrola with a "time clock motor for starting." There are two models, both portable and selling for $190 each. With each the customer gets a batch of records. Just before going to bed he puts on a record and the machine does the rest.

> It talks to you for a few minutes every hour *while you sleep*. Your unconscious mind accepts every suggestion that is impressed on it when the conscious mind is thus out of the way, and accepts these suggestions as the specifications, after which it then controls your life. The form and substance of the suggestions made and their correct rhythmetic repetition is all important to get the desired results.

Here are some of the Psycho-Phone records now available:

> PROSPERITY (for getting money, success, prosperity and power).
> HEALTH, HAPPINESS & HARMONY (for getting these things).
> INSPIRATION (for developing genius and ability to do things).
> HEALING (for any kind of sickness).
> NORMAL WEIGHT (for reducing fat or increasing weight).
> MATING (for attracting and holding the ideal mate).
> NORMALITY (for increasing vitality and correcting of all sex perversions).
> STAMMERING (for the development of fluent speech).
> LIFE EXTENSION (for extending your life span to the Biological limit).

There is a special model for cases "where secret or personal matters are to be treated." This one repeats everything in low tones "not heard outside the room." But if even this would be hazardous, the sleeper may use it "with earphones and be absolutely private." The Psycho-Phone is "the link that connects us with the great Creative Intelligence of the universe."

If you cannot afford a Psycho-Phone, the best thing for you to do is to buy a copy of *Psychology*, which costs only a quarter at any news-stand. The magazine is a direct route to a thorough knowledge of all the latest tricks of the New Psychology. Beside containing articles by Watson, Prince, Brill, Stern and Dr. Frank Crane, it also has uplifting editorials from the gifted pen of Dr. Henry Knight Miller, who tells his clients that "the world is yours: life is glorious, full, free;" but who somewhere else also wisely reminds them that "for your soul's sake refuse to believe anything which shuns the light of the most insistent analysis and investigation."

In this scientific spirit *Psychology* operates the Long Island Summer School of Psychology at Sea Cliff, L. I. It also runs a directory of Psychology Clubs organizing every day in all the up-and-coming towns throughout the Republic. Its latest innovation, while somewhat undemocratic, since it is meant primarily for employers, club presidents, and organization heads, is the installation of a Speakers' Bureau. By this organization, *Psychology* hopes to spread the Message by sending "trained and scientific" speakers to address "business and sales organizations, clubs, societies, parent teachers associations, groups of every sort inspired by the urge for that truest culture which is self-expression. . . . " In the end, I am sure, even Rotary and Kiwanis will become cognizant of the New Mind Science.

EDITORIAL

So far as I have been able to discover by diligent search, no course in honor is offered by any of the American universities. Foreign exchange, Middle English, show-card writing, the Kantian epistemology and the touch system of typewriting are taught in all of them, and all, or nearly all, have seminars in cornet-playing, the use of the bayonet and Christian morals, but in none is there a professor of honor. The subject, I suppose, is thought to have a somewhat indelicate smack: the very word, to Americans, suggests the anatomical integrity of the human female, of which the less said, in these antinomian later days, the better. Nevertheless, honor remains an important matter to every man, whether he has had the advantage of a university training or not, and so I argue herewith that its indelicacy ought to be disregarded, as the indelicacy of the chromosomes (that is, outside the academies of Tennessee and Mississippi) has been disregarded. No man can go through life without taking thought, now and then, of questions of honor. Not even a Prohibition agent, a Congressman or an officer of Marines can purge himself of such wayward fancies altogether, try as he will. He may ram the Ten Commandments down into his unconscious so deeply that nothing remains of them on the level of behavior save a smell of violets, and he may scorn and hoot at the codes of ethics so elaborately drawn up by the realtors, the master plumbers, the newspaper editors, the doctors, the lawyers and the certified public accountants, but he can never get through life without giving heed, anon and anon, to what is seemly and decent in one of his condition. Men even practise a sort of honor in their dealings with women: there are lies that they falter to tell, and telling, regret with vague blushes. In their dealings with one another they must be honorable or perish: that is the immemorial law of the pack. There is honor, as the sagacious long ago observed, even among thieves. Nay, even among policemen.

But the young man emerging from adolescence in this happiest of republics finds no text upon the subject to guide him, and no professor to hear and resolve his difficulties. Going with a problem of honor to his accustomed instructors, he will only hear a warning that metaphysical speculations are dangerous to military preparedness and the investment securities business. Consulting his father, he will be put on trial for Bolshevism, and maybe withdrawn forthwith from the contaminating halls of learning. Turning to his pastor, he will hear a homily on the evils of necking, and go home with a depressing pamphlet entitled "What Every Young Man Should Know," full of horrible portraits of gummata. Nor will he get much more light from his comrades, for most of them will be from Christian homes, and so their nascent notions of honor will be corrupted by the dogmas of the prevailing morals, by theology out of enlightened self-interest. Is it honorable to tell on a girl? Obviously not. Even a Methodist bishop, if commanded to do it by God, would probably signify his reluctance by doing it in an anonymous letter. But is it honorable to tell on a bootlegger? Here the matter grows vastly more difficult. The law plainly says that it is, and behind the law is the nation that the Fathers fought and bled for, and behind the nation is its honor. Is the United States, then, a bounder? The question is full of unpleasantness.

Beset by such difficulties, and with no sound book to guide him, the young American is forced to resort to induction from his observations—a frail device, for in a country hag-ridden by moral imperatives things are seldom what they seem. He sees stewed Prohibitionists all about him, and he quickly notices a vast discrepancy between the words of the magnificoes of his world—for example, the president of his university—and their scarcely concealed acts. Glancing higher, he is puzzled by the conflict between the announced principles and observable acts of men yet more eminent. There ensues an uncomfortable disquiet in his heart. He is pained first by the suspicion that men are not all they ought to be, and he is wracked later on by doubts that the code they profess to follow is really sound. If it were, then they would really execute its mandates, or, at all events, make a serious effort to do so. Thus life becomes mysterious to this young man, and full of pains. His hormones alone give him many a bad quarter of an hour, but worse still are the questionings of his conscience.

II

What he needs is a handbook setting down precisely, under appropriate rubrics, not what the elders of his class say, but what they actually do. He doesn't want to be a bounder, as bounderism is understood among them, but neither does he want to be a prig. That composing such a handbook would present difficulties I do not presume to deny; on the contrary, I have already called attention to the inconveniences that accompany inductive reasoning in its field. But those inconveniences, I suppose, must be faced and surmounted, for the inductive method is the only one that will give the inquiring youngster any useful help. He doesn't want to know what *ought* to be done—say by angels and archangels. What he wants to know is what *is* done—by men of the sort he hopes to be himself later on.

Such a treatise would not only be of high utility; it would also have a fine raciness, especially if it were confined to American examples. For the code of honor that now prevails in the Federal Union, whether among public men or among private men, is full of odd and puckish provisions, many of them unmatched anywhere else in the world. We have all learned of late, for example, that it is perfectly possible to be both a United States Senator and a confessed liar. The revelation was made by the Hon. Simeon D. Fess, A.B., A.M., LL.B., LL.D., of Ohio, one of the most noble specimens of American manhood in the Senate. He is a 32° Freemason and an eminent Methodist layman. He has been a college president and a professor of history. Yet he is also a liar by his own free confession, and no one has so much as hinted that the fact makes him ineligible for his high office. Nor does anyone—save a few agents of the Beer Trust—allege that he is disqualified by the fact that he has accepted retainers from the Anti-Saloon League.

Here is an example of American honor as a going concern that surely ought to be studied in the colleges. The great Republican party, having chosen Dr. Fess to make the key-note speech at Kansas City, has given formal ratification to his concept of veracity. He is approved by Dr. Coolidge, he is approved by Dr. Hoover, and he is approved by all the rest. No man in history has ever received a more impressive endorsement; put beside it the support given to St. Louis and the Cid seems scattered and equivocal. I therefore propose that Dr. Fess be anatomized in the halls of learning to teach the undergraduates the principles of American honor, as June bugs and lilies are anatomized to teach them the facts of sex hygiene. If he is a man of honor, as appears by the record, then the elements which enter into him should be exposed and studied. All young men, soon or late, have to learn lying, if only to avoid bigamy. Here is a chance to master the ethical principles which inform it, as they

have been demonstrated in practise by a confidant of Presidents.

In the career of certain other statesmen now in power at Washington there is abundant further material for the student. I point, for example, to the case of the Hon. Andy Mellon. Not long ago the Hon. James Couzens, of Michigan, entertained the Senate with an interesting discourse upon Andy's high deeds in the field of honor. Unfortunately, his remarks were couched in hostile terms, and bore the rancor of a man stung by the income tax. A professor of honor would do the thing in a more seemly and philosophical manner. His scientific calm would prevent him indulging in raucous cries against Andy's transactions with such men as the Hon. Mr. Vare and Elder Will H. Hays. Who will say, indeed, that in the latter matter he showed any moral obliquity? Hasn't Dr. Thomas J. Walsh himself praised his conduct as "highly creditable"? In any case, creditable or not, it was obviously within the bounds of American rules of honor, for no denunciation of it has come from anyone save the Hon. Couzens and a few highly dubious Democrats, all of them with something to sell.

III

From it one is tempted to deduce a fundamental rule of American honor: that a statesman's duty to his party transcends his obligation to his oath of office. His relations to his party, in fact, take on a sort of fiduciary character; he is bound to it almost as a lawyer is bound to a client. Thus Andy was guilty of no dishonor when he kept Elder Hays' sinister confidences to himself. He was aware that Dr. Walsh and company were eager to know what he knew, and he was also aware that it was his sworn public and official duty to tell them. But he remained mum. That is, until—

Here, unluckily, I find myself somewhat puzzled. If it was honorable for Andy to hold his mouth until he was put on the stand, then how and why did it become honorable for him to blab afterward? I confess that the problem baffles me. Does the risk of going to jail for perjury relieve a statesman of his obligations? Or is there a difference between a lie by inference, carrying no penalty, and a lie bold and bald, carrying the menace of the hoosegow? My private inclination would be to put the latter higher, and in that theory I am supported by the example of the late King Edward VII of England, who lied on the stand to save a woman, looking the admiring judge straight in the eye. But America is not England, nor is Andy so loose a fish as Edward. The whole question deserves to be investigated by the learned. Suppose Andy, instead of coughing up on the stand, had continued to profess ignorance of Elder Hays' *pianissimo* prowlings, and had been caught by Walsh and turned over to the secular arm? Suppose he had actually gone to jail, as his lodge brother Sinclair will probably do toward the end of the century? Would he have forfeited his seat in the Coolidge Cabinet and his name as an honorable man? Or would Dr. Coolidge have continued to admire him, and Dr. Fess with him?

In countries laboring under monarchy the Sovereign is the fount of honor. What he does is honorable *ipso facto*, just as it is lawful constitutionally and orthodox theologically. Under republics, I daresay, the President takes his place. If so, then I can only say that I do not envy the first professor of morals who sets up his booth in America—that is, if he begins his researches with the sitting Chief Executive. For in Dr. Coolidge's exploits in the field of honor there are many prodigies, and not a few mysteries. He has shown subtlety, originality, and a degree of virtuosity almost bordering on the magical. I surely do not envy the honorologist who will have to make a coherent fabric of the tangled skeins of his relations to Denby, Daugherty, Mellon and the Hon. Ned McLean. It is an inquiry that, when it comes to be made, will strain brains. As for me, I discreetly pass it up. H. L. M.

THE GIVER OF LIFE

BY JIM TULLY

His hair had once been red. That was long ago. It was now a dismal yellowish-grey. But his eyebrows were still red. They overhung kindly, furtive, sad, and mocking eyes.

They were panther-like eyes; in which defiance lurked behind somnolent surrender.

His name was Jonathon Maloney. He called himself Brother Jonathon.

He always wore an immense hat, a dark well-tailored suit, and a long drooping mustache. His gloves and spats were of the same color as his suit. He was never without a large, gold-headed, ebony walking-stick. Engraved upon the gold were the words:

To the Giver of Life
From
The Children of Chicago.

He spoke in a deep, powerful, well-modulated voice. His English, in public, was nearly correct and always precise.

An unabridged dictionary, a morocco-bound copy of some Materia Medica, a red volume on anatomy and an expensive Bible made up his traveling library.

He called all his books Bibles and read them constantly.

Brother Jonathon was the wealthiest man in the carnival world. He sent funds by registered mail to his bank every week. Penurious and profligate, he would haggle over a dime and take the loss of ten thousand dollars with a smile and a platitude.

In wintry or Summer weather, on mud or pavement, he would walk for an hour or two each night—alone.

He knew the names of the swinging constellations.

He often told fortunes with the aid of astrology. It relieved him at times of the monotony of medicine-selling. Rustics gazed wide-eyed as he spoke flippantly of Aquarius, Orion, and Telescopium. Pointing heavenward, he would shout: "There is no room for petty vanity in the hearts of men who study the stars."

In common with all mankind, he carried his half-truths seriously.

He knew the Old Testament well. He spoke of the ancient prophets as though they were personal friends.

Whenever he heard a strange word he looked it up in his dictionary.

He talked glibly of the great of the earth. They, like the prophets, were his personal friends.

John L. Sullivan and Grover Cleveland were his favorites. He would astonish people in small towns by saying, "I told John not to fight Corbett when he did." Then, sighing, "It was the one time he wouldn't listen to me."

A country editor was often greeted with, "Grover told me that being President was about like running a newspaper—one had to keep a lot of damn fools in line. I don't think any man ever appreciated the American newspaper and its diversified functions like Grover. I'll never forget the time he fell in the water at Buzzards Bay. Joe Jefferson and I pulled him out. A great man, Grover!"

Brother Jonathon claimed to be of the landed gentry in Ireland. He was a magnificent liar. If he happened to be talking to an Englishman he would say, "Yes, yes, we have a lot in common—my mother was English—she married my father when he

was on a vacation from Trinity College. The Maloneys, you know, were long pillars of the state in Ireland. Edmund Burke relied a great deal on the Maloneys."

If the new acquaintance were a Frenchman: "Marvelous people, the French—my mother was from Tours—I owe all my success to my French sense of humor. What was it Voltaire said? 'If there were no French, God would have to invent some.'"

When introduced he would always say, "Call me Brother Jonathon." Then, with reverence, "The Giver of Life."

He was the world's great democrat. He claimed admixture with all the races of the earth. Oriental, Judean, Ethiopian—all had some connection with him—in his conversation.

He was a genius in diplomacy. His gifts were such that if allowed a greater scope he might have poured oil on the troubled waters of the world. He would dominate any gathering with his poise, tact and personality.

He made use of all these qualities by being a patent-medicine faker.

At times one felt that his mind was full of cant. Diplomat and hypocrite, he seemed to believe in his nostrums. There were other times when one was not so sure.

He was all things to all men—and more than that to women. But no priest was ever so dogmatic as Brother Jonathon in his belief that in the purity of women was the salvation of the world. As in all great hypocrites, there was in him the muddle of the fanatic.

As he conversed with one, into his panther-like eyes there would creep contempt, as though he had correctly measured everything.

He was fond of cats. They made their way to him in every town.

"They're the greatest creatures in the world—they never let down the bars."

Among his close friends he was not so careful of his English. His argot was of underworld Europe, Australia and America.

He called police informers narks, as they do in the London slums. His wife was always Storm and Strife—a term possibly from Australia. Men released from jail were sprung, and when he wrote a letter he always flew a kite.

So accomplished was he as a circus and carnival linguist that he often conversed for hours in that idiom, without the use of a straight English phrase.

Brother Jonathon's wife was grey and worn. She wore a black jet bonnet. She alternated with two dresses—both buttoned tightly down the front. One was lavender; the other black. Her blunt, nail-bitten fingers projected red and white from black, half-fingered gloves. She was quiet, unassuming, self-effacing and self-sacrificing.

Liquor was a passion with Brother Jonathon. He passed long hours in saloons.

He preferred to drink beer directly out of the bottle. It was his method to allow all the bottles to stand on the bar when empty. He would pay the final score by counting them. When the bill came to an uneven sum, he would toss slightly under the amount on the bar and say, "I guess that's near enough." His effrontery usually startled the bartender into silence.

If others in his party drank anything beside beer, he would have the bartender keep the amount on a tab. He would then argue over the sum until the bartender was in confusion. But instead of that gentleman being angry, he would more often be apologetic. Brother Jonathon would smile in a fatherly way and exclaim gently,

"That's all right, my boy: we all make mistakes. The big men always admit them. In that way lies growth."

Umbrellas often hung carelessly on the bar. Brother Jonathon absent-mindedly walked away with more than two score during one rainy week. If detected, he would become elaborately apologetic. His sincerity was never doubted. Often the owner would treat Brother Jonathon to a drink.

He used the umbrellas to good advantage. Bartenders, fair-ground managers, bag-

gage-agents and hotel proprietors received them as gifts.

He would say, "Make things pay for things—we live in a trading age." Then with a chuckle, "It's all in the spirit of fun."

Brother Jonathon always advertised in the New York *Clipper*, "the showman's Bible." His advertisement was worded:

> BROTHER JONATHON wants swell dressers on and off. Versatile performers, song and dance people, magician, sister team, hoop roller, ventriloquist. No boozers or chasers. No tickets unless I know you. I pay railroad fare after joining. Tourists save stamps. Ventriloquist must double in Punch. First part and afterpiece. Also a B. F. [blackface] comedian. Three Card Monty please write. All performers double on canvas.

Rehearsal consisted of sitting around in a circle and running through the lines. Nothing was ever written. The carnival vagabonds knew their work by heart.

In conversation he was grandiose and benevolent toward his employes. In reality he was a ruthless autocrat.

His phobia was against what he called chasers—men in his company who sought the society of women in the towns they visited. They were strictly forbidden to do so. He levied fines against them constantly.

From his judgment there was no appeal. The legality of his fines was never questioned. He would often take back half a carnival vagabond's weekly salary.

II

Brother Jonathon had a big medicine show. The smaller shows had but one or two singers. They worked on an open lot or a side street.

Brother Jonathon charged ten cents for standing room and twenty-five cents for seats.

The tourists mentioned in his advertisement were performers who would send for tickets if they wished to travel in that direction and then leave the train before reaching the show, thus making the railroad fare.

Brother Jonathon always considered the show a necessary evil to attract the crowd. His whole aim was to sell his medicine. It was a "spiritual, mental and physical cure-all." He called it Giver of Life.

He had once sold the formula of a concoction to a firm of patent-medicine manufacturers for ten thousand dollars. He bought worthless gold stock with the money. But when he talked of the transaction—

"Yes, yes—I own fifty-two percent of the stock in Allevan's gold-mine out in Death Crossing, Nevada. We have three hundred men operating there now—most satisfied miners you ever beheld—a thriving community. I was there last Christmas and gave each family a bottle of Brother Jonathon's Giver of Life. Strange to say, those seeds planted out of kindness have sprouted many oaks in that desert country, as it were. They keep sending and sending and sending for the Life Giver."

Brother Jonathon carried a broken-down physician with him during the Summer. A weak weed of humanity, this physician lingered on year after year. Brother Jonathon picked him up each April, and dropped him each November.

"Dr. Fitzmaurice will never die—he's soaked in alcohol," was Brother Jonathon's estimate.

All that was really left of the doctor was his diploma from a great medical college. It was by flaunting this medical shell that Brother Jonathon kept from the clutches of the law.

The doctor seldom talked. He was never without his bottle, and was never in the foreground. He was known as Brother Jonathon's secretary.

Dr. Fitzmaurice spoke of Brother Johnathon as "the Doctor." Little worms of mockery crawled around the words. It was the way in which he showed contempt. He had once called him "a Napoleon of fakers."

Brother Jonathan returned with a twisted smile, "You flatter Napoleon. He never knew when to laugh—I *do*."

That night he gave Dr. Fitzmaurice two quarts of old Kentucky Bourbon.

Brother Jonathon loved all that pertained to medicine. Once, after a long walk under the stars, he returned to Dr. Fitzmaurice with the words, "Doctor, I think you have thrown a world away."

Dr. Fitzmaurice, with an empty bottle and a shaking hand, retorted, "No, doctor, the world has thrown me away—just like an empty bottle of Giver of Life."

He rubbed his bottle with his thin fingers and addressed Brother Jonathon:

"What fools these mortals be!—eh, *Doctor?* Perhaps *you* are wasting *your* life."

Brother Jonathon caught the scorn in the words but ignored it. Then smiling,

> Then they for sudden joy did weep,
> And I for sorrow sung
> That such a King should play Bo Peep,
> And go the fools among.

He looked kindly at Dr. Fitzmaurice and the empty bottle, and continued:

"Yes, yes, Doctor—perhaps we are both wasting our lives. Shakespeare knew the tragedy of genius: 'It must go the fools among.'"

Brother Jonathon always sent patients to Dr. Fitzmaurice. The doctor prescribed the Giver of Life for all ailments, including brain fever and the longing after immortality.

Brother Jonathon did not mingle with the crowd. Upon entering a strange town he would walk with precise dignity down the main street, his gold-headed cane tapping the sidewalk.

He would introduce himself to the postmaster, the mayor, and the leading tradesmen. His list of small purchases was the same in each town. His engaging personality made him known.

Never did he fail to placate the local doctors. He swam in a sea of medical inferences before them. If he did not gain their respect he at least made them submit to his personality.

He had one sure way to win them. He would become ill and call in several of them for a conference over his condition. This method never failed. "In spite of my own years of medical research, I still have faith in my fellow physicians." This would appear in the local papers.

A vaudeville act and the afterpiece followed his medicine talk. Brother Jonathon had discovered this method to be safe. In his early career many people had walked out on his medical oration when it was the last thing on the programme.

He mixed his solution in a large wooden tub. He wore rubber gloves and a physician's white linen coat which reached to his knees. He tied a towel around his head, the ends of which hung down his back.

There was a benignly happy expression on his face as he poured the medicine into scores of bottles. His wife washed and labeled the bottles. She allowed no one to talk to Brother Jonathon while he was at work.

His formula contained three-fourths water. The rest was Epsom salts, powdered rhubarb, licorice powder, burnt sugar and wintergreen essence.

"Water is the great healer—three-fourths of the earth's surface is water," he often remarked.

The performers could stay at a hotel if they paid their own way. Otherwise they slept in the medicine tent.

If business was bad, Brother Jonathon would arrange with a local furniture dealer for a grand drawing. A complete bedroom or dining-room set would be offered as a prize to the person drawing the lucky ticket with a bottle of medicine. The drawings would take place after all the medicine possible had been sold.

A vast crowd attended the grand drawing. The furniture would be on view in a prominent store window for days. Far in advance Brother Jonathon would arrange with a local person to "win" the prize. It was then turned back to the dealer, who profited by the advertising.

The local person was given six bottles of the Giver of Life free.

Just before leaving town, Brother Jonathon would arrange with the local drugstores to take many bottles of his product at half-price.

III

The ingredients mixed, the show would begin. The band blared. Song, dance, minstrel jokes, all manner of crude humor and sentimentality followed. Before the grand climax, Brother Jonathon would step upon the stage. He would time the suspense with which he was awaited. Scanning the audience carefully, he would talk in a confidential manner and cause loud laughter by giving a humorous narrative in which Lonesome Ed Farley figured.

After the audience was through laughing over Farley's exploit, he would tell how he once saved Farley's life with Giver of Life.

Taking a bottle from his assistant he would say, "Dear faithful Giver of Life—the never-failing!"

Standing dramatically erect, his chest thrown back, his right hand laid flat across his heart, he would look longingly at the bottle and then at his performers.

A few slight coughs, and his hand would come slowly from his heart and be raised in air.

"Of course, lad--ees and gentlemen, you realize by now that my entire fortune and my whole soul is wrapt up within this blessed medicine. To improve the health of humanity is my unerring motive. And in so doing I have gathered together this incomparable band of musicians of the first grade."

The musicians would bow.

"They are a high salaried group of people who have played before kings and society women the world over, as far as the land of the Zulus and Europe. It would interest you each and all to know that Sousa, the great band-leader, once played with my troupe in the early days. There is no such music as we give you—and all—to heal the sick—to keep comfort from the dying by robbing death of its terrors and assuaging the grief-stricken and the lowly."

He held the bottle high above his head.

"It is not for profit that medicine is sold by me. In proof of this astonishing and altruistic fact I offer you this living, final and definite proof."

The left forefinger touched the lower portion of the bottle.

"You will note that the price is here marked plainly that all who runs may read—two dollars—two dollars—lad--ees and gentlemen—two dollars. By the ethics of medicine and mutual agreements of treaties and codicils between states and nations no man is allowed to mark such a price on a bottle of health-giving fluid unless by agreement of the world's leading chemists and anthropologists, zoölogists and pedastical somnambulists, which includes the various clergy and men of all creeds, unless—excuse my digression—that man has proven that which he sells is worth double the price, he cannot sell it, or mark it, even at that price. For, as you know, men of medical jurisprudence are men who believe and love humanity with their whole heart and soul. When I was a young man studying the blessed art of healing this fact was indisputably borne in upon me by the loving care with which young physicians yet to be handled the dead bodies of their beloved kind in the dissection rooms, that you dear people might have the benefit of their tremendous knowledge of all the strange and incoherent rivulets of life that a body contains."

His words came faster.

"In the divine process of nature there is no need of death. It only comes through defiance of nature's laws. Ignorant people often ask why the Great Ruler takes away the lives of little children, and so forth and so on. The answer is so simple as not to need an answer. It was the elders who in their crass ignorance neglected those children and failed to obtain for them the medicines which they so much needed."

He paused.

"But I wish to assure you, lad--ees and gentlemen, mine is not precisely a cure-all. You have many highly competent and courageous doctors in your most glorious

city. Consult them, by all means—and never lose sight of the God-given fact that the physician is your best friend. You must fain remember that our Blessed Saviour honored physicians by choosing one of them as a disciple—the learned Saint Luke of healing memory. I see you laughing over there, Brother. That is a fact. It is quite possible that others among the disciples were also physicians—for did not Christ say, 'Physician, heal thyself'? That has often been misconstrued in these latter times. What the Saviour meant was that physicians should one and all heal themselves of little vanities and jealousies and work together for the good of mankind."

No rustic head turned. No movement was made. The tall talker moved slowly up and down the platform, his hands behind his back, his head bowed low. It had the effect of an old lion walking slowly and majestically before an audience.

The long arms went violently upward. He turned swiftly and faced the enraptured gathering of health-seekers.

"I come before you as a friend, lad-ees, and gentlemen—as one who bears the balm of Gilead from out of Judea—the healer of hurt hearts and souls, of cold people huddling from the awful blasts of life and ever and anon shivering with the fare-thee-wells. I am the bearer of phosphorescent and beautifully burning coals of life . . . the healer who goes to out of the way places and takes up the blistered and fevered agonies of men and gives them surcease. As I walked down the streets of your magnificent and beauty-laden city this evening, little children followed me. It gave me meditation. A divine inner glow came to me. For inasmuch as you do it unto one of these so do ye also do it unto me. . . . My medicine encircles the world, I may say, to use a strange simile—children cry for it in many and diverse languages."

Heavily laden with bottles, Brother Jonathon's assistants moved to the rear of the audience. Seemingly unaware of their movements, his arms moving frantically, his eyes burning with hysteria, he talked on.

"The friend of the family—the friend of the family! What blessed words! All our manifold blessings of civilization are built upon—the friend of the family. Unobtrusive, it is placed in an out-of-the-way part of the house. There, by the simple movement of a little cork, the friend is ready to do your bidding—unobtrusive, demanding no attention but a small shelf upon which to wait the summons when you are ready. As I say, by a simple movement of a little cork the gates of health and joy and peace and hope and dreams and the pursuit of happiness is yours, is yours. Yes, yes, by the simple movement of a little cork—not even a big cork—not one that sticks even—but one scientifically arranged so as to fit the bottle and keep the precious liquid from the disintegrating rays of air and wind and sun.

"As Lonesome Ed Farley would say, the real pal is Giver of Life. All others may desert, but by the simple movement of a little cork you may open the heart of a friend. The heart of a friend, la-dees and gentlemen, the heart of a friend—priced at two dollars the wide world over—the heart of a friend—but to introduce to you the heart of a friend—now but *one* silver dollar, lad-ees and gentlemen, but *one* silver dollar—a beggar's fee, lad-ees and gentlemen, a beggar's fee!"

His hands flew upward again, his dynamic personality surging, his voice soothing.

"Now all together, lad-ees, and gentlemen, let not your right hand know what your left hand is doing—a treat for the children, for the aged and infirm—the Giver of Life to them each and all! It takes the ache from the tired mother's heart and back, it makes the worn father a buoyant and cheerful provider of good things for the entire family, it makes him sing at his work and come home in the evening to his meal like the boy you ladies loved ever and ever so long ago when the sun was young and all nature was but a benediction."

His rich voice crooned deep.

"Blessed are the meek . . . and the poor . . . and the heavy-laden . . . for from them shall the burden of the world be lifted by the Giver of Life! For is it not better to heal a soul that ails than to capture a city?"

Brother Jonathon extended his hands, palms downward, as though pronouncing a blessing. The audience sat silent.

His great voice was wrapt in velvet. The words came in rolling fervor.

I am the Great Healer. . . .
I am the Great Healer. . . .
I am—the—Great—Healer. . . .
To heal you of your fears. . . .

How can you deny me. . . .
How can you deny me. . . .
How can—you—deny—me. . . .
Who comes to you in tears? . . .

Mine is but the giving. . . .
Mine is but the giving. . . .
Mine—is—but—the—giving. . . .
Of joy through all the years. . . .

Calm thought was banished from the audience. Brother Jonathon stood still, his hands folded.

Voices were suddenly heard in all parts of the tent. Men bearing bottles were everywhere.

"Here it is, ladies and gentlemen—here it is . . . the Giver of Life—a small silver dollar—a small silver dollar—Doctor Maloney's great Life Giver!"

Money came from pockets. Never did prelate look more benign than Brother Jonathon.

Well he knew that it was hard to count money correctly in a whirl of many voices. "Here it is—here it is—a half-dozen bottles is not too many! It will be the last chance, ladies and gentlemen—the last chance!"

Clapping his hands, stamping his feet, shouting directions here and there, he allowed no time for the audience to get set.

The bottle-venders also threw volleys of words.

He had often said to his helpers by way of instruction, "Nothing so confuses people as counting money in public while others talk."

Seldom did Brother Jonathon fail in selling his medicine to the entire audience. They would walk out of the tent carrying bottles in hands and pockets. For the next hour Brother Jonathon would be busy settling accounts with his venders.

IV

Long after all had gone, he would remain alone. Stooped over an improvised desk, his eyes would peer closely at a cheap unlined paper tablet. A lead-pencil would move feverishly in his talon-like hand.

Satisfied with the result, Brother Jonathon would place his hat carefully on his dismal yellowish-grey curls, adjust the lapels of his coat, and then his spats.

Pondering for a moment he would feel the small blue revolver which he always carried. His long fingers would wander to the wallet in his pocket, and linger there.

He would then glance at the scene of his conquest, and pick up his gold-headed cane, and walk into the night—alone.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

TEN years ago this June one of the biggest news stories that ever broke for American newspapers was breaking not far from Paris. A last tremendous German thrust had halted barely forty-five miles from the city. American troops, brigaded with the French, had helped to block it. Now the Americans were slicing into the German line. Inch by inch, with no sleep and little food, they were hacking their way through storms of machine-gun bullets to the rocky caverns of Belleau Wood.

What a story! At Field Press Headquarters in Paris a little group of curiously assorted men, in regulation and near-regulation uniforms, fidgeted and fumed. They wore the Sam Browne belts of officers, and their jaunty peaked caps were piped with colored braid like the caps of officers. The piping was of two colors, red and green, a combination strange to the doughboy. There was no uniformity about their breeches. What sort of discipline had this outfit, that its members could wear at will whipcord riding breeches or O. D. serge, or ordinary issue pants? And how did they get away—three or four of them—with those British-type blouses with lapels?

In vain one scanned their shoulders and collars for insignia of rank or emblems of service. Yet something still marked them out from the general run of A. W. O. L. officers, Red Cross "colonels" and Y. M. C. A. song-birds who were finding frightened Paris so amusing—something beside a certain queer combination of indifference, studied or natural, and alertness, veiled but undeniable. This something was sewed around the left sleeve of each just above the elbow—a green brassard bearing a red C. On the sleeves of a couple of them the brassards were white.

These were the American war correspondents of the ruddy days of 1918.

Amongst them, obviously unhappy, his fatigue cap pushed back on his head, his hair stringing down his forehead like that of a harassed city editor with a murder busting in the mountains five minutes before press time, stood the Press Censor in full major's uniform, with an army to protect in France and a public to inform in the United States. Sweat fairly popped out upon him, as, indeed, who wouldn't it have popped out upon with such burdens to bear?

"For God's sake!" implored the war correspondents, "let us use *some* designation! This is the kind of story the Army needs. It's the kind of story the people back home need. You can't keep up this damned anonymity forever. It's a crime on a story like this!"

"Units will not be mentioned by name," chanted the pale censor, like a swami in a trance. "Information that may be of value to the enemy—"

"How about saying 'Marines?' " interrupted one correspondent. "That won't help the enemy."

"Yes," chimed another, "can't we say 'Marines'?"

The censor's vacant eyes focussed again. He shot a telegram off to G. H. Q. In a short while the answer came back. The censor read it to himself. Joy chased sorrow from his face.

"G. H. Q. says you may use 'Marines'!" he announced.

This was why the cables to America, in June, 1918, hummed with the story of the Marines in Belleau Woods. Next morning 100,000,000 people, 3,000 miles away, read about them over the wheat cakes and whooped to learn that Americans were the best fighters in the world—especially Marines. But they never read a word about the Ninth and the Twenty-third Infantry—never dreamed there was any such infantry, never knew until long afterward that they had fought just as hard, bled just as fast, and died just as thoroughly as the Marines, and in exactly the same division in precisely the same operation!

So the Marines went on to an eternity of glory and publicity, and the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry went down, temporarily and perhaps permanently, to oblivion. That was one of the mistakes in the censorship of war news long since admitted by the censors themselves. But never, so far as the record shows, has any share of the guilt been admitted by the newspapers whose men hounded the censors into making it.

II

In this, the tenth year since the wind-up of the war, on the flood of reminiscence that surges over us, come such memories of the aging war correspondents. In 1914 everybody thought the day of the war correspondent had ended with the Russo-Japanese struggle. The Japs had virtually put foreign reporters into jail and kept them there for the duration of the war. But with the start of the Great War and Richard Harding Davis' gray-green tide story from Belgium, American newspaper readers began again to gobble up signed yarns from the front, and to picture the writers thereof in their minds. The war correspondent assumed once more the aspect of adventure and high romance—tall, lean, bronzed by the suns of all the tropics, uniformed and booted, his breast covered with service and campaign ribbons, with horse after horse shot under him as he galloped his way to the nearest telegraph office, waving generals and marshals off the road, and sending his vivid two-column dispatches full of hell-fire and personal pronouns.

Soon, however, the French and British interned the correspondents, and for about three years after 1914, except for an occasional bright yarn, the American newspapers had to be content with dreary official communiques, all anonymous, all rather obviously full of propaganda, and nearly all unintelligible. But in 1917, when the United States soldiery began arriving in France, stories obviously written by reporters actually on the scene began to be seen again on the front pages. The war correspondent appeared to have returned to his thrilling and romantic place in the theatre of war. And so he had.

But what a return! Hamstrung, hog-tied, lashed to the mast of censorship, he was about as happy as a toothless guest at a peanut-brittle party. He and his colleagues, to be sure, were gallant enough figures, their pockets stuffed with passes, dashing about the landscape in large automobiles chauffeured by sergeants or privates; their uniforms expressing more individuality than was permitted the enlisted soldier or officer; welcomed, fed, regaled with anecdote and loaded down with news wherever they went, from a corps headquarters to an infantry battalion dugout. There was no army rule against giving them the news. But the rules about *writing* it scarcely more than permitted them to put down the date, the weather, their best regards, and their names. Their chapter in the history of the Great War is full of frustration and bitterness. It found frequent expression during the struggle, boiled up often in its wake, and will not, even now, be exorcised.

The code of censorship rules grew like the knowledge a blind man acquires of his way to the cigar-store. It started out with an expression of almost pathetic trust and confidence in the patriotism and military discretion of the press of the United States and its representatives in France. Here is

the first actual censorship regulation issued there for the guidance of the correspondents:

> The American Expeditionary Force depends more upon the correspondents' patriotism and discretion than upon censorship in the safeguarding of military secrets. Information given confidentially to their friends by persons, official or civilian, who have had opportunities at first-hand observation, is one of the most dependable sources of the enemy spy system. Therefore correspondents are asked to make it a rule never to relate to any person, however intimate, any fact or impression which is not conveyed in their copy as censored.
>
> Correspondents will not be permitted to mention:
>
> 1. Name of any port of disembarkation, nor any description of it.
> 2. Names of any officers except the Commander-in-Chief, or the commanders of divisions; nor the names of any units.
> 3. Anything that will indicate to the enemy the routes of our transports or the methods used by the Navy to protect these routes.

Here were but three rules. The rest was left to the "correspondents' patriotism and discretion." The date of this high-minded bull was June 25, 1917.

At about that time an event of the very first historic importance was about to take place. The first groups of the American Expeditionary Forces were about to set foot on French soil. Lieutenant-Colonel (then Major) Frederick Palmer, an old war correspondent who had quit the business and gone into the Army to see that the right news got out correctly, was hurrying from Paris to the landing docks with three of the first war correspondents. They represented the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service.

They reached the spot in plenty of time, got the story at first hand, wrote it, had it censored, and put it on the cables. All America, next day, read with thrills of pride, splendid dispatches beginning with the following date line:

> St. Nazaire, France, June 26.

In twelve hours cables of protest were swarming over the trans-Atlantic wires from official Washington. What a beginning! On June 25 the Army had expressed trust and confidence in the War correspondents, and on the very next day they had broadcast for the entire world, friendly and unfriendly, the fact that St. Nazaire was the American army's landing place!

No one knows today with what glee, if any, the enemy received this information. No one knows, indeed, whether he received it at all, or if so, whether he was interested in it. But from that moment trust in the war correspondents' "discretion and patriotism" was flung out of the window, and reporters and censors prepared to fight.

G. H. Q. at once put to work a tireless machine for the uttering of bigger and better censorship regulations. Scarcely a month passed thereafter without the issuance of at least two new sets of gags and blinders. Only July 4, 1917, the sweetly trusting order of June 25, was augmented by five more rules, full of teeth, including one that revoked permission to mention division commanders and permitted personal references only to General Pershing, General Sibert and Admiral Gleaves. On July 11 another set of rules came out; on July 28, a fourth, this time from Washington; on August 4, a fifth; on August 25, a sixth; on September 13, a seventh, adding five generals to the list whose names might be printed; on October 12, a general revision and codification of all the others.

III

What madness this succession of tyrannies produced in the breasts of America's—shall we say?—leading reporters (although some of them, including the present writer, were not long past their police court days), readers with old-fashioned conceptions of a free press may well imagine. In the edict of August 25, was this historic utterance from the Chief of Military Intelligence:

> My attention has been called to the fact that there is considerable adverse comment by various papers in the States on dispatches from here which indicate that the French people have shown their cordiality and hospitality by bestowing gifts of wine on our soldiers. These episodes have been only limited and will be officially discouraged. With the French law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic drinks to officers and soldiers in uni-

> forms, and our own rigid laws on the subject which will be rigidly enforced, we should have very little trouble controlling the liquor problem of our troops in France, and the people at home need have no worry on that score. All references to this subject will be eliminated from dispatches hereafter.

It was easy enough by rules to cover such things as the names of men and units, and those of places, sectors and the like, but it was not so easy to shackle picturesque writing men to whom mere facts were a drag and a nuisance anyway—who had rather cable a column description of the sough of a gas shell than an important list of casualties. However, the Fourth Subsection of the Intelligence Section of the General Staff of the A. E. F., G–2–D, G. H. Q.—to give the Field Censorship its full name—undertook to shackle them. As witness:

> Descriptions of details in Army life, and particularly incidents which may falsely characterize the whole, should not be permitted. While cheer and healthy humor ease the strain of war, flippant and vulgar accounts prejudicial to morale, or profane and obscene quotations should not be permitted. Equally unwarrantable is the exaggeration of the grievance of the type of soldier who expects the comforts of home in time of war. War means sacrifice and hardship. Men must submit to inconveniences; and language which has not proper respect for the dignity of the cause and the responsibility of the men who fight and their leaders should be avoided.

To plague and confound reportorial ingenuity, there were rules forbidding describing soldiers who could not be named. Thus not only could you not write "young Teddy Roosevelt," but you could not write "the son of an ex-President." You could not describe features of landscapes for fear some other writer would describe other features and the enemy, piecing the descriptions together, would discover an exact locality, or the censor would fear he might. If one correspondent, for example, mentioned a lake, another a forest, and another a road, the enemy, fitting these three together, would find the very place where we were training 25,000 men in hand-grenade throwing and drop bombs upon them. That was the censorship theory.

In those front line reserved seats in the theatre of war, seeing and hearing everything, but permitted to tell very little and to criticise nothing, there were thirty-one "accredited" correspondents, twelve who "served as accredited correspondents," and about a dozen "visiting correspondents." The newspapers of the "accredited" ones had sent them over fairly early, before the General Staff decided upon a limit, and had posted bonds for their good behavior and contributed $257 a month each for their automobile hire. The "visiting correspondents" were those whose newspapers had been unable to get them accredited, but had been able to have them stuffed down the Army's throat by George Creel's Committee on Public Information.

Before the war ended 411 of these well-meaning publicists, eager to help win the war with their pens, pencils, and typewriters, had descended upon Press Headquarters. I myself was of a group that Military Intelligence had not expected—men charged with the job of attaching themselves to divisions of boys from their papers' home-towns, and sticking to them until the end. Officially, we were "visiting correspondents," and as such were supposed merely to take a swing around France with a "conducting officer," submit our stuff to the censor, and then beat it. But we refused to be swung around the circuit and out again, with "war correspondents" like Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Judge Ben B. Lindsey; we wanted to stay and live with the men whose fighting we were to report. So we burned with indignation over the order respecting uniforms, issued June 15, 1918:

> Accredited correspondents will wear the American Officers' uniform without any insignia of rank or arm of service. They will wear U. S. on the collar of the uniform, a Sam Browne belt and a green brassard bearing the letter C in red. Overseas cap piping will be of green and red braid. Visiting correspondents may wear such clothing as they see fit, but will NOT wear the American officers' uniform, the letters U. S. on collar, or the Sam Browne belt.

What an outrage! But they did not get away with it. No, no! Not with us who bore the burden and heat and drank the

lister-bag drinking water out along the line, while the "accredited" guys lolled around and drank wine and criticised the touring car service back at Bar-le-Duc and Meaux and such places, said we. We vowed we were *not* "visiting correspondents." The phrase, we declared, constituted a term of reproach. But, said the censors, neither are you "accredited correspondents." It was a nice point. Finally everybody agreed that we were "divisional correspondents," and it went at that, and we wore what uniforms we pleased, including the American.

IV

All this frightfulness had started with the unfortunate advent of the first "divisional correspondent." A star staff writer on a New England newspaper, he had gone to Washington to get his credentials. This was just about the time G. H. Q. in France had become fed up on war correspondents of all sorts, and had cabled Washington to send no more, accredited or not. But it was also before the Creel Committee, in its frenzy to get the country solid behind the administration's war policies, began shooting across sob-sisters and public-relations experts faster than G–2–D could stop them. The New England journalist found the War Department at its coldest. He was rebuffed at every turn. The division he was to cover had sailed or was about to sail. He was desperate.

Finally, to get rid of him, some official told him to see the Secretary of War, saying, "If Secretary Baker says you can go, we'll give you an authorization." So he went in to see Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker was grave.

"I am sorry," said the Secretary. "It is absolutely impossible."

The New Englander turned away, and between the Secretary's desk and the door he managed, being a man of some histrionic ability, to rid his face of its cloud of chagrin and to make it appear to shine with joy by the time he got outside.

"The Secretary," he blithely told the gullible official who had advised him, "says it will be absolutely all right!" This official believed him and wrote him an authorization that was sufficient to get him on a boat bound for France. The fellow's duplicity was discovered, but too late to stop him, so a sketch of the facts was cabled to G. H. Q. in France. But G. H. Q. was busy and took him on as a "visitor." Once on, he stayed to found the cult of the divisional correspondent.

While the divisional correspondent lived with his division, sending back his mail and cable stuff by courier to be censored and forwarded to America, and occasionally coming back to Press Headquarters for a scraping, a bath and a bout with Bacchus, the accredited correspondents lived at Field Press Headquarters, constituting, with the press officers and censors, a band of brothers dedicated to winning the war by means of the written word. This, at least, was the idea.

Usually the Press officers on duty at Field Press Headquarters numbered six or seven. There were three censors, one acting as Chief Censor, to whom a correspondent could appeal and from whom he could appeal to the Chief Press Officer, usually at G. H. Q. There was an Information Officer, to collect and coördinate information received from the Front, and to maintain files and a bulletin-board. There was a Transportation Officer, having charge of the fleet of high-powered touring-cars for rushing up to the front 'midst shot and shell and bringing back hot news that the Information Officer didn't get and the Chief Censor wouldn't pass. And there was a Conducting Officer to take out parties of the reprehensible "visiting correspondents."

Certainly this would seem to have been a staff sufficiently large to make every accredited correspondent feel that he had been flung into the lap of luxury. But there was always trouble.

In the first place, there were the almost irreconcilable objectives of the corre-

spondents on the one hand and of the censors on the other. The A. E. F. actually had started out with the curious idea that the American public could be kept informed about operations in France through three or four newspaper men, one, say, for each of four sections of the country. They quickly learned that American newspapers do not permit their public to be informed in that way; that there is no single great American public, but a number of them, one for each metropolitan daily, and, indeed, others for dailies that are not metropolitan.

One after another, therefore, big newspapers, powerful in their localities, had to be permitted to send men. These men went prepared to write the story of the A. E. F., for the folks back home, as they would write the story of a court battle to save a fair slayer from the noose. They had never covered a war; to them it was just the world's biggest shooting story, and the big thing was to get details. On the other hand the censors' purpose, as laid down by the Army Field Regulations governing the protection of military information, was to prevent the enemy from obtaining intelligence about our forces which would help him. This, as you may imagine, covered a multitude of hot stuff in the news line.

In the second place, some of these Press Officers, and most of the censors were old newspaper men with Reserve commissions. You might have thought old newspaper men would have let the news take its course, so long as it was truthful and accurate, but you would have been wrong. Just as a civilian in a new uniform becomes the hardboildest of soldiers, so many of the old newspaper men dolled up in O. D's. and Sam Browne belts became perhaps the toughest censors ever known in military history. Some of them—right high officers, too—got to making visitors take their hats off and bawling out enlisted men in public for not saluting. This was all right with the correspondents, but when they began cutting real features out of their stories—and truthful ones, too—it was too much. They would have taken this treatment more kindly from soldiers born and bred, but they looked upon it, coming from old newspaper men in soldiers' duds, as the work of traitors.

And, in the third place, some of the earlier of the war correspondents were neither lilies in the purity of their motives, nor stars in the quality of their journalism. That, at least, was the opinion of some of the military men ten years ago, and it is still their opinion today.

The Chief of the Press Section of the General Staff was Col. Walter C. Sweeney, who incorporated this opinion candidly in his book, "Military Intelligence, A New Weapon in War," several years later. He said:

> Correspondents who played the game in the interest of their paper and their country were the most efficient ones, while those who were unreasonable, impatient and critical of censorship were the least efficient. The former, as a rule, would write their complaints, get a decision and abide by it without further trouble. The latter, however, never were satisfied. No matter what decision was made, it was wrong. The trouble with such a correspondent was that the idea of any censorship at all was hateful to him and nothing connected with it could be right.

Of course, Colonel Sweeney's idea that any reporter to whom "any censorship at all was hateful" was, therefore "unreasonable" and "inefficient," while familiar enough in the Army, is, in the newspaper world, a quaint piece of foolishness. Newspaper standards of efficiency are not so hidebound as the Army's. Many a managing editor's idea of a most efficient war correspondent was one who told, or tried to tell, the censors to go to Hell. So unbending a disciple of a free press regarded any compromise with a censor as stultification. Equally hard-headed censors regarded any compromise with a correspondent in the same light, and, indeed, compromise was more often a mistake for the censor than for the correspondent. It was in a compromising spirit that the censor yielded to the clamor in Paris on the Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood stories, and per-

mitted the use of the word Marines. The trouble that bit of censorial diplomacy cooked up for our military establishments will not be ended for years to come.

V

More often there was no compromise. One day a visiting correspondent from a Washington paper turned in a rip-roaring story, calculated to rock the Capitol dome back home and topple some bureaucrats out of their swivel chairs. It was one of these "Must-this-be!" stories. It said the A. E. F. was in horrible shape in France. American horses and mules had no oats or hay. American soldiers had no shoes. And, as to some horses and mules, and some soldiers, the story was true.

But the censor recoiled from it in horror, and covering his eyes with his hand, passed it on to the Chief Censor who sent it to the Chief Press Officer, who sent it to the Chief of G–2–D. That officer sent for the war correspondent, who came clanking in, wearing spurs.

"This, of course, can't go," he said. "It won't help us any and will just create a lot of unnecessary excitement back home. We can't pass it."

The war correspondent thundered back, "The people of America want the whole truth. This, sir, is the truth."

"Yes," said the Chief wearily, "it's the truth. But you know why it's the truth, or you should know. It's because a lot of dumb engineers on the docks in the States are loading transports with stuff we won't need for a year and holding back stuff we need right this minute. However, there's no sense in your writing that, either; it won't help matters any. But there's less sense in your blaming it on General Pershing and the A. E. F." And that was the end of it.

One night when Press Headquarters was in the village of Neufchâteau, an accredited correspondent dashed into the house where he roomed with a man from another paper. He was pale with excitement.

"Hell's busted loose!" he whispered. "I've got the greatest story of the war. Thirteen soldiers sick in the hospital from eating canned beef! It's a scandal that will shake the nation. Remember the Spanish-American War and the bad beef outrage? Wow! Let's write it!"

It didn't seem to the other man that thirteen soldiers in hospital with stomach-aches, out of some 600,000, was very startling, and anyway the censor wouldn't pass it.

"The hell with the censor! I'm going to resign and go back to the States and start a Congressional investigation of the packers!"

He did write the story and, of course, the censor held it up. But he did not resign nor start a Congressional investigation. Today he is a contact man for certain American meat-packers.

A visiting correspondent from a New York morning paper—a famous columnist—turned in a story one day that mentioned Boches. Colonel Frederick Palmer—himself in person—crossed out the word. "As President Wilson has said, we are fighting the German autocracy, not the German people," Palmer said smiling helpfully in a spirit of service. "So we can't use Boches."

"I begin to see," roared the outraged columnist, "that this is not merely a military censorship, but a political, a social and a moral censorship," and he went home in a few days and panned the whole outfit in the magazines to a fare-you-well.

Another time, a Chicago correspondent grew retrospective and wrote about Sedan in a reference to the war of 1870, and the censor, invoking the rule that "names of places shall not be used," cut it out, though it had no more to do with any American military operation in France than McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Almost in tears, the correspondent went to the Chief Censor, who put Sedan back.

Delays, bad cable transmission, suspended releases on mail stories, stupid

French telegraphers, the necessity of moving Press Headquarters, censors, rules and everything when theatres of operation shifted, kept the correspondents and censors in a constant sweat. The Frenchmen were particularly aggravating. They had quickly acquired an impatience bordering on disgust with the whole American military establishment, and the flock of bumptious American war correspondents was the last straw. They stationed a liaison captain, a fine fellow, too, with Press Headquarters, but did all they could to stick pins into the literary battalion. We had blamed on the French telegraphers the mistake of the St. Nazaire dateline in June, 1917, and the result of that had been a closer liaison with the French Censor through a Censure Américaine, Bureau de la Presse. The French censored our stuff for its effect in European papers, and were under no agreement with us to show the American censor what they had deleted unless it referred to our own Army. Hence the dispatches of American war correspondents frequently went to America minus large chunks of news that neither the correspondent nor the American Censor would have dreamed of eliminating.

Nevertheless, until about the middle of July, 1918, the French encouraged the publication of high praise of the Americans, of their dash and valor. The morale of the French people was about at rock bottom, and these thrilling stories about *les américains* who were going to save the world boosted it up again. The French Bureau de la Presse at that time even encouraged news of a repulse by the American First Division of a German attack prior to Cantigny—an attack and repulse which never had occurred at all.

But by July 19 they were beginning to be certain of victory, and it was then that they began to try to kick the American correspondents overboard. Why? Simply in order that the splendor of French military exploits would now stand out in the dispatches of the day, unobscured by tales of the childish Americans. Naturally, this sort of thing tended to draw American correspondents and censors closer together. But only temporarily. No great and lasting love sprang up between them.

Nobody could get a scoop. Two press association men tried it when the St. Mihiel drive—the first all-American operation—began on September 12, 1918. Press Headquarters was then at Meaux, having been driven out of Paris, where the war correspondents were commuting daily between the Rue St. Anne, Maxim's and the front, and, in general, sitting pretty while covering the grim work in the Marne salient. French G. H. Q. had frowned upon this business and chased them off to Meaux. They were held at Meaux while plans proceeded for the St. Mihiel drive, and were kept there until the evening before the drive. But the two press association men, having a tip on the plans, got away in a car, and up to the front, where they actually saw the battle begin, and were the only correspondents who did.

Dashing back to Nancy, where a censor had arrived to arrange quarters and telegraphic facilities, they wrote their eye-witness stories, scooping the entire world, presumably, and filed them. The censor handled the stories and sent them off to Paris, where they would be cabled with little delay. But immediately after he sent them off, he got a telephone order from the Press Officer marooned at Meaux with twenty-five other wild war correspondents, to recall the scoops from Paris and not let anything go until he had arrived with the others, and they had had a chance to write their stories from accounts from liaison press officers who had been with the troops. Thus the eye-witnesses were themselves scooped, and were naturally quite sore. One of them prepared a cable message to his chief in the States telling him about this raw deal, but the Press Officer refused to pass the cable until it was substantially altered.

If the war had lasted longer than it did, the job of war correspondent would have settled down to the level of that of a public

relations expert. It was reaching that stage when the end came. The corps was reduced to twenty-five accredited men and a handful of divisional correspondents who, like hermits of the profession, lived out in the woods and foxholes and bothered nobody, writing reams of stuff about the old home-town boys, identifying everything and everybody, with no hope that it would ever see the light of day, since, under the rules such stuff could not be released until the division written about had been relieved and the relieving division had been identified by the Germans!

By the start of the Argonne Drive, near the end of September, the defenders of a free press were quite tamed. They had become what G. H. Q. called "helpful." This was well, because critics of the conduct of the American Expeditionary Forces were sharpening their knives for it, and any longer delay in breaking through the German line might have brought trouble. One official historian of the affairs of the Press Section has said, "Had the United States not broken through before the armistice and silenced detractors that way, they [the war correspondents] would have been the principal witnesses in a not too easy defense."

They told the story of the Argonne in splendid fashion, nobody kicked over the traces, the war came to a speedy conclusion, and the long trek of the Army of Occupation across France and Belgium began. On November 18, 1918, most of the censorship bars were let down, the Armistice having been in effect for a week, and it looked as though the Army Press Section had at last achieved its ideal of a band of brothers—censors and correspondents—united for the right.

Then the Army reached Trier, Germany, and five correspondents broke away from their keepers and escaped, filtering through the German lines and getting to Berlin, whence they proceeded to send out some thrilling and world-beating yarns, under the curiously mistaken impression that the war was over. Full of sadness and disillusionment, G–2–D requested the German authorities to return the prisoners to Trier, and their stories from Berlin were not released for publication until their papers recalled them. So war correspondents and censors ended the war as they had begun it,—as far apart in principle as the poles.

VI

What of the next war? I am able to report for future generations of war correspondents that a set of brand new rules for their governance and convenience has been drawn up and awaits only final approval. As is the American custom—it irked the French terribly in 1918 and they fought against it—, the correspondents will be permitted to circulate freely in the lines, seeing everything. Also, as is the American custom, they will be permitted to write little or nothing of what they see.

As a matter of fact the War Department, while prepared to permit this free circulation of reporters, does not expect much of it. Through liaison officers at corps and army headquarters they expect to be able to provide enough handouts to keep the correspondents flocking comfortably around G. H. Q., well out of danger, except from air bombs and bad beef. The habit of taking handouts and not digging for himself is growing stronger with the average American reporter and the War Department knows it. They see plenty of it in Washington, the stamping ground of the Bighorns of journalism. They therefore hope to be able to convince the correspondents in the next war that their Press Section is established "for information" and not to gag the press. Less and less deletion will be required, there being less to delete because the war correspondents will know less to write about. This is the censorship ideal for the next war.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LAW ENFORCEMENT at the University of Alabama, as described by the student paper, the *Crimson-White:*

> Last week, Officer Snyder, of the Tuscaloosa Police Department, searched an Alabama fraternity house for liquor. Officer Snyder entered the house about one-thirty o'clock one night. He was met in the hall by a member of the fraternity, Mr. A., who asked him what his business was. Upon being told that the officer was going to search the house, Mr. A. demanded to see the search-warrant. "I don't need no —— search-warrant", said the officer, wherewith he drew his revolver, jabbed it against Mr. A.'s stomach, and handcuffed him. Meanwhile, a group of students had gathered, whom the officer threatened with his revolver. Incensed at some comment made by a student in the crowd, the officer sprang into the group and physically assaulted one of them. Throughout, no resistance was offered by any student—a marvel of forbearance, under the circumstances.
>
> After having searched the house without finding a drop of liquor, the officer apparently felt that he had been cheated. Not wanting to go empty-handed, he arrested the handcuffed Mr. A., lodged him in jail, and charged him with "interfering with an officer in the performance of his duty". Mr. A.'s sole "interference," consisted in exercising his constitutional right of demanding that a search-warrant be shown. He offered no resistance other than verbal, and at the subsequent trial no evidence was offered to show that he offered any such resistance.
>
> After two hours in jail, Mr. A. was released on $200 bond. Later, probably realizing that the officer's conduct had better not be aired, the city offered to drop the matter, but Mr. A. insisted on a trial, that he might establish his innocence. He was tried in the recorder's court and found not guilty.

CALIFORNIA

JUDICIAL news from the Long Beach *Star-Telegram:*

> Combining the career of evangelist with that of Municipal Court judge is the successful achievement of Judge Ernest Beam of the Municipal Court of Signal Hill City, who has been granted a three-month leave of absence, beginning today, from his judicial duties to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in this State and in Arizona, Texas, Tennessee and Mississippi.

A PEEP into the hearts of the men who make the movies, as provided by the advance publicity sheets of the First National Pictures:

> Invisible walls of privacy are shielding the filming of the tender and intimate love scenes of "Lilac Time," Colleen Moore's greatest dramatic effort. No "Private—Keep Out!" signs surround the little French farm-yard and its lilac garden that forms an exquisite setting for these scenes. Yet the curious eyes that stare from behind the camera lines of most studio sets are noticeably absent from this one at the First National Studio in Burbank, where, for many weeks, this Colleen Moore-George Fitzmaurice production has been in progress. Director Fitzmaurice, Chief Cameraman Sid Hickox and the chief electrician are the only ones whose eyes follow the making of these scenes in the lilac garden—a purple poem gently nodding in approval as the two young lovers kneel before the shrine in the garden wall. In unspoken agreement, other members of the cast, electricians, carpenters, assistants and others display the subtle courtesy of withdrawing to other portions of the set except when their presence before the camera is requested.

SERMON subject of the Rev. Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood:

> ATHENS—THE CULTURED HOLLYWOOD OF GREECE

COLORADO

LATEST achievement of a Colorado Springs educator, as reported by the *Gazette:*

> H. M. Corning, superintendent of schools, is now a member of the Longfellow Club. He gained the honor at a meeting of the superintendents' division of the National Education Association in Boston. The honor is outside the boundaries of academic achievements, but there is strength in the organization. The requirements of the club are that an individual must be over six feet one inch tall. Mr. Corning met the requirement with four inches to spare. The Longfellows have banded themselves together to promote the use of long beds in hotels and to urge that doors be constructed not too low.

CONNECTICUT

THE HON. CLINTON S. NICHOLS, of Hartford, president of the National Exchange

Club, speaking before the Providence, R. I., Exchangeites, as reported by the eminent *Tribune* of the same miserable town:

> The first service lunch was solemnized 2000 years ago, when Christ washed the feet of His disciples.

GEORGIA

The Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget*, expatiates on his journalistic style:

> Sometimes in talking or preparing an article for the *Nugget* we do not take a single bite of a grammar, but tell it plainly like we were talking to our little darling baby. It is a much easier and a quicker way than to turn summersaults, scratch the seat of our pants and rub our head until it turns red while trying to think of college words to fill in with.

ILLINOIS

The Hon. Earl J. Drinkall, D.O., writing in the *Osteopathic Magazine*, of Chicago:

> God is in everything, we are told. Therefore, God is in every vegetable, fruit, nut, and grain; but, when we think of Hell we think of fire, and when we apply fire to any vegetable, fruit, nut, or grain we drive God out; the Devil will come in and when eaten will play havoc with you.

KANSAS

Cultural note from the eminent Emporia *Gazette:*

> "The Keeper of the Bees" and "Ben Hur" were chosen as favorite books by the majority of 287 Kansas Teachers' College students in a recent survey made in the library methods classes to prove that college is an incentive to good literature. Mrs. Elsie Pine, head of the library school department, conducted the survey. When asked as to their choice of authors, the students selected Hamlin Garland, Gene Stratton Porter, Charles Dickens, Margaret Hill McCarter, William Shakespeare, and Harold Bell Wright, in the order named. Of the weekly magazines, the students selected the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, the *Literary Digest*, and *Capper's Weekly*. Such magazines as the *Nation* were not mentioned. The students gave the *American Magazine* first place in the less expensive group of monthly magazines. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Good Housekeeping* were second, third, and fourth. *College Humor* and *True Story* were mentioned by few. The *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's* were not mentioned. This survey is made each semester to show the æsthetic progress and cultural elevation of the Teachers' College students.

KENTUCKY

The religious life in Danville, as limned for posterity by the eminent *Messenger* thereof:

> Joe Jones, sixty year old Negro, is being held without bond in the Boyle county jail accused of having shot to death Pete Goldon, sixty-two year old Negro, yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the George Shively Negro barber-shop on Second street following an argument as to whether Adam and Eve were black or white.

MASSACHUSETTS

A contributor to the eminent *Nautilus*, of Holyoke, offers glad news to ladies of a certain bulk:

> Standing before the mirror, I place my hands upon each place where I wish the "excess baggage" removed, saying quietly, but firmly:
>
> "Attention, my Inner Being. This superfluous fat over my abdomen and hips *must* disappear, leaving my form slender and youthful! I rejoice and give thanks that Thou art both willing and able to do this for me."
>
> I make this statement only when I happen to think of it, and always look in a mirror, indicating with my hands where the fat is to be removed, for the Spirit within will do as we ask, and we must be careful to be very explicit in our demands.
>
> Since I have started this practice, about two months ago, I measure almost four inches less round the hips and abdomen. I have done no dieting and eat whatever I wish. Speak the Word, then forget about it—let the Holy Spirit within work unhampered, for "Your word shall not return unto you void, but SHALL ACCOMPLISH that where UNTO it is sent."

MICHIGAN

The sad fate of an art-lover in Hamtramck, as reported by the celebrated Detroit *Times:*

> Rudolph Valentino's spirit visited Miss Lillian Wasielewski, twenty, every night and urged her to join him in death, she said; so she took poison in her home at 3459 Doremus avenue, Hamtramck. She died early today in Hamtramck General Hospital.

Obituary notice in the world-famous *Free-Press* of the aforementioned illustrious metropolis:

> IN MEMORY of Julius Caesar, who died 1972 years ago today. Gone but not forgotten. H. K. Armen.

Penological news from Lansing:

> Prison bars must go, Arthur D. Wood, parole commissioner, declared today in an edict pro-

scribing chocolate bars and all other candies sold at camp canteens to prisoners employed on road work. Prisoners who have had a sweet time of it up to now will no longer be permitted to squander their earnings on the insidious gum drop and the habit-forming chocolate bar. Many of the men, Wood says, have become confirmed addicts. "They will spend all they earn on candy," he asserts, "and have to take up a collection to get money to go home on when their terms expire."

MISSOURI

A SERVANT of the people of Miller county announces his candidacy for office in the *Miller County Autogram*, published in the flourishing town of Tuscumbia:

After thinking the matter over for several weeks, and after having received a great many letters from my friends in all parts of the county, and having talked with a great many more, I have decided from the encouragement I have received to make the race for *County Treasurer*. I need to work so bad, and there are so few jobs that I am physically able to do, that I feel justified in trying once more. It is true that I have been defeated for nomination three times. In 1924 when Henry E. Clark beat me for sheriff, and in 1918 when Thomas Lewis defeated me for Probate Judge, and again in 1924 when I was defeated by R. B. Ward for sheriff, but in each of these races I have made a creditable showing, and I have always carried my home precinct. I think my opponent, Mr. Ira Harbison, is a perfect gentleman, and a good official, and he is badly crippled. I have known him from childhood; in fact, when I was a country schoolteacher I taught him his first lessons, and I have voted for him several times since. But I really think that he is now well provided for. It would be only fair for him to allow some one else a chance. I would be very glad indeed to have the place for just one term, and I will promise you here and now that if you will allow me to have this place for one term I will get on my feet, and meet all my obligations in the four years, and that I positively will not ask for reëlection, for I realize that there are any number of good men in the county who are just as capable and just as deserving as I am. I am not able either physically or financially to make a hard campaign, but I can drive a Ford where the roads are not too bad, and I intend to see just as many of you as I possibly can before the primary election. In the meantime I hope you will give the matter some thought and if you find that I have lived in such a way that I am not worthy of your support, of course I can not blame you for voting for some one else, but if, on the other hand, you think I am worthy of your confidence and will give me this place I will move my family to Tuscumbia and will be on the job every working day in the year, and will take pleasure in serving you to the best of my ability.

Eldon, Mo. H. W. SCOTT.

NEW YORK

THE HON. RALPH M. MURPHY in *Beauty Culture:*

Bobbed hair is here to stay, unless, of course, civilization is to degenerate. All the short hair periods of the world's history have marked great progress in the arts and sciences, I find. As a contrast, however, all the long hair periods have been periods of barbarism and darkness. Only a few days ago they discovered that the Venus of Babylon had bobbed hair, and it was during this period that civilization was at its peak. It was also during this period that Plato was making his remarkable philosophical observations on life and when the great library of Alexandria was being written. I am thoroughly convinced that short hair is conducive to greatness, and that it has a remarkable effect on the cells of the body, the atoms and the electrons. If civilization is to progress, short hair must remain.

THE passing of an American worthy:

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE PURPLE CIRCLE, AT A MEETING IN NEW YORK ON THE DEATH OF MR. G. HERB PALIN.

The death of George Herb Palin deprives the Purple Circle of its Founder and President. Inasmuch as the Purple Circle is a child of his aspirations toward Brotherhood among men and Peace in the world, and he had into it a group of similarly minded men; and inasmuch as the activities of the Purple Circle, and its ideals and aspirations, have chiefly been conceived and promoted by him; and inasmuch as his rare and exalted personality has pervaded, and his vital mind has dominated, every meeting held by the Purple Circle since its organization, in 1926, at Philadelphia—it is

Resolved by the Purple Circle in special meeting assembled in New York City: . . .

That We realize that Herb Palin was a genius, possessed of talents peculiarly his own, and manifested in like quality by no other man in all the world. As a maker of slogans for use in business promotion, his facility was marvelous. Upon provocation, slogans tumbled over each other in seeking relief from his fecund mind. During 1927 he made and sold 10,900 slogans, taking no account of the hundreds he improvised to entertain his friends, or for which he accepted no fee. These slogans took the form of sententious sentences, or two rimed lines. Invariably, the rime and rhythm were perfect.

That We realize that Herb Palin was a master salesman, with a method all his own that was effective to a very large degree. He had a formula which, though brief and simple, carried his proposal into the mind of the most obtuse, and the coldest, of buyers. Calling at a bank to have a check cashed he often would leave with a $500 check for a sheaf of slogans, sold, it sometimes happened, to the president to whom Palin introduced himself. He sold himself first,

and his wares afterward. A sign would attract his notice, and he would walk in—and walk out with another check. Probably he never journeyed to New York from his Los Angeles home without gathering a half dozen or more checks from acquaintances made in the dining or observation cars. . . .

That In another mentality Herb Palin was remarkably endowed—memory. He could at any time recite nearly all of the slogans he ever had produced, and he could, and often did, repeat every piece of verse he ever wrote. When his little book was planned, he sat in the room of its publisher and dictated all of its contents, off-hand, without a scrap of manuscript, a note, or any aid to his memory.

That Our estimation of Herb Palin takes account of many other traits which go to make the total of our appreciation of his unique character and his exceptional attainments, which cannot even be mentioned in a brief document such as this. We may express the hope that some inspired scribe will undertake to make a searching record of his life, as being one of the small company of extraordinarily gifted men living in this third decade of the Twentieth Century.

THE sufferings of an impressionable young man on Broadway, as related by the Hon. John Chipman Farrar, A.B. (Yale), in the *Bookman:*

The opening of "Show Boat" was an occasion to send this hysterical hero-worshipper into an insane asylum. Think of seeing Fanny Ward, Mayor Walker, Marc Connelly and Neysa McMein all in the same instant! And Otto Kahn. I almost forgot Otto Kahn.

NORTH CAROLINA

CHRISTIAN news from the Wateree river country, as reported by the Greensboro *News:*

Envisioning the end of the world as just around the corner, and therefore unable to see any reason why they should work or their children go to school, a large group of people in southern Mecklenburg county are causing school authorities considerable worry. In recent weeks the belief has spread in the county that Judgment Day is not far off and everybody should be in prayer and supplication from now until Gabriel sounds reveille for the army of the Lord. As a consequence, the children are kept at preaching instead of being sent to school. One of the welfare workers visited the home of one of the True Lifers and found the place deserted except for a fifteen-year-old girl. The father and mother were down in South Carolina attending a meeting and the girl told the worker that she was selling the cows that day and preparing to join her family, to await the dawn of the Day of Judgment.

FROM the Reidsville correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer:*

The day Mrs. Alma Gatlin was acquitted of killing her father, Smith Petty, with an ax, a new family moved into the Petty home which had been vacant since the body was found. This family is charging a quarter for each of the curious who takes a look into the hole from which the body was removed six months ago.

THE political philosophy of an eminent statesman, as reported by the Goldsboro *News:*

"I want folks to know that I am a Democrat," said Superintendent of Welfare R. H. Edwards, "and that I purpose in 1928 to support for President the nominee of the national Democratic convention to be held at Houston, Texas, whether he be Governor Smith, Josephus Daniels, Jim Reed, Governor Ritchie, Carter Glass, Tom Heflin, John G. Edwards, or C. L. Blease, and whether he be wet or dry, Christian or pagan, Protestant or Roman Catholic, Jew or Gentile, bond or free—but he must be white."

NORTH DAKOTA

MONSIGNOR VINCENT WEHRLE, D.D., Bishop of Bismarck, in the eminent *Atlantic Monthly:*

There is only one true Church founded by Christ —that is, the Catholic Church—, and opposition to her is anti-Christian.

OHIO

DR. W. I. GORDON, of Cleveland, speaking before the local W. C. T. U., as reported by the distinguished *Plain-Dealer:*

Practically all crime is due to tobacco's stultifying effect on the moral fiber.

OKLAHOMA

THE REV. WILL LUNSFORD in the Oklahoma City *News:*

Jesus was a Baptist preacher.

PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT it means to be a Pennsylvanian in the Coolidge-Mellon Golden Age, as revealed by a petition to Congress by a citizen of Johnstown:

718 LINDEN AVENUE,
Johnstown, Pa.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, D. C.:

Upon my own volition as a citizen, and without the knowledge of a living soul, I am writing this to request that Pennsylvania be no longer

considered a part of the United States. The manner in which this State has been ruled or overruled since the coal miners' strike would be a blotch upon savagery.

I am not a miner, but I know of many cases where peaceable and worthy citizens have been driven from our public highways by vicious, bully State police. They were halted, cursed, and threatened in the vilest, basest manner ever conceived of by humanity since the world began.

Horses, clubs, and pointed weapons were used, coupled with the most sanguine threats of violence ever heard by mortal man. All this was issued with the malicious intent to create riots and bloodshed.

I appeal to you in the name of God and righteousness that some steps be taken to civilize Pennsylvania.

I remain, respectfully yours,

ARTHUR J. BENDLE.

SOCIAL relaxations of the 100% Americans of Wilkes-Barre, as reported by the illustrious *Record* of that fair city:

Mr. and Mrs. Benny Menik, of 60 East Railroad street, entertained a number of friends at their home Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Neidziveicki. Piano solos were given by Miss Mary Niedziveicki, and Tom Greglock and Bill Reseski entertained with banjo selections. Miss Stella Ulivitch and John Kizis entertained with an exhibition of fancy dancing. Luncheon was served to the following guests: Misses Mary Neidziveicki, Helen Menik, Fannie, Mary, and Alice Plonski, Frances and Martha Osieski, Anna Butwinsky, Anna and Margaret Kozlosky, Phyllis and Stella Ulivitch, of this city; Helen Molloski and Mary Mosier of Exeter; Lucy Suchodolski, Anna Rutkowski and Anna Krivitski, of Port Griffith; John Kizis, Bill Schneck, Bill Reseski, Charles Ulivitch, Albert Neidziveicki, Naylor and Vince Gregor, of Pittston; Tom and Paul Greglock, Bill Klimazak, Albert and Francis Rusavage and Stanley Kovaleski of Port Griffith; Tom Gibblets, Michael Waters, Andrew Zegunas, Bill Franklin, Stanley Kozleski, Charles Skrinak, and Jerome Walsh, of Exeter; Michael Waselinko and Stanley Jacobchick of Dupont; Zigmund Murphy and Joseph Golewski of Edwardsville and Mr. and Mrs. Benny Menik, of this city and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Beluski of Scranton.

THE higher life at a McKeesport revival, as disclosed by the eminent *Daily News:*

Friday night's collection was a personal offering for the evangelist. The amount was not announced. For each dollar bill received the collectors shouted "Praise the Lord;" for a $5 bill the shout was "Hallelujah" and for a $10 bill "Amen."

ADVANCED music criticism by the Hon. Harvey B. Gaul in the celebrated Pittsburgh *Press:*

There are people who fancy the Beethoven Eroica, and who are sincere in their admiration, but for us a toothache is preferable, or a nice, patient, steady-going rivet machine, or a trip-hammer. The constant reiterations are maddening beyond words. Music critics cavil at Handel and blast Haydn but no one seems to say a word about the Eroica (it is blasphemous, sacrilege, and a sin against the Holy Ghost of classicism to decry this work), and yet in all symphonic literature it is the most tiresome work we know. Possibly it is the alleged libretto that soothes the auditor but—ah, well, Napoleon had his Elba and we wish the Eroica had a St. Helena.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM the illustrious Greenville *News:*

Display of what he terms "so-called art," in the form of life-size statues of the Venus de Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, and Diana of the Hunt, in the Greenville Public Library, caused J. D. Gilbert, of the Pioneer Life Insurance Company, to register a complaint to the gathering of Community Chest workers at the Poinsett Hotel Tuesday night.

The group of figures has clashed with the finer sensibilities of many local persons, in the opinion of Mr. Gilbert, who offered a resolution condemning their presence and asking for their removal by those parties responsible for their being placed here. Mr. Gilbert's resolution follows:

"Inasmuch as the sensibility of many of those who attended the meeting in our Public Library last night was deeply offended by the display of so-called art there, I move that this body of men now employed in an effort to safeguard the moral as well as the physical life of our community go on record as being opposed to any such display in our Public Hall.

"And furthermore, that the parties responsible for placing this display there, be requested to remove it at once."

The three pieces of statuary were secured several weeks ago by the Greenville Lions Club to form the nucleus for a city museum of art. They were presented to the Greenville Art Museum Association, an organization sponsored by the Lions, at a formal opening in January.

TENNESSEE

THE rewards of the Christian life in the lovely town of Copperhill, as related in the esteemed Dahlonega, Ga., *Nugget:*

It won't do for men to leave their wives too long every time. Last Summer Uncle John Forest came over from Copperhill to stay a while in Dahlonega, where he was born and spent all of his life until two or three years ago, moved to Copperhill. Uncle John had used the pick and shovel in the Lumpkin county gold

mines ever since he has been big enough to handle either until old age caused him to cease his labors. Unfortunately, he had not saved anything during his young days for old age, and the result is, he has been in need a lot of times. After remaining here for some time he wanted to return to his better half. A party who never turns a deaf ear to any one in distress gave him the money to pay his way back to Tennessee. But upon reaching Gainesville the old man decided to go to Athens, Ga., where he has a relative, and is there yet, we suppose. Now what do you think? A letter came from Copperhill last week stating that the wife of Uncle John, who is enjoying younger years, recently married an evangelist, who have left out on their honeymoon, and there are now two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. And the two will travel over the country, shout and sing together and give sinners who repent the most direct road to Heaven, and if they happen to strike up with Uncle John in their travels will extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Amen.

WHAT the good roads movement comes to in the Baptist Holy Land, as revealed by the *New Bulletin* of the Tennessee Good Roads Association:

John the Baptist was a great agitator for Good Roads. He was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." All motorists should get acquainted with John the Baptist. He is the patron saint of the Good Roads Campaign.

WASHINGTON

FROM the *Lariat*, a leading literary gazette of the Northwest, published in Seattle:

COOLIDGE THE POET

Poetry is the art of compression of Truth and Beauty in the smallest space, and President Coolidge becomes a national poet in his words: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

FROM the advertising columns of the *Post-Intelligencer*, of the same great town:

BARBER SHOP MALE QUARTETTE

Wanted, to sing at the First Modernist Church during services. Call KEnwood 7387 for appointment.

PORTRAIT of a State worthy, as released to the nation by the Associated Press bureau in Spokane:

Governor Roland H. Hartley danced a jig for students of the West Valley High-School, a rural institution near here, today, to the orchestra accompaniment of "Turkey in the Straw," and then invited them to come to Olympia and "sit in a chair that cost $1,000, and I'll show you through the Governor's office, which is filled with furniture valued at $40,000."

THE editor of *Ryan's Weekly*, of Tacoma, mourns the passing of a local lady:

In an unostentatious manner she had taken an active part in social and fraternal bodies. In her home was founded the famous Mount Tacoma Club, that bull-dog organization which did so much for Indian nomenclature from 1917 to 1923.

In the Humane Society she did her bit to help the unfortunates of God's creatures who were capable of being benefitted. She was not of that soft sentimental sort who are termed cat and dog worshippers and while she sympathized with the dumb creation she realized that judgment should be used.

In the lodges and other organizations with which she was affiliated she believed in pouring oil on the troubled waters and bringing peace and harmony to factions and families.

The members of Topaz Circle, Women of Woodcraft, were so overcome by her sudden demise that they were unable to take an active part in the obsequies, but six past Grand Guardians acted as pall-bearers.

Her active charity and benevolence knew no bounds. No tramp or beggar sober enough to walk ever left her door empty-handed.

While an active worker in the field of human endeavor she loved her home. Her greatest pleasure was to cook for and entertain a host of friends. Her latest effort was to entertain the past officers of Topaz Circle, twenty-two in number. Her greatest sorrow was the fact that her husband, who is rather dyspeptic, could not do justice to the good things which she was anxious to cook for him.

Her illness started with the bad weather of last month, pronounced stomach flu and peritonitis. She seemed to be improving, but on Tuesday night she took a turn for the worse. Two doctors were hastily summoned, who recommended an immediate operation. She never fully rallied, but passed on in Eternal Youth.

She was laid to rest in the robes of an officer of the Circle, with a Past Guardian's jewel on her breast.

WEST VIRGINIA

RELIGIOUS advertisement in the Charleston *Gazette:*

CHARLESTON MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The following resolutions are submitted for action by the Charleston Ministerial Association at its next meeting.

Be it Resolved:

1. That Christ, otherwise the one perfect

man, made a mistake in furnishing wine for beverage purposes at a marriage feast.

2. That as a user of wine for beverage purposes Christ had Himself to blame for the reproach of being called a wine-bibber.

3. That in setting His approval on the use of wine for beverage purposes Christ, in the language of Dr. Cherrington, belonged to a lower civilization.

4. That we recommend to all Christian bodies the substitution of unfermented grape juice for wine at the communion service.

THE difficulties of a Christian cop in Clarksburg, as set forth by the celebrated *Exponent* of that town:

There were eighty-four known places in Clarksburg which were violating the law in June when he took office, Chief S. E. Barnett told the council. At the present time there are only thirty-two of this nature, he said. It was during Chief Barnett's tenure on the stand that the revelations concerning the business men's request reached their height. Judge Ross had referred to this briefly, but the Chief declared that numbers of business men had asked him to let down the bars a bit. Hundreds of the Bear Mountain section coal-miners buy articles of clothing in Clarksburg every pay-day and desire their liquor before they will come, Chief Barnett quoted these merchants as saying. Grafton and Fairmont will get the trade if Clarksburg continued on its stringent enforcement policy inaugurated with Barnett's taking office, that official said he was informed.

THE rewards of learning in Shepherdstown, as reported by the local press:

Prof. I. O. Ash, of Shepherdstown, was awarded the fourth State prize of $50 in the $50,000 cash prize competition conducted by laundry owners of the United States and Canada, it is announced at contest headquarters at Indianapolis. The prize letter of Mr. Ash was selected by the judges as outstanding in this State among several thousand competitors. A total of 1,044,372 letters were submitted in the contest from practically every civilized country on the face of the globe. The subject was "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing." Mr. Ash is at the present time head of the department of education in Shepherd College State Normal School. The reasons most frequently emphasized for using the steam laundry for washing, as given by Mr. Ash in his winning letter, were: Laundry washing safeguards health; laundry washed clothes last longer; laundry washed clothes are cleaner; laundry washing costs less; and laundry washing frees one from slavery.

THE PHILIPPINES

THE Manila *Bulletin*, the leading 100% American daily of the islands, tells the natives about a well-known American:

George Washington, a Virginia farmer, was one of the early Presidents of the United States. He served in the Revolutionary War, in which he acquired a considerable reputation, having crossed the Delaware and spent an inclement Winter at Valley Forge. He was author of various state papers, the best known of which was his Farewell Address. His birthday was formerly observed in many parts of his country. Mr. Washington is sometimes known as the José Rizal of America.

QUEBEC

WHAT the English language comes to among the French Canadians:

St. Michel Acadamey, Jonquiere

To the Prime Manager
Price Company

Kenogamy, P. Q.

Dear Sir:—

We should like by the present, to tell to you and to your Company how highly we have appreciated the delicate manner of doing of one of your automobile-conductor.

Here is the fact. At three o'clock to five sharp, on the afternoon of the 10th inst., about two hundred boys were playing football in the school-yard. As there is no fence on the wayside, the football of the 8th year class rebounded just in front of the said machine of yours.

Quickly, the conductor stopped the machine, signed one of us to go and catch the football; then gently and laughingly bowed reverently to our beloved teacher and passed away.

All of us have been honored by this act of courtesy. Every one remarked it, is very pleased with it and wants you to make us the pleasure to accept from our part our best thanks, certifying you that long in the future we will keep this act in our mind as one of a well-educated man.

This act impressed us rather more that just but two minutes after, an old and unknown machine passed rapidly and burst a football of a next class and fled away without any mark of civility. So as to thank you and this gentlemen, we have the pleasure to undersign,

Yours Very Grateful,
THE PUPILS OF THE 8TH YEAR.
THE TEACHER, Brother Theode.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

ADVERTISEMENT of a large department store of Lima, Peru, in *El Comercio*, of the same rising town:

LA CIA. A. F. OECHSLE

Avisa a su distinguida clientela que desde el lunes abrirá sus almacenes a las 9¼ A. M. con el objeto de dar tiempo a su personal para tomar baños.

MILLENNIUM

BY FERNER NUHN

Getting up from the supper table, Superintendent Wood of the schools of Maple City, Iowa, saw that the rain had not stopped. He stood a moment at the bay window, ruminating dental relics of his supper, and watching the water fall soundlessly and very wet through the premature twilight. The tangle of dead flower stalks, weeds, and bloomless rose-bushes, which marked the edge of the lot, sagged drearily under the steady pressure. The leaves of a lilac bush trembled separately with the loads of what appeared to be special rain-drops. The Superintendent turned away and wandered into the living-room.

There he lowered the window shades and pulled the cord of a floor lamp. The warm yellow light spilled cosily over the shoulder and left arm of his over-stuffed easy chair. Here was the place to spend an evening like this! The Superintendent sighed as he sank into the easy chair, and unfastened the lower three buttons of his vest.

He sighed because he wasn't going to be able to spend the evening there. In a few minutes he would have to get up and go out in the rain and be hauled four miles over unpaved Iowa roads. Why had he let himself get pulled into such a business? He grieved that twenty years painful shaping of certain private principles of conduct could sometimes still fail him. He unfastened the fourth button of his vest.

When a Ford grated to a quick stop outside and the doorbell gave two short rings Superintendent Wood did not move. But from the kitchen the sound of dishes being washed efficiently stopped, and Mrs. Wood came through the living-room. She wiped red bony hands on a checkered apron and pushed a wisp of graying hair under the coil on top of her head.

From the hall came the enthusiastic lilt of young George Carney's voice. He was the new teacher of history and social sciences in the Maple City High-School. Mrs. Wood's red face was glowing with a pleased smile as she brought him into the living-room. He was saying, "Oh, I've noticed them often! I'd never before seen such marvelous vines! I knew someone had been training them carefully."

"Thank you," she said with ingenuous pleasure. "Thank you!" Lyrical attentions from young men were infrequent in the life of Mrs. Wood.

The Superintendent rose from his chair, concluding the process of rebuttoning his vest. "Good evening, Mr. Carney. Nasty night, eh?"

"Depends how you look at it!" said Carney cheerily, grasping his chief's hand. "Now I've always got a lot of pleasure out of rain. A different kind of pleasure than out of sunshine, of course! But there's some days when nothing satisfies so much as a good, slog-slogging walk through the rain!"

"Ummm," said the Superintendent, without enthusiasm.

"Well," said Carney briskly, "are we ready?"

Mr. Wood hesitated with fingers touching the arm of his easy chair. "Sure you couldn't do without me tonight?"

"Oh no!" said Carney quickly. "No, we've got to have you, Mr. Wood! The people all know you and look up to you.

Whatever you say will impress them a lot. I'm not known around here, yet. But if they see you're behind me . . ."

"Well . . .," said Mr. Wood, giving in. He moved toward the hall.

II

Outside he jack-knifed himself into Carney's Ford coupé. His knees reared awkwardly upward and his arms had to hang between. Utterly ridiculous, this business! He felt foolishly out of place, as if he were on his way to some undergraduate affair.

With despatch the young man whipped the Ford through low into high. The rear chains whirred metallically on the asphalt pavement; the headlights ate bravely into the texture of falling rain.

"Don't think we'll have any trouble with the chains on!" yelled Carney, reaching forward to flip the windshield wiper across the glass. The uneasy Superintendent resented the fellow's bland presumption of comradery, but he could do nothing. He was in for it.

Soon they were off the few paved streets of Maple City and on the gravel highway. The noise of the chains subsided to a soft, thick crunching. Carney glanced at the Superintendent, then back to the road. "How long have you been in Maple City, Mr. Wood?"

"My twelfth year."

"By George," said Carney warmly, "I bet you've done a lot for the town in that time! You ought to be able to take people pretty far in twelve years!"

"Fenleyism!" thought the Superintendent. Fenley College was the small serious-minded alma mater of both himself and young Carney. Wood was of the class of 1904, Carney of the class of last Spring. Fellow alumni! The young puppy had made a great deal of that. "Social education," said the Superintendent weightily, "is a pretty slow process."

"Well, I don't know!" said Carney. "Ever read Kidd's 'Science of Power'?"

"No." The Superintendent was going to add, "I don't get the chance to do much reading any more," but he saw the futility of making excuses, or giving reasons, and he merely said again, "No." He knew, however, of Benjamin Kidd: his writings and attitude.

"That's the new stuff!" said Carney, his voice glowing with high seriousness. "No use muddling along as we did in the past. No use letting people grow up just any old way. Give 'em the right conditions in which to grow, and you can make anything of them! Take 'em anywhere you want. Get their minds into the right ways of thinking, you know—that's all there is to it. People aren't fixed at birth. They're changeable. Look what Germany did before the war! Turned a heterogeneous group of States into the most powerfully integrated nation in the world! [The Superintendent could picture the young man on a college declamatory platform.] Of course, Germany was taking them in the wrong direction. But the power was there just the same! Now it's up to us to use the power, and give it the right direction!"

The Superintendent was remembering 1904, and a different language, but the curiously same ideas. This was the 1920 model of Fenleyism. In his day they were reading Bellamy's "Looking Backward," —still very popular—and Howells' "A Traveler from Altruria" and "Through the Eye of the Needle." The Superintendent said politely, "Unh hunh."

"The crime, of course, of intelligent people is that they have these ideas and then just keep them to themselves! I don't believe in arm-chair philosophy, do you?" Carney laughed. "Of course you don't! You wouldn't be laboring away all these years in Maple City if you did!"

The Superintendent in some embarrassment began, "Well . . ."

Carney took his hesitance for modesty. "Of course not! Coming from Fenley and everything! If every teacher would do his duty we'd have a different nation in a generation!"

That phrase. . . . The Superintendent uddenly had a picture of the lit face of Behrens, Professor Behrens, lecturing to his class in literature. They called him ean-Jacques Behrens because of his passion or Rousseau. His rambling, luminous ectures were as much sociology, history, nd religion as they were literature, and he was the idol of the campus. Was he till there? If not, his successor must be a lisciple.

The young man attended to his steering. The road dipped into a hollow where drainage was bad. The Ford slithered, and Carney righted it by determined wrestlings of the wheel. The ditch was a dark, nasty-ooking sink. With the motor racketing in ow they labored up a hill. At the top the highway improved and the Superintendent drew breath again.

Carney wasn't through with his dis-ourse yet. "Then there's Christianity," he said fluently. "Really, you know, here's a lot of power in Christianity for ocial readjustment. The churches have vasted it, of course. But you know, it's evolutionary, really! Sermon on the Mount and all that. And since the people ccept it, or pretend to accept it, why not nake use of it? Ever read Ellwood?"

"No," said Mr. Wood. "But I get the drift of your argument."

Carney inclined himself toward the Superintendent and grew as confidential as he noise of the motor would allow. "You an't imagine how pleased I was when I ound out you were a graduate of old Fenley. I was still at college, you know, when I signed the contract to teach at Maple City. I looked you up in the files of he *Spectator* to see what I could find out about you. By George, I found you were n editor of the paper when you were here! You know, that was my job last ear! I read over some of the editorials you vrote. Good stuff! I copied some excerpts rom them in my sheet."

The fellow had him there. The Super-ntendent remembered those editorials. 'Cut the Gordian knot of social wrong! Let us go out into the world resolved to make it a better place in which to bring up children." He winced, then laughed humorlessly. "I guess I've got over some of that by this time," he said.

Young Carney's silence seemed to say, "Oh, I guess you haven't. I guess you're just as enthusiastic as ever."

III

The attraction at the Fairfield township schoolhouse was a box social. A box social at the schoolhouse brought farmers and their families from miles around. Even the movies in Maple City, to which the young people often went by auto, could not compete with it in attraction. It was a kind of fun that both old and young appreciated. The rain hadn't kept them away. They were Iowa farmers; most of them came in small cars and large, all rather used looking, and the rest came in farm wagons, which they had rolled cheerfully through the mud.

Superintendent Wood and young Carney stepped through the door into a brightly lighted room steaming with the odor of damp clothing drying on warm bodies. The programme had not yet begun.

Clearly it was a family affair. Little boys with fiery faces chased one another in the aisles, dodging one another with ducked heads, vaulting over benches, being reprimanded spasmodically by mothers who interrupted their gossiping long enough to cry, "Here! Elmer! Stop that chasing around and getting all het up!" "Now watch out there, Victor! Next thing you'll have those baskets on the floor!" The men had gravitated to a corner where they formed a circle to which the contour of their shoulders, hunched from overwork, gave a look of conspiracy. They nodded heads solemnly at a pronouncement of one of them; they burst into thick laughter at the sally of another. A knot of 'teen age boys, most of them in ill-fitting long trousers, argued hotly about radio hook-ups, the World's Series then in prog-

ress, and the merits of balloon tires. Certain young men and women who congenially made up the personnel of the "eats and entertainment" committee were shifting furniture, taking care of boxes and baskets, getting the platform ready. When a red-cheeked damsel essayed to lift the globe of the world off the teacher's desk a jovial swain much in need of a hair-cut came bounding to the rescue. "Hey, Ethel! You'll strain yourself lifting the Earth like that! Here, lemme help you!" With feigned puffings and groanings and much distressful staggering he helped her take the World off the desk and set it against the wall. The girl blushed and laughed at him. Harry Lemcke was such a cut-up! Little girls sat primly in the front seats, talking shyly to one another, making sure of their places when the entertainment would begin.

There was a halting of activities when Mr. Wood and young Carney entered. The Superintendent was known to most of the people in the room, and given the respect due his position. They were quite proud to see that Superintendent Wood, of Maple City, was going to be on the programme. "So Alfred got Superintendent Wood for a speaker! Wonder who's the young fellow with him?"

A young man bustled away from the workers at the front of the room to receive the guests. He was Alfred. He was "one of the nicest young men" in the township. Unmarried, perhaps thirty-five years old, he had been the pleasant-faced clerk in the Coöperative Creamery offices for over fifteen years. His light brown hair was side-parted and graced by a mechanically precise back-turned tuft at the forehead, always perfect, always the same. He was enterprising in a retail way, which made him an ideal chairman of committees. He was, indeed, a model young man in the minds of the mothers of the district, and useful as a symbol in moments of disciplinary exertion. Young Carney had met him at a church reception in Maple City.

"Well, I see you got here all right!" said Alfred, stretching a hearty welcoming hand. "Mighty glad you could come, Superintendent. How are you, Carney, old man? Make yourself at home. Guess you ought to feel at home in a school room, eh Superintendent?"

They took seats. The gathering was shortly called to order by the versatile Alfred.

The programme preceding the box part of the box social was a medley of favorite sorts of entertainment. Young Mrs. Walters, who had been a star elocutionist before she married, and did not neglect her talent since, opened with a reading. In a husky, portentous voice she recited "Barbara Frietchie," and after the final resounding "'Mar-*chon!*' he said" the audience clapped madly, as much to ensure a humorous encore as to applaud the piece. They got it: "What the Cyclone Did to Pumpkin Center." A little girl gave her best exercise piece on the piano; then Russell Fawcett, a youthful student of legerdemain, entertained with "tricks of magic." The climax of this performance came when an irrepressible youngster on the front seat jumped up uninvited to examine a hollow cylinder, thereby disclosing to the gaze of the audience a glass of grape juice where no glass of grape juice was supposed to be, and for this act stealing more applause than the young magician ever got for a successful trick. After a vocal duet by the Ford sisters Alfred faced the audience very soberly, and everyone knew that speeches were next. He announced the Superintendent, "who needs no introduction to a Fairfield township audience."

IV

In twenty years of speech-making the Superintendent had evolved certain formulæ from which he could not now have escaped had he wanted to. He signalized the occasion. He told a few mild jokes. He spoke a few platitudes about education and the Good Life and the future of the country, saying nothing that would cause

a frown to appear on the most reactionary brow. It could truthfully be said that no one ever remembered a word the Superintendent had spoken in a speech, but everyone was always sure that he had said the right thing. When he finished, the people clapped generously, having in their ears the smooth wordiness of his closing sentence. They were well trained in these matters.

. Now it was Carney's turn to speak. He had, it must be admitted, been disappointed in the Superintendent's talk. He had followed it hopefully at first, waiting with aggressive hospitality for challenging phrases, but as platitude followed mild platitude he finally had to confess to himself that the Superintendent had not measured up to his expectations. Well, by Heaven, *he* would give these people some things to think about. He would turn their minds inside out for them. The outline of his carefully worked-out argument burned sharply in his mind. He was heated with the truth and importance of what he was about to say.

The people saw on the platform a young man with eager eyes in a glowing boyish face. They murmured to one another how young he looked for a "professor" in a high-school. They were charmed and maternalistically gratified in thinking that such learning could exist in a head so boyish. The Superintendent in his chair at the side of the platform took one look at the young man planting his feet firmly as if he were about to hurl bombs, then let his chin fall on his breast, as one resigned to umbilical meditation.

Little boys in the front row, impressed with a fire they had not often seen in the faces of adults making speeches, looked up in subdued awe. The eyes and cheeks of some of the more impressionable young ladies reflected the glow.

The Superintendent heard what he had expected. Impassioned young idealism. Internationalism. Christian pacifism. The Golden Rule in business. The young man did not always know when he used a jargon beyond the comprehension of his hearers. "Enlarging sovereign groups . . . World sovereignty the next step . . ." After twenty minutes of rapid speaking he closed, saying, "This country calls itself a Christian country. Not a soul in this room but calls himself a Christian. The question I want to leave with you; the question I want you to ask yourself is, Are we really willing to take Jesus seriously?" The Superintendent was still absorbed in the bulge of his lower vest.

The audience had been under something of a strain. It had not known just how to take this deadly serious young man. The momentary relief as he finished was followed by a new embarrassment: should they clap, or not? It seemed somehow the wrong thing to do, after a speech that was so much like . . . well, like a sermon. That was it (some decided with relief); it was a sermon. They knew how to take a sermon. A young man near the back of the room who had not been listening, and so did not share the general embarrassment, gave two tentative claps; some youngsters followed with a fleeting salvo; then the silence was intense.

Into this gap Alfred leapt bravely. "I'm sure I express the sentiments of all of us," he said coolly, "when I thank Superintendent Wood and Professor Carney most heartily for their inspiring talks. Now, I think if Auctioneer Bill Ransom has his tongue all oiled up, we're ready to bid on the boxes."

Relief swept over the audience. People shifted positions gratefully. A little girl or two clapped hands in high excitement. This was what everyone had come for. To hear the rattle of Bill Ransom's miraculous tongue. To see how far Ben Granner and George Philpott would bid it out against each other for Marjorie Barber's box. Then to get together by families and couples to eat what was in the boxes. Alfred had arranged a special box for the Superintendent and Carney. "Oh no! Certainly not! Couldn't let you get away without having something to eat!"

Certain of the people thought it their duty to come up and speak to the visitors as the affair broke up a little later. A motherly old lady with gold-rimmed glasses smiled her way through the crowd to Carney. Giving him a dry warm hand she said, "That was a fine speech, young man. You ought to be preacher, that's what I think, if you don't mind an old lady saying so. The world needs good, strong preachers these days. Time and time again I've said to Henry, 'Henry, the trouble is young people don't take an interest in religion now-a-days, that's what the trouble is!' Haven't I, Henry!" Henry, smaller than his wife, partly hidden behind her, nodded his head sheepishly. Some of the young ladies, safely ensconced in the chaperonage of departing families or beaux, looked shyly and curiously toward Carney on their way to the door. An old man with weak, blue eyes came up to him and pumped his hand absently as he said, "That was a good rallying talk, my boy. Seems to me I ain't heard a better rallying talk since some of them liberty talks the perfessers give us durin' the war."

Carney noticed a lad of about seventeen standing nervously near the door, glancing now and then his way. He remembered the lad, remembered his attentive, intelligent look while he was speaking. Carney said to himself, "After all, it's the young people who count." He was sure this lad would like to speak to him. So to make it easier he moved casually toward where he was standing. But the lad, not noticing, edged himself toward a certain family group from which Carney saw him awkwardly but successfully detach a self-conscious young maiden, who, after asking her mother a question, escaped hurriedly with the youth into outer darkness.

Soon the Superintendent, who had been genially shaking the hands of departing farmers, came to Carney, and the two went out to the Ford.

V

The rain had stopped, but the road was slippery and more rutted than before. Young Carney drove determinedly and efficiently, as one whose mind is preternaturally wide-awake.

The Superintendent had regained his disciplined calm; his discomfiture was about over, and his perspective had returned. Young Carney, with his disturbing enthusiasm, no longer assumed a place of exaggerated importance.

Neither spoke much till they had eased thankfully on to the pavements of Maple City. Then the young man said, "After all, it's with the children in the schools that we can get in the best licks. Don't you think so, Superintendent?"

"Yes," replied the Superintendent from his philosophical fastness. "Yes, a great deal can be accomplished through the schools."

"By George," cried Carney, "those kids of mine in my history and civics classes are going to have some new slants on things before I'm through with them!"

"Yes. Surely," said the Superintendent absently.

It was not too late, he had decided, for half an hour with the evening paper before he went to bed.

ON THE RATING OF MARK TWAIN

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

In his biography of Mark Twain, Albert Bigelow Paine speaks of his hero as "our foremost American man of letters, . . . the foremost American-born author, the man most characteristically American in every thought and word and action of his life."

Superlatives put me on my guard: most of them display sentimentalism or prejudice. Here we have a Boswell who lived with his subject and worshipped him. Can we trust him—for instance, when he says that very few of the Boston Brahmins recognized Mark Twain's "mightier heritage"; that it was left to the common people "to exalt and place him on the throne"? Is Mark really "on the throne" of American letters? Is he, indeed, our foremost literary master, "the man most characteristically American"? If so, then is he tremendously worth studying. Let us consider the elements that composed him.

First, he was of English stock, of pioneer origin, from families long in America. His father, a Virginian, had migrated early into the Kentucky hinterland, where he had married Jane Lampton, granddaughter of Indian-fighters and pioneer settlers with Boone. Her grandmother, Jane Montgomery, had worn moccasins, and at sixteen, during a massacre, had saved her life by outrunning an Indian brave. Pioneer stock! All the Lamptons and Caseys and Montgomerys could dance all night and work all day without a dream of weariness. Optimism sat upon their world like a sunrise. Jane Lampton's union with the young Virginian was a mating of like with like. Fabulously rich were both of them—in hope. All of the Clemenses were optimists, dreamers, gamblers with the horizon. Mark Twain has condensed the tribe into a single individual—Colonel Sellers.

And the young couple started out in the American way—they moved. After each failure they moved. But failure was nothing: were they not young and was the horizon not pure gold? Millions were being made in Western lands, and the young attorney for a few cents an acre acquired a veritable province, eleven thousand acres, of virgin Tennessee land. Then, pioneer that he was, he moved on again westward, across the Mississippi, into a raw border settlement called Florida, Missouri, a location that he thought would soon become the metropolis of the Southwest, the head of navigation of Salt river. There were millions in it.

But nothing he touched seemed to prosper. Lower and lower sank the family fortunes, and at length, with the four-years-old Samuel, born in Florida, the Clemens tribe—there were seven in the family now—turned backward to the Mississippi and settled down forlornly in the frazzled little river town of Hannibal. It was the last station in the trek to fortune. Frantically the father, a veritable Mark Tapley, fought for affluence, position, fame, leadership, wealth. Always the butterfly was just within his grasp—there was the Tennessee land anyway—but always the butterfly eluded him at the last moment. Golden success was sure tomorrow, but today saw always failure. He was dead at forty-nine of fever caused by exposure while in headlong chase to secure a position that would put his family into the position they deserved, and his last

delirious words were, "Cling to the Tennessee land; it will make you all rich." And young Sam, to his huge delight, was taken from school and set to work to learn the printer's trade in a tiny country office. So much for family history.

Until he was eighteen Mark Twain was wholly of the little Pike county hamlet of Hannibal. It explains very much. Consider the Clemens temperament in the boy, the mother's Fundamentalism, which was constantly a shaping influence, and then consider his surroundings: the highly individualized personalities in the little border town—crackers, pikes, rivermen, Negro slaves; the fringe of brutality everywhere present—the boy actually witnessed murders; the atmosphere of slavery; the town itself—a microcosm, where everyone and everything was known with intimacy; and in front of it all and dominating it all the River, the mighty, mile-wide Mississippi, with its mysterious horizons out of which came daily the great steamboats and into which they faded.

That indeed was romance, and it laid hold mightily upon the imagination of the boy. He was only nine when he made his first attempt to escape, stowing himself away on one of the great boats, to be discovered at the last moment and flung back. Until he was eighteen circumstances bound him fast to the little town, but at that break-away age the *Wanderlust* could no longer be subdued. He broke away, became a tramp—a tramp printer. St. Louis he visited, New York, Philadelphia, New York again, Keokuk, Cincinnati. For fifteen months he was foot-loose, a hobo—the rest of his life he was a hobo: where do you find him settled? Over Herndon's book of travels in South America he becomes fired to explore the Amazon and he actually starts. But on the boat down the river a new butterfly crosses him: why not be a pilot like the regal Bixby up there? It had been the ambition of his boyhood.

As a result, during the next four and a half years he was cub pilot and then pilot on the Mississippi, ranging up and down the treacherous, turbid, changing stream—at that time all unlighted, undredged, untamed—with elemental men in all save the veneer, ruffians, individualists, "half horse, half alligator." It was life keyed to extremes, excitement, high spirits. Everywhere the dramatic,—flourishing entrances into river ports, floods, wrecks, fogs, races with other boats, the surging tide of travelers, most of them pioneers into the new West. Never again after those four epic years could Mark Twain settle into quietness in a corner.

During the next five and one-half years came the second act of the drama. Swiftly the scenery changes and the costumes: soldier, deserter, adventurer across the great Plains, assistant to his brother in Carson City, prospecting ranger of the Nevada mountains, claim-holder, miner, reporter at the Comstock lode in the first wild days of its bonanza boom, reporter of the first territorial Legislature of Nevada, leader of "the third house," newspaper man in California and the Sandwich Islands, writer, pocket-miner, lecturer—it was melodrama in real life, it was vaudeville. Never was a knight of the dusty roads more headlongly restless. After four months in San Francisco he wrote: "We have changed our lodging five times. We are very comfortably fixed where we are now . . . but I need a change and must move again." He was serious. No six months in his after life when he could not have written the same thing. Always there must be newness, extremes, movement. When he writes, it will be in key: *fortissimo*, *accelerando*, like life at the Comstock, like the river vocabulary.

Five and a half years and then New York City by way of the Isthmus. Never more dramatic entrance: note the picture on the Brooklyn lecture poster, 1869, Mark Twain, "The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope," in mid-air astride a jumping frog. Thus he entered the East. Swiftly he was off again. He had planned to girdle the earth, in forty minutes were it possible, but the personally-conducted *Quaker City*

tour to Europe and the Holy Land caught his eye and he was off pell-mell into the East just as before he had plunged into the West. The ultimate result of it was the meeting with Olivia Langdon of Elmira, New York, his marriage at the palatial residence of her father, his marriage present of a beautiful home, his acquirement of a newspaper in Buffalo, and his settling down seemingly for good. A most amazing episode surely: for a year he had an office and regular toil, a home, with grace said at meat, daily Bible readings, church on Sunday—a wild horse of the prairies broken to the plow.

II

But by no means was the man settled down: he moved more times than ever his father did. The Buffalo home was only transient. It is useless to try to follow him, or to enumerate the houses he owned or rented or built. Twenty times at least he crossed the Atlantic. No sooner had he succeeded with "Innocents Abroad" than he was off to Europe again. One-third of the rest of his life—thirteen years in all—he spent abroad. He was lionized beyond measure in London, in Paris, in Berlin; his life became a succession of dinners, of receptions, of welcomes, of farewells, of visits—and he loved it. "There never lived a man who took a more childlike delight in genuine appreciation." England went wild over him. "His rooms at the Langdon were like a court." They had found the American they had been for years demanding, and lords with monocles, and social lions, and literary critics, and poets, and all the distinction of the Empire, to put it in Victorian phrase, were "at his feet." Home in America again, it was the same thing: he was "the belle of New York." For years he moved in an atmosphere of perpetual praise and curiosity and excitement.

Leaf through the amazing hodge-podge which Paine in his fourth volume has compiled with the title of "A Chronological List of Mark Twain's Work—Published and Otherwise." Where can you find another such chaos? Everything is in it from mediocrity to genius, from newspaper column humor to Shakespearean criticism, from medieval European history to Biblical exegesis. How shall we approach this colossal salmagundi? How shall we classify even the fraction which appears in his authorized set?

To realize it at all we must return to the man himself. First of all, his personality: primarily was he a showman. "The Autobiography of Barnum" was a favorite book. Nature had done much for him. Most remarkable was he in personality: he was irresistible. His peculiar drawl in the old river days had won over even the hard-boiled Bixby, and in later years it never lost its peculiar effectiveness. His mannerisms were as striking as those of Artemus Ward. His hair, auburn at first, and at last a great sheaf of white; his manner of telling a story; his unique vocabulary with its sulphuric river flavor; his endless store of whimsical anecdote and travelogue description—all made him a remarkably good show. He looked his part and he acted his part, unconsciously it may have been, but nevertheless most effectively. Bret Harte had been a failure on the platform. He dressed and acted like a New York æsthete and people were looking for Yuba Bill and Colonel Starbottle. But Mark Twain was Mark Twain to the life. He filled the bill.

To this was allied his second gift from the gods: he was a superb raconteur. Always, says his biographer, "he felt the need of an audience," and once he had it, in proper key, he was at his best. "His evenings after dinner," says George Warner, "were an unending flow of stories." And always he made his point, always he was cheered, even in the British Isles, where American jokes do not always get across. To hear him drawl his adventures with his incongruous gravity at the explosion point of the tale was entertainment unique and incomparable. On and on

flowed "the inexhaustible, the fairy, the Arabian Nights story," writes Howells, "which I could never tire of, even when it began to be told over again."

In part this accounts for the amazing miscellany of his writings and for their surprising fragmentariness. Fundamentally, they are raconteur stuff, like the stories poured out to his evening guests. Always is he pell-mell, always is he impatient of revision. He wrote three of his "Life on the Mississippi" instalments in ten days; he dashed off one-hundred thousand words of "Joan of Arc" in six weeks. Like all his work, they are improvisations. In his later years he dictated to a stenographer—his autobiography, for instance, which he poured out in a lawless ramble, insisting that he be not held for chronological sequence, nor even for the truth.

There was an element of the gambler in the man, a legacy doubtless from the Clemenses who had early been inoculated with the spirit of the frontier—riches to be gained without the expenditure of slow accumulating toil. His boyish imagination had been fired early by the legends of the Tennessee lands that were to make them all rich. In his mining days in Nevada he had lived in a veritable fever. It delighted him in later years to tell how again and again he had come within the narrowest margins of being one of the millionaires of America. Read his letters from the mines: tremendously revealing documents. Now it is the Dashaway mine that is to make him a Crœsus, now it is the Flyaway, or the Annipolitan, or the Live Yankee. These all failing, still he can write, "I own one-eighth of the new Monitor Ledge Clemens Company, and money cannot buy a foot of it, because I know it contains our fortune." Quickly it was abandoned, but just as quickly was he digging with feverish hopes at another rainbow end.

And not always did he fail. "The Jumping Frog" was a gold pocket richer than any he had ever dreamed of in the Nevada mountains; so was "Innocents Abroad." And as he began to publish he learned a dangerous secret: for him literature was to be a gambling game with enormous stakes; it was to be associated for him with money, money that came in large checks for small effort, constant streams of money, money. His income first and last from his books and articles and lectures was sensationally large. It well-nigh ruined him not only as an artist, but financially as well. He became a plunger. The type-setting machine and the publishing venture more than stripped him bare, for they took his wife's fortune as well as his own. Had it not been for Henry H. Rogers' skilful management he would have died in poverty.

That all this affected the literary output of the man goes without question. Says Thomas Mason: "He tried to play the business man in place of being a great artist. The reason was, primarily, that he became more or less intoxicated with money." True. He needed money as any gambler needs money, for schemes that would make him suddenly rich so that he could live in mansions with servants and luxuries and entertain with lavishness. And as a result he wrote not as an artist writes, patiently, perfectly, urged on from within, but like an artisan who has contracted to do a job for pay.

His headlong restlessness, too, affected his output. He worked by whims, by spurts, by emotional impulses. At the drop of an idea he was off with a book. After a sojourn in England he was fired to do what Emerson and Hawthorne had done. Hundreds of pages he dashed off of his British experiences—then threw them aside. Count the fragments of volumes in his bibliography. A touch on his emotions and he exploded into an article, as, for instance, the defense of Mrs. Shelley or the damnation of Leopold or Fenimore Cooper.

His emotions: temperament was an inheritance; sensitiveness with him was almost a disease. Orion summed him up in a phrase: "Sam, whose organization is such as to feel to the utmost extreme of every feeling." It made him a reformer, perpetually indignant, perpetually pouring

out sarcasm and damnation on what to him seemed unjust or cruel or inconsistent. When editor of the Buffalo *Express* his editorials were either "savage assaults upon some human abuse, or fierce espousals of the weak. They were fearless, scathing, terrific." "In later years," says his biographer, "he used to say that he had always felt it was his mission to teach, to carry the banner of moral instruction."

It was partly inherited, especially from his mother, the tenderest of sentimentalists. It was nurtured by his small-town rearing: democracy is bred in provincial areas where the world is small. The fierce individualism of the border breeds intolerance of oppression. The country boy is likely to think that all men are as fundamentally honest as those in his own home and that the under dog deserves help. A large area of Mark Twain's writings, the most arid of all, was written in the crusader spirit, with the suppressed premise always that it was still possible to make the world over. "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," he declared, "was not written for America; it was written for England, . . . to pry up the English nation to a little higher level of manhood."

Disillusion comes inevitably. The extreme optimism of the Clemenses was bound to have a reflex as extreme. The sky-larking high spirits of the man's youth—everything in *fortissimo*—, and his amazing success with the whole world bowing in adulation, were bound to end in reaction. "He travelled always," says his biographer, "a broad and brilliant highway with plumes flying and crowds following after." By and by the adulation became boresome. He had got everything, and *what* had he got? And then came family griefs, the death of children and dearest friends. His whole life had been an awakening from the dreams of his youth and young manhood. The first glimmerings of disillusion we find in "Innocents Abroad." He had gone in all innocence to see the glories of Europe and the Holy Land, and everywhere he had been forced to reduce the picture his imagination had painted. He had expected gold and he had found gilding. He awoke soon to the realization that America too, was gilded. And like all the creative Americans before him, he would change it, he would write his Utopia, "The Curious Republic of Goncour," detailing what he would have it to be. All in vain! He was living in the Gilded Age, the age of the Tweed Ring, and universal greed, and the exploiting of the weak by the strong, and so he wrote at last, "What is Man?" A curious anti-climax it makes: our leading humorist become our most caustic pessimist! Everywhere you touch the man there is anti-climax: fundamentally he is a romancer, yet he will demolish with fury King Arthur's Court, and Fenimore Cooper enrages him like a red rag. Fiercely he demands reality, but all his own tales and pictures are laid in a land that is like the setting of the Thousand and One Nights.

That his marriage and his New England circle of friends were the Delilah shears that robbed him of the full of his native powers is the veriest nonsense. Without this saving element he would have been merely another Joaquin Miller. His wife turned him constantly to the areas where he was strongest; she vetoed positively such inanities as "The Autobiography of a Damn Fool," begun with vast enthusiasm: "Livy wouldn't have it, so I gave it up." She struggled with his natural tendencies to drifting and ease, and urged him constantly to make use to the full of his splendid powers. "Mrs. Clemens," he wrote, "has diligently persecuted me day by day with urgings to go to work and do that something." His own promptings led him always into grotesque fields below the levels of his best powers: hoaxes, imaginary reviews, burlesque autobiographies, local applications of "The House that Jack Built," fanciful adventures in the African diamond mines, "Shem's Diary," and the like. It was his literary group of friends in the East who pointed out to him where his real distinction lay, and who held him, so

far as they could do it, in the areas he could best cultivate. It was Joe Goodman who kept him at work on what ultimately became "Roughing It"; it was Charles Dudley Warner who made possible "The Gilded Age," some parts of which are at the height of his powers; it was Joseph Twitchell who suggested "Life on the Mississippi," and outlined what it should contain; and it was Howells who, at the critical moment of his career, gave him help that was nothing short of priceless.

To say that Mark was hamstrung by the East and that as a result of his marriage he lived his later years a thwarted genius is to argue that ignorance which has in it a touch of genius should be quarantined from all contact with art and culture lest its originality be vitiated.

III

That he *was* a thwarted genius is evident, but his environment and his times were the elements that undid him. Fate had dropped him into the Gilded Age and at the one moment when his peculiar combination of powers could receive full recognition. It is impossible to understand Mark Twain unless one views him in the setting of the seventies. As his biographer has expressed it, "He was always exactly in his setting."

The eighteen seventies were a period unique, the unnatural, the inflated, the excited period following the Civil War. It was the time of the rapidly expanding West, of government lands squandered by Congress with a gambler's abandon, of the Tweed ring and the Crédit Mobilier, of the slaughter of the buffalo herds, of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt and Jim Fisk, of the Pacific Railroad, of the swift rise of industrialism and the concentration of money power. Everything was in superlatives, keyed to the utmost pitch. Vast fortunes had been made during the war and the newly-rich were building rococo palaces and endowing college halls that are today the nightmares of city and campus reconstructors. And into the centre of it all suddenly jumped Mark Twain, on the back of a frog.

For a writer in the inflated seventies to begin his career with an extreme of uncouth humor, based on exaggeration and inflated high spirits and burlesque, was to enjoy a certain moment of vaudeville glory. Witness the fate of such other returned California humorists as Orpheus C. Kerr or Charles Henry Webb. Literary permanence in any field of endeavor could be won only by a genius who had balance and patience and ability to bide his time. None of these qualities was in the makeup of Mark Twain.

He gave his age what it delighted in: local color laid on with lavish profusion—local color not to be examined too closely, —and he gave it what seemed to be a new American evolution: the humor of the great midland rivers and plains and of the Western mining camps pictured by Bret Harte. In the twenty years following 1865 there was worked out that variety of humor which we call distinctively American. It was the work of a school of humorists which in a way stands unique. Derby and Artemus Ward had been the pioneers, and now in the seventies were flourishing Nasby and Bill Arp and Josh Billings, the Danbury *News* Man and Bob Burdette, and scores of others. At the proper instant came Mark Twain, vaulting into New York on his frog. His world was ready for him. The regions from which he came had been tremendously advertised, and the great tide of migration into the new lands beyond the Mississippi was filling the word West with romance. Here was the very West itself. At last, *American* humor!

Humor has fashions that change often; it is something that has not only national but also provincial limitations. Always it seems at its best in the presence of the living humorist. Mark Twain brought his humor *viva voce*. The chief pungency and the effervescing surprise of it came from the man himself. Placed on the printed page some little of the drawl still lingered

and some of the surprising whimsicality of the man's mannerisms and his personality, but the leakage was great.

Peculiarly was he fitted for the platform, and when he arrived in the East the platform was peculiarly fitted for him. It was the golden era of the peripatetic professional humorist. The lecture lyceum which in the mid-years of the century, with Emerson and Wendell Phillips and the Brahmins, had been such an educating force, had become decadent, and now it was laughing itself to death over the vaudeville antics of the new humorists. Mark Twain was first of all a lecturer; his other powers followed this one supreme gift. Never was he better than when he faced a happy audience, greeting every joke with roars. Always he spoke to full houses. And all at once money began to pour down upon him in a golden shower. He had found his place.

The humor he gave purported to be the humor of the vast newnesses of the utter West, of the steamboats, and the Roaring Camps of California. It satisfied its day. The seventies were not realistic; embroidery did not offend them. To them Mark Twain was holding up a mirror to the vanished West. To them it was reality, as to them Dickens and Bret Harte were reality. We know today that it was nothing of the kind: it was romance, the whole of it. All our so-called American humor is in reality romance. It received its shaping touches on the lecture platforms of the moribund lecture lyceum of the seventies.

IV

The elements that most contributed to the phenomenal contemporary fame of Mark Twain for the most part have vanished. His inimitable presence we no longer can feel. The world for which he wrote has passed utterly. The circle of friends who knew him and loved him and sustained him is growing small. To the majority of readers today he is but a set of books. The real ordeal of Mark Twain is at hand now. Is he to endure at the old valuations? It is time to put away sentiment and superlatives and face the facts.

At certain points we can be dogmatic. First of all, a surprising mass of his work must be thrown overboard at the start: it is journalism, it is ephemeral, it has served its day. Many of his early extravagances he weeded himself from his final edition. His friendly critics would throw out more of them, would cease, indeed, to emphasise his humor at all, and place him among the serious writers—"our foremost man of letters." It means that his humor is no longer keyed to the times, that Mark Twain as humorist is on the decline. The fact is significant.

It must not be forgotten that the man during the whole of his creative period, the decade of the seventies, looked upon himself primarily as a humorist of the Californian variety. He had awakened to literature in a Southwestern country printing office; his early standards one might learn from his "Josh" letters if they were extant—the illiterate outpourings of an assumed country bumpkin. His Nevada journalizings, his contacts with Artemus Ward, his comic lectures, his "Jumping Frog" extravaganza and its reception held him to the conviction that literature for him meant rolling along with the prevailing tide of humor. To the men of the seventies he was classed with Josh Billings and Artemus Ward and Nasby. They bought his writings of book agents who assured them that nothing could be funnier. He was engaged at once by the *Galaxy* to let himself go monthly in his most killing vein. His literary plans, all of them at the start, involved the creation of humor, as witness "Shem's Diary," "The Autobiography of a Damned Fool," and the rest. The fact determined his future; it handicapped him almost beyond remedy. When he wished to turn the corner into seriousness he found it all but impossible. His readers insisted upon humor. To make his first reputation as a joker has ruined many a genius.

Then, again, literary success came to him too early, with too little effort. His contemporary, Bret Harte, was forced to spend seventeen years of patient apprenticeship before he could produce "The Luck of Roaring Camp." For Mark Twain bookmaking was from the very first a success of bonanza proportions. It turned his head: he must have quick and sensational rewards. He got them. It bred the habit of easy writing—journalism, copiously poured out. He began without plan and rambled on and on. The book grew by accretions. Often it ended in a sprawl like "Life on the Mississippi."

Always is it anecdotal, always desultory. The author as he writes has an imaginary audience before him; moreover, every evening he must hasten to his family to read what he has written. It is raconteur work, stories, descriptions, gargoyle characterizations, pictures—pell-mell it comes, like the hodge-podge of a humorous lecture of the seventies. Everywhere overstrain, everywhere extremes, dramatizations with stage scenery colossal: the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the South Seas. One thinks of Hazlitt's dictum of years before. The American mind, he observed, is deficient in "natural imagination. It must be excited by over-straining, by pulleys and levers."

And yet it was in this period of the seventies that Mark did the only parts of his work that promise to endure. To all that he wrote after the opening of the eighties—the "Connecticut Yankee," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Joan of Arc" and the rest—time is already applying the chloroform. "Life on the Mississippi," "The Gilded Age" (his part of it), "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn," with bits perhaps from "Pudd'nhead Wilson,"—these volumes have promise for the years to come.

Pure romanticism they are. The romance of the fading days of the old régime on the Mississippi and the sunset glories of the dying great days of the Plains and of California is in them, but the ruling flavor in them in all is undiluted Mark Twain—the Mark Twain of the Sandwich Islands lecture and the "Jumping Frog" fragment. Episodes and pictures, pages of graphic impressionism, flashlights, stories, sometimes whole chapters there are which are worthy of even Paine's superlatives. There are areas intense, like the steamboat explosion scene in "The Gilded Age," there are paintings of marvellous beauty, there are characterizations on the highest levels of mastery.

And right here is the tragedy of Mark Twain. Constantly we find ourselves saying: Oh, the pity of it! Oh, that all of his work might have reached the heights that a fraction of it attained! Oh, that there might have been the added touch of discipline, of restraint, of the architectonic, of the rounded, the finished! All too often he was concerned only with the surface, with mere incongruities of manners, oddities, grotesqueries, extremes. In all his work of the seventies, the period of his genius, his point of view is adolescent. Mrs. Clemens, who knew him as no one else knew him, gave him the pet name of Youth.

A turning point there was after there had passed over him the first great tidal wave of success. He awoke to the fact that humor such as the seventies demanded had small hope in it of permanence. But his attempt to escape to more substantial literary foundations was based on totally mistaken estimates of his powers. Like Cooper, he turned his back upon American romance and began to work in foreign materials. Just as Cooper wrote "The Bravo" with a sigh of relief to get away from the thinness and baldness of subjects American, so Mark Twain wrote his "Joan of Arc."

More and more now he sought to penetrate below the surfaces of life,—a surprisingly large area of his later work deals with the moral and the religious—but always he was temperamental, always he was extreme. Whatever Mark Twain may have been, he was not a scientist or a

scholar or an unprejudiced seeker of the truth. Would that he could have dropped his European themes, his sentimental fightings for inconsequential under-dogs, his layman homiletics, and given us that in which he was supreme—that he could have reproduced in full the wonder world he knew, the epic West at its golden moment, the supreme romance of America!

The pity of it! He who alone of his generation, or of all generations, had the materials and the power to make this master epic, used his days in tinkering at medieval romance or satirizing the legends of King Arthur to reform the unreformable British! It was like Shelley's pamphlet to do away with Catholicism in Ireland. "Joan of Arc," tremendously advertised, enjoyed its little day. The critics and the professors are still praising it, but to the American people who loved the man it was not Mark Twain. They demanded Mark Twain stuff, but he misunderstood them. Money he must have, a deluge of money and he gave them "Adam's Diary," "Eve's Diary," and the other inanities of his decline period. There are few more pathetic spectacles in literary history than that of Mark Twain with such glorious possibilities within him, dancing in cap and bells for money.

To rate him with our greatest American literary masters, Emerson or Thoreau or Hawthorne, is poor criticism. To place his work, with its fragmentariness, its exaggerations, its burlesquery and extravagance, alongside the great serious classics of our literature is to realize its deficiencies. Mark Twain must be rated as a thwarted creator like Melville, one ham-strung by his times and his temperament. He must go down to posterity as a collection of glorious fragments, as an enrichment to anthologies rather than as a maker of rounded masterpieces. He will endure long: he was a pioneer humorist, he had a compelling personality which to a small degree is alive in some of his writings, and he has become one of our national legends like Washington even and Lincoln, but to make of him a literary classic, to place him among the great masters of our American literature—that is indeed a paradox of truest Mark Twain texture.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Law

A CHALLENGE TO GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION

By I. J. Shubert

In the face of the reactionary tendency displayed by the Federal courts and the courts of several of the States in the use of the injunction in labor disputes, it is reassuring to observe that the Court of Appeals of New York, and, under its lead, the Supreme Court of the State, have begun to swing toward a more liberal position. Twice within the past year, the Court of Appeals has announced decisions which, if they ever become the prevailing judicial opinion of the country, will relieve organized labor of the harassments which have led it to urge upon Congress a bill that is both economically and juridically unsound in order to save it from an almost impossible situation.

Everybody is agreed that unionism can only flourish if combinations of employés are free to proselytize among the unorganized. But suppose a union attempts to enlist the employés of a certain shop and to that end calls a strike in that shop? Obviously, if there is a response to the call, the business of the employer will suffer. In that event, which party do the courts protect—the employer in his right to conduct his business under such lawful conditions as he fancies, or the union in its right to increase its membership and extend its influence? Judge Andrews of the Court of Appeals of New York, in Exchange Bakery and Restaurant, Inc. v. Rifkin, (245 N. Y., 260), writing for the majority of the Court in May, 1927, stated the liberal position thus:

> The purpose of a labor union to improve the conditions under which its members do their work, to increase their wages, and to assist them in other ways may justify what would otherwise be a wrong. So would an effort to increase its numbers and to unionize an entire trade or business. It may be as interested in the wages of those not members, or in the conditions under which they work as in its own members because of the influence of one upon the other. All engaged in a trade are affected by the prevailing rate of wages. All, by the principle of collective bargaining. Economic organization today is not based on the single shop. Unions believe that wages may be increased, and collective bargaining maintained only if union conditions prevail, not in some single factory but generally. That they may prevail it may call a strike and picket the premises of an employer with the intent of inducing him to employ only union labor. And it may adopt either method separately. Picketing without a strike is no more unlawful than a strike without picketing. Both are based upon a lawful purpose. The resulting injury is incidental and must be endured.

American judges and courts have seldom been as liberal in this matter. Steeped in their legalistic theories, they have only too frequently overlooked the human factors involved. Especially has this been true when the problem they have been called to pass upon has appeared to present a well recognizable legal situation. For example, in anticipation of the right of the unions to enlist new men in their ranks, the employers early in the struggle began to exact a promise from each of their employés upon the occasion of their employment, and in consideration of such employment, that they would not affiliate with any unions or with a particular labor union under pain of discharge. The courts were asked to decide whether the interdicted unions could, nevertheless, carry on their activities among employés bound by what was apparently their own free act, particularly where the unions knew that promises had been exacted.

The difficulty arose from the fact that it has been for a long time a principle of law in this country, applicable generally, that one could not maliciously induce

another to break a contract into which that other had freely entered. The mere knowledge of the existence of the contract had been considered sufficient to predicate the presence of malicious intent, if the conduct leading up to the inducement of the breach had not been justifiable otherwise. Injunctions to prevent the inducement of the breach had been granted generally and as a matter of course.

Struck by the harshness of this result when applied to labor unions, several States attempted by legislation to restrict the right of the employer to exact promises from prospective employés that they would not join a union. Such statutes were enacted in Ohio, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado and New York. Many of them made it a misdemeanor to exact such a promise. These statutes, however, were short-lived. One after the other, the highest courts of the States declared them unconstitutional, and where they were sustained by the State courts, the Supreme Court of the United States saw to it that their demise was accomplished. The Supreme Court in Adair v. United States (208 U. S., 161) nullified a similar statute passed by Congress on the ground that it abridged the theoretical right of freedom of contract and the constitutional guarantees contained in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments.

This left the question where it had been at the beginning. It was up to the courts to either find a way out, or to completely fetter the unions. Their response was not particularly heartening to those sympathetic to the cause of labor. Injunctions against unions grounded upon interference with promises not to join were freely granted. Decisions to that effect are to be found in New Jersey, Tennessee, West Virginia and Massachusetts, among other States. Upon the language, if not the actual decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in Hitchman Coal & Coke Co. v. Mitchell (245 U. S., 229) a great deal of the blame should be bestowed. In most of these cases the promise not to join a union was never critically examined in the light of the ordinary rules of contract to ascertain whether it had been sufficiently paid for legalistically to warrant the granting of an injunction. The mere presence of the promise was considered sufficient by the court.

But now the courts of New York have called a halt upon this unreasoning process. Within the last year, the question has come before them in several variations. It was present in its mildest form in the Exchange Bakery case, from which the above quotation was taken. It there appeared that each woman employé, after entering upon her employment, signed a paper stating that she was not a member of any union, and promising that she would not join any union during the course of her employment, and that if she did so she would resign her employment. Consent to the execution of this paper, however, was not made a condition of employment. Nothing was paid the women for binding themselves to the promises contained in the paper. Now, a promise not paid for is not legally enforcible: such has always been the rule of law. The court invoked this principle and held that there was no contract. It consequently held there could be no inducement of a breach of contract, and denied the injunction.

The next form in which the question was presented was somewhat more intricate. It resulted from the abortive attempt made in 1926 to unionize the employés of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York. Although the strike called at the time was beaten by the company within three weeks, the strike leaders persisted in their attempt to enroll the company's employés in the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employés of America. In the injunction suit which followed, the company charged that the attempted unionization was in violation of contracts entered into by it and its employés, by which the latter agreed not to become identified in any manner with the Amalgamated. It there-

fore asked that their unionization be enjoined. The court, however, found as a fact that there were no contracts between the company and its individual employés which bound the company to employ them for any definite period. It further found as a fact that the only obligation not to join the Amalgamated assumed by the individual employés was in an obligation attached to the application for membership in the Brotherhood, the company union. As a condition of employment, each employé had to agree to join the Brotherhood, but new employés did not become eligible for membership in it until thirty days from the date of their employment. The obligation attached to the application for membership read as follows:

> In conformity with the policy adopted by the Brotherhood and consented to by the Company, and as a condition of employment, I expressly agree that I will remain a member of the Brotherhood during the time I am employed by the Company and am eligible to membership therein; that I am not, and will not become identified in any member with the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employés, or with any other association of street railway or other employés, with the exception of this Brotherhood, and the Voluntary Relief Department of the Company, while a member of the Brotherhood or in the employ of the Company, and that a violation of this agreement or the interference with any member of the Brotherhood in the discharge of his duties or disturbing him in any manner for the purpose of breaking up or interfering with the Brotherhood shall of itself constitute cause for dismissal from the employ of the Company.

The constitution of the Brotherhood was submitted to the directors of the Interborough for approval. The Court acknowledged that this suggested that it was the intention of the Interborough that the terms of the constitution which required the assumption of the above obligation by each member of the Brotherhood should become a binding contract between the company, the Brotherhood, and its members. It pointed out, however, that the company could not show an express promise from any employé, given directly by the employé to the company at the time he entered its employ, to the effect that he would not join the Amalgamated. It therefore refused to enjoin the defendants from continuing to seek to enroll the company's employés in the Amalgamated. The case is reported under the name of Interborough Rapid Transit Co. v. Lavin, in 247 N. Y., 65, and was decided in January of this year.

In anticipation of this result and in further execution of its policy of opposition to unionism, the Interborough, on June 30, 1927, required each of its employés to sign an instrument whereby, in consideration of his employment by the company for two years, he promised to work for the company for that period and not to join the Amalgamated or any other organization of street railway or other employés except the company's own Brotherhood during the time of his employment. In terms, the company did not promise to employ each of its employés for two years. Mr. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court, in the injunction suit which was brought to prevent the unionization of the men, assumed that the company did make such a promise, but he pointed out that even though it had done so, it had reserved to itself a practically unlimited power to discharge them, and that their employment, in consequence, was in reality at its will. Thus, since there was no obligation upon it to employ the men for two years, corresponding to the obligation of the men to work for that period and not to join a legitimate trade union, he refused to lend the aid of a court of equity to prevent the inducement of the breach of this promise.

The decision must be hailed as a long step forward. In effect, it holds that in an action brought to enjoin a union from inducing a breach of contract not to join its ranks, the court, if the burdens of the contract are unequal, will refuse to intervene. This, of course, is not a complete answer to the problem whether or not the court, in *any* case, should restrain a union from soliciting members among persons under contract not to join it, but it at least lays down the rule that the contract

exacted from the employé by his employer must be an actual and not merely an illusory promise of employment for a definite period. The employer in New York who hereafter seeks a contractual assurance against unionization will have to pay more than the proverbial mess of pottage for it. Undoubtedly, this will act as a deterrent upon a very nefarious practice.

Whether the courts of New York will go to the aid of a contract containing equal reciprocal obligations, and enjoin the efforts of a labor union to increase its membership in the face of a well paid for promise by the employés not to join the union—this remains to be seen. While it is true that it is unlawful for a person knowing of the existence of a contract of employment to attempt to induce a breach of it, it is only unlawful if such person has no other justification for inducing the breach than his private advantage. If the reason actuating him is not his private advantage but the desire of a group of organized workers to enroll others for their common advantage, it may be that the courts will refuse to lend their equitable power to enjoin the union. Indeed, the New York Court of Appeals in the Exchange Bakery case has expressly indicated that the action of the union would present a problem not necessarily ruled by the decisions made with respect to the actions of individuals.

Even in the case of individuals a proper motivation may remove the stigma of illegality; and where an admittedly socially desirable group is engaged in an elemental struggle for existence, it should be easy to find justification for acts designed primarily to achieve that result. The law lives on precedents, sometimes unwisely; but a wise precedent should not be shunned, and a wise precedent is here at hand. In 1923, the Chancery Division of the Supreme Court of Judicature of England was called upon to enjoin the representatives of the Actors' Association from inducing theatre proprietors throughout England to break contracts entered into by them with the plaintiff to exhibit the plaintiff's traveling revue. He paid his chorus girls as little as thirty shillings a week—considerably below the minimum wage prescribed by the Actors' Association. To eke out an existence the girls were forced to resort to prostitution. The Actors' Association resolved to reform the plaintiff or to drive him out of business. It failed in the former, and, therefore resorted to the latter. The Chancery Division refused to enjoin the Association.

It is to be hoped that the New York Court of Appeals will not only sustain Mr. Justice Wasservogel upon the appeal which the Interborough has announced, but that it will, if not in the present case then in some suitable case, make the distinction which it has indicated might well be made, and so hold that the legitimate aspirations of the unions to increase their membership are not to be thwarted under any circumstances.

Ethics

A PRELIMINARY NOTE ON SCIENTIFIC ETHICS

By H. M. Parshley

As animals we have needs, expressed primarily in the fundamental urges; as human animals we have desires, originally growing out of these needs, but often expanding out of all relation to them; and as imaginative beings we have aims, according to which we try to direct the course of our lives.

What I know of biology leads me to believe that our conduct is in reality motivated by one paramount and vital aim, not different, objectively considered, from that which is the single end of all animal existence. That aim, in a word, is comfort. A biological need makes itself felt through discomfort, which is allayed and transmuted into comfort by the appropriate satisfaction. It is toward this consummation that significant activity is directed. And when it is achieved activity ceases—

aside from such random "spontaneous activity" as may accompany the living state —until another need makes itself felt.

All animals are equipped with an apparatus sufficient to this end, under normal conditions of environment, and I hold that their aim in life is attained if they succeed in maintaining a favorable balance of comfort over discomfort. In the more complex forms of life the same basic needs are present, though the equipment for satisfying them is vastly more elaborate than in *Paramoecium* and the sea anemone. The sensory organs and the nervous system, in particular, reach in the higher mammals a degree of intricacy that goes far beyond the primary requirements, and results in a corresponding elaboration of secondary needs and desires. But the basic aim of life remains the same even in man, and his first concern is likewise to live in comfort. Under severe and impoverished conditions, even the human being is concerned chiefly with hunger, sex, and fear. Around these three center his thoughts, his conversation, and his conduct.

But give him an environment and a training that make the fundamental satisfactions easy and certain, and at once his brain, released from the necessity of close application to his basic requirements, throws its resources into the concoction of new desires and aims, which are often so far removed from any similarity with the primary biologic urges that philosophers and theologians (and even some psychologists) are led to treat them as superadded spiritual attributes characteristic of the human species only. But these celestial phenomena, such as imagination, superstition, dreaming (awake or asleep), *et cetera*, are recognizable among the other mammals, and I find no good reason to regard them as anything more than the exuberant products of a highly efficient nervous system that is without enough serious business to keep it employed in its original capacity.

Nevertheless, these desires and aims are unquestionably developed in humanity (on its higher levels) to such an extent that they are for all practical purposes equivalent to basic needs, and therefore they and the sense of values involved with them must receive serious consideration in any ethical scheme.

Before scientific, *i.e.*, genuine, knowledge was available in really significant quantity, all ethical systems, whether religious or philosophical, had perforce to deal with the biologically non-essential desires, aims, and aspirations in poetical fashion, as indeed they attempted to do with the others also. By this I mean that opinion, precept, and conduct, together with what was supposed to be known about them, all proceeded from emotion. As I. A. Richards puts it, "If we give to a pseudo-statement [non-scientific, emotive, or poetic statement] the kind of unqualified acceptance which belongs by right only to certified scientific statements, . . . the impulses and attitudes with which we respond to it gain a notable stability and vigor. Briefly, if we can contrive to believe poetry, then the world *seems*, while we do so, to be transfigured." And ethics based on non-scientific "knowledge" got its practical force from the same phenomenon.

But the recent increase in scientific knowledge and its wide if partial recognition has rendered such belief obsolete, and all but impossible for the educated mind of today. Since Freud, we do not trust "intuition," and we suspect the foundations of our staunchest fixations. Every genuine fact we learn casts doubt upon the teachings of those who were ignorant of that fact. This is our situation. Are we to regard it as the hopeless "dilemma of the modern mind," a "chaos" that defies order, a "plight" from which we can emerge only as futile neurotics, if at all?

Stuff and nonsense, say I. The difficulty arises from the common tendency, natural enough in a period of change, to reach with one hand for the pap of emotional superstition and with the other for the fruits of science. This is an attempt to get service

rom two incongruous waiters, and it is ound to fail. The resulting confusion of iands produces that mental indigestion vhich contemporary observers (especially mong the literary folk) probably refer to vhen they bewail the plight, dilemma, or haos in which they find themselves or heir neighbors.

An astonishing variety of solutions for his problem is offered by partisans of hurch, state, art, and science. Religionists ither reiterate their belief in the old in-antations or else attempt the precarious alancing act of the reconciler. The state naintains an official attitude that is al-nost entirely traditional. The behavior-sts, it appears, take the dilemma by both iorns and throw it into the ash-can, dis-egarding the subjective desires and aims hat are actually so important to each one f us. The artists recommend everything rom suicide, through resignation and ex-atriation, to poetry. Yes, poetry. Listen gain to Mr. Richards:

> The remedy . . . is to cut our pseudo-statements free from belief, and yet retain them, in this released state, as the main instruments by which we order our attitudes to one another and to the world. Not so desperate a remedy as may appear, for poetry conclusively shows that even the most important among our attitudes can be aroused and maintained without any belief entering in at all. The attitude of Tragedy, for example. . . .
>
> It is very probable that the Hindenburg Line to which the defense of our traditions retired as a result of the onslaughts of the last century will be blown up in the near future. If this should happen a mental chaos such as man has never experienced may be expected. We shall then be thrown back, as Matthew Arnold foresaw, upon poetry. It is capable of saving us; it is a perfectly possible means of overcoming chaos.

What Mr. Richards means is a question. But obviously he is desperate, for he takes he word of metaphysicians and thinks hat "it is fairly clear that genuine knowl-dge cannot serve us here and can only ncrease our practical control of nature." n such straits he turns for some sort of nner strength to a poetry in which he is ot to believe, for he insists that "if cience cannot answer these pseudo-ques-ions [the "What?" and "Why?" requests for encouragement] no more can poetry, philosophy, or religion."

The biological needs are clear enough to see and we know a great deal about them—quite sufficient to establish the futility of asceticism and give rise to a complete distrust of any ethics that involves us in serious conflict with them. Science has done this, and, I think, it will never be undone. And some philosophers, such as Bertrand Russell, who look as a matter of course to science for guidance, and who have a higher regard for the Good Life than they have for tradition, seem to place desires and aims in the same ethical category with physical needs. That is, they view these phenomena as being all in the nature of scientific data, which are to be observed and recorded and then accepted like other features of the universe with which we had better make our peace if we want to live happy ever after. But others are insistent upon making a sharp distinction between needs and desires. Olaf Stapledon, discussing Russell's ethics in the *International Journal of Ethics*, has this to say:

> We all know the state of not knowing what we want. At such times we desire one thing after another, but nothing satisfies. That which as a matter of fact would give a man satisfaction, whether he desires it or not, would (we may say) fulfil his need. This distinction between desire and need is very important for ethics, and I suggest that in Mr. Russell's view, what is best is not the fullest satisfaction of human desire but the fullest satisfaction of human need. We have immediate awareness of our desires, but not of our needs. Of course we are aware that we need something; but what we desire is not necessarily what we need. Desires are, as it were, felt approximations to needs, and often seriously in conflict with needs.

In other words, desires *may* be pathological. This leads me to believe that more important than trying to distinguish between desires and needs is the effort to discriminate between good and bad desires, on the ground that the former are of exactly the same ethical importance as needs. Here a scientific study of the immediate consequences of action issuing from desire is our only hope, since pre-

conceived standards are treacherous and remote or ultimate consequences are forever beyond our vision.

Tradition, for example, has often urged the cheap and easy way of repression, as Russell says.

> The saint must learn to renounce Self, must mortify the flesh and forego instinctive joys. This can be done, but its consequences are bad. Having renounced pleasure for himself, the ascetic saint renounces it for others also, which is easier. Envy persists underground, and leads him to the view that suffering is ennobling, and may therefore be legitimately inflicted. Hence arises a complete inversion of values: what is good is thought bad, and what is bad is thought good. The source of all the harm is that the Good Life has been sought in obedience to a negative imperative, not in broadening and developing natural desires and instincts.

Sensible men have always been prone to suspect something wrong with the ascetic ethic, but this clear and simple indictment could be brought only after scientific psychology had made a beginning in the study of repression and its effects. "Envy persists underground": there we have the hard kernel of necessary knowledge, which we owe to science.

The aim of human existence, in the rational view, is the satisfaction of needs and desires making for the happiness of the individual. Ethics, as I use the word, is the study of conduct from the point of view of its efficacy in furthering this aim. Science makes us aware of our needs, helps in distinguishing between healthy and pathological desires, tells us the probable results of action, and provides means for accomplishing our aims, and it is in consequence as significant in the ethical sphere as it is in the technical aspect of the modern world. This is my justification for adopting the term scientific ethics.

It may be properly applied, I think, to the mode of life adopted by a good many intelligent and independent men and women of today. If their venture away from traditional reliances is meeting with success, it should be clearly formulated for the benefit of others; and in any case their behavior is surely as worthy of detached study and solemn record as is that of some tribe of wormy South Carolinians or woolly South Sea Islanders.

GIFTED GALS

BY MARGARET COBB

Because the League of American Pen Women is more concerned with poetry than with politics or Prohibition certain other women's organizations have branded it as being unpatriotic, nay, even snooty and superior, if you please. But the accusation is groundless. The lady literati of the League are really quite as public-spirited as the gals in any guild that waves the American flag, and maybe more so. If you doubt it, regard the sentiments of Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, one of their recent presidents:

> We want to be a Power for the National Good. . . . This banding together of creative women can make itself felt as a stabilizing force in the land of our birth, whose traditions we cherish and whose original high ideals we strive to uphold.

Could any words testify more convincingly to the patriotic purposes of the Pen Women? And if there is still any dubiety on this score, let it be pointed out that the official colors of the League are red, white and blue; that its annual convention each and every year is staged in Washington, D. C.; and that as many D. A. R.'s as could wheedle their way into the organization are now among its members. As for the League's reputation for being snooty—well, let us consider the case of a middle-aged, prosperous lady who, not so long ago, yearned to become a member. She had heard what a sweet and wonderful club the League is, but she was unacquainted with its rules, which say:

> Only such persons as are actively engaged in journalism or press work, or who are authors, illustrators (also musicians), are eligible to membership in the League.

Unfortunately, this lady was not engaged in any of the professions stipulated. In fact, her most strenuous regular activity heretofore had been leading Fifi out on leash. What to do? "Have you ever written verse?" encouragingly enquired a League examiner. She had, of course. "Well, then, why not sell it to a newspaper? Then show us your credentials and we'll be glad to take you in."

Thus enlightened, the applicant arrived one day, puffing and excited, in the office of a Washington newspaper editor. But, alas, her errand did not fructify; the unsympathetic editor refused to pay her so much as a penny for her lines. Even after she generously offered to pay him back at once, he refused to help her out. "Sorry, Madam," and so she was dismissed. Now, the point of narrating this touching incident is: Did the Pen Women act snooty toward the yearning aspirant? They did not. Soon after her first unsuccessful attempt to sell her verse, she was able by the aid of God to crash the poets' corner of another newspaper. Although she received no remuneration for her composition, the next time she applied for membership the League opened its portals to her (charging her an entrance fee of twenty dollars instead of the regulation fifteen), gave her the status of a student member, and extended to her all its social and literary privileges.

Chroniclers of the Gay Nineties neglect to record the meeting which gave birth to the Pen Women. This important event occurred on June 26, 1897, in the parlor of a palatial Park avenue residence in New York. Seventeen "earnest, interested women," among them a Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donoghue, a niece of the cele-

brated Henry Wadsworth, were present. This gathering was probably the first in history to give aid and encouragement to that much-maligned person, the lady poet, and in later years the new organization was amply rewarded for its humanity when nearly every woman joining its ranks displayed a marked genius for writing verse. But, as the membership rule previously quoted indicates, other talents than verse-making were also befriended, and that the venerable founders thirty-one years back appreciated the potency of the booster spirit is seen in the motto they adopted: "One for all, and all for one," and in what they proposed should be the object of the clan: "To band together . . . for the strength that comes of union." For an emblem that would suitably represent the League, the founders decided upon a triangle whose sides were formed by a pen, a pencil, and a brush, surrounding a hoot-owl—symbolic of silence, they said. Having completed the details of organization, they set out to disseminate their propaganda. At first, it was all uphill work, for the weaker sex, as the bobbed horde was spoken of in those days, responded apathetically.

After fifteen months, however, the ladies decided that it was time to assemble for a first annual meeting. On this occasion a Miss Bell Van Sherwood reported rapturously: "We take much pleasure in announcing that the League of American Pen Women has grown . . . into a duly incorporated association of more than half a hundred active pen women from Maine to Texas, from New York to California." The roster she called included "authors, poets, illustrators, magazine contributors, journalists, and practical, everyday newspaper writers." Further on she reported: "We are one of a few women's clubs admitted into the International League of Press Clubs—a large, influential body." And one notes that one of the first causes espoused by the League was that of "The Pressing Need of a National Home for Journalists."

Since those remote days of muslin underwear and Marie Corelli romances, nineteen States, mostly Southern and Western, have each produced at least one active chapter in the League of American Pen Women. Even in Hawaii a group of American colonists' wives has developed writer's itch badly enough to want to join. In its earliest days the League headquarters were in New York. For a number of years now, though, a liberal initiation fee and equally liberal annual dues permit the renting of a two-room suite in the Mayflower Hotel, Washington. This suite the gifted gals designate as their temporary hang out, for they cherish a hope, sustained by the sum of three thousand odd dollars in bank, that some day they will have a building all their own. The visitor today is impressed with the fact that there is no sign of books at the League headquarters. Sensing a question, the obliging office secretary says: "We really haven't room for books. When we move into our new home we expect to collect a volume of every book written by a Pen Woman."

II

Judging by the prodigious quantity of high-toned poetry manufactured daily by the fair versifiers of the League, it will have good reason to brag of the size of its future library. Practically all Leaguers, indeed, write verse, of one variety or another; they claim that it is the most healthful way of expressing the Inner Urge. "Whenever I feel anything very much," one Pen Woman is quoted as saying, "I always am impelled to put it into verse." That Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry* is cold to their products does not cause the poets to lose any sleep. Why should it? Myriads of other verse magazines, such as the *Circle*, the *Grail*, *Voices*, the *Oracle*, and the *Unicorn*, grab their stuff only too gladly. The eminent Prof. Braithwaite's poetry annual and Davis' "Anthology of Newspaper Verse" are also favorite outlets for the Pen

Women's exultations and laments. And there is still another way for them to exhibit their genius to a candid world—by publishing their prosody at their personal expense. Some time ago the Authors' League of America essayed to warn them that this method was "seldom successful from a financial point of view," but rich widows with money to burn naturally ignore the caution.

One of the most talented versifiers in the Pen Women's happy clan is Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips, of Pittsburgh. Reputed to be a wealthy society matron, Mrs. Phillips is a charming, full-bosomed lady, with definite traces of a once youthful beauty. She can boast of having held about every literary office available in Western Pennsylvania, from president of the Pittsburgh branch of the British Poetry Society to State vice-president of the Pennsylvania branch of the League of American Pen Women. But despite her diversified posts of honor, Mrs. Phillips has found time to write more sonnets, ballads, rondeaux, elegies, lyrics, and pastorals—both rhymed and in *vers libre*—than any of her colleagues. Among all the Pen Women she is regarded with deep affection. They speak of her as an emotional poet. And appropriately so. Consider, for a moment, her best-known poem, "The World Goes By":

I have quaffed the gall and vinegar, the dregs within the cup,
The bitter, bitter dregs within the cup.
I have cried out in my anguish, and no one heard my cry
As I quaffed the bitter dregs within the cup.
I yielded up my spirit, and no one heard my cry,
The night is strangely lonesome, for one about to die.
I have quaffed the gall and vinegar, and bid the world go by.

So now that I am desolate and nailed to the cross,
So desolate and nailed to the cross,
I know how lonely one can be when all the world goes by,
As they did when You were nailed to the cross.
Into Your hands, O Lord, my spirit I commend,
For my bones have turned to water—yet my heart now yearns to send
A plea for all the desolate—You will your pity lend?
A sword has pierced my heart, and I am helpless now,
I call on You; yes, I am helpless now.
I yield my will to Yours, and humbly bow my head,
For well I know that I am helpless now—
With an empty, empty heart, and an empty, empty head.
I am lost, but You will find me—though my setting sun be red—
The shaft once pierced Your heart, and on the cross You bled.

Or regard another achievement by her, called "Aftermath," which begins:

Each loved the other;
She was his wife,
He was her mate.
Not the love of a brother
Made him love life
Wrestling with fate.

and continues:

They tasted elixir
Brewed in the chalice
Of love's understanding.

Out in Pittsburgh Mrs. Phillips is lauded for her civic interest: she wrote not only the Pennsylvania State song, but also a set of dithyrambs dedicated to the Smoky City. This last poem, which is entitled "Pittsburgh," appeared in a newspaper column thus:

Along the murky sky the white clouds stream
Above the muddy river and the hills.
The smoking chimneys top the myriad mills
Where brain and brawn are spent, as
Team on team
Of toilers tend the furnace-fires, that gleam
Again on lurid skies. The siren shrills—
Out pour the men—another corps then fills
The maw, to work, to weld the City's dream. . . .

A wicked make-up man was no doubt responsible for the familiar words, "Advertise and Get Results," which ended the poem.

Two years ago members of the New York chapter struck upon the admirable idea of collecting their poetry under one head and publishing it at subscription rates. The result of their inspiration is a volume entitled "An Anthology of Modern Poetry." This impressive tome contains "two hundred poems of varied forms and rhythms," of "enduring and eclectic quality." What the reader will particu-

larly appreciate is a convenient classification of the poems in sections labeled: Love, Fantasy, Remembrance, Aspiration, Land, Water, Motherhood, Youth, Legend, Home, Twilight, Moods, Glamour, and so on. With a handy list like this, one is spared the trouble of hunting a poem to suit one's taste. Those who planned the book devoted an entire section to elegies immortalizing Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, John Butler Yeats, Eleonora Duse, Steinmetz, O. Henry, and one or two other immortal personages. A piquant critique of the short-story master may be found in a poem that starts this way:

> And now they name a race horse after him.
> But he is dead. I mean O. Henry.

and closes:

> And now they name a race horse after him!
> Fame is a jester and he flings his bells
> Into the chaos of Eternity!

Under the section marked "Twilight" are the dramatic lines:

> Six men shot themselves in June
> For love, or pride's disgrace;
> A girl, whose lyre was out of tune,
> Sought death in an embrace!

And in the same division this poem also catches your fancy:

> Alixe is dead. Oh, yes, quite dead!
> Tall candles burn at foot and head
> Of her quaint Old World teakwood bed. . . .

The section on Love yields many pages of refined reading. Here let me explain that nearly all the ladies handle the subject with a chaste, almost spiritual pen. But occasionally a contributor slips up with a stanza that might be interpreted as not strictly conventional. Here, for example, are some passionate phrases from "The Heart of a Vestal":

> But I have love to give, I tell you—Love!
> Wasting itself, and me, in agony . . .
> And I will make the one who chooses me
> Forget his other, trifling amours . . . I
> am beautiful!

Again, there is "Unknown":

> Women no man has loved,
> Who have never known the wild hands of love,
> Who never felt their veins on fire
> With great desire—
> Who never had a lover bend above.
>
> Women no man has loved,
> What is your crown for loneliness?
> What compensation do you own
> For no caress?
> For motherhood you have not known?
>
> (When the moon is risen white,
> I wonder, do you sleep alone at night?)

The evil-minded may give a questionable twist to these particular treatments of the love theme, but if it is done, it is done unjustly. No one could be more pure-minded than these lady literati. As witness:

> Mary Magdalen in Heaven
>
> How strange that they on earth have given me
> The name of one all filled with deadly sin!
> Who but a wanton free had ever been
> Till Christ redeemed her from her misery;
> While I was pure and proud, a Pharisee,
> And merciless until I strove to win
> His smile, Who cured the madness dark within
> My mind and drew me to His ministry.
>
> But would I have it other when my name
> Comforts the countless outcast ones who weep
> On earth's cold breast for weariness and shame?—
> Their tears and prayers in my heart I keep;
> My tender love embraces all mankind,
> For this is heaven, to see with God's own mind!

A pertinent notation is appended to these lines, explaining that "Mary Magdalene was not a sinner but a woman of substance who ministered unto Christ after He had cured her of a mental malady."

It is the opinion of a certain League poet that writing verse is simply dealing with everyday prose topics in a "poemy way." This interesting theory probably explains why the range of subjects tackled by the League rhapsodists is practically limitless. Whether the subject is motherhood, or evolution, or pansies, or the World Court, the versatile rhymesters of the organization are capable of embalming it in verse.

Whenever a member rolls up a record in poem production her colleagues mark the fact with loud hosannas. Witness a California dispatch which appeared a while back in the League's official bulletin:

To Miss Cristel Hastings goes the palm for having produced the greatest number of poems. She wrote fifty poems since January. [That was in June]

More recently Mrs. May Folwell Hoisington, of New York, was the recipient of lavish compliments for publishing five hundred poems in five years, a record almost worthy of Edgar Guest or Sacheverell Sitwell. Of course, all the members can hardly hope to equal the feats of Miss Hastings, Mrs. Hoisington or Mrs. Phillips, but nevertheless they are constantly persuaded to try. Each branch of the L. A. P. W. elects a poetry chairman whose chief duty is to accelerate the sisters' lagging pens. She it is who urges every now and then that

members of the poetry group, also poets of the League not in the group, write a quatrain and send it in before the next meeting.

As an added incentive the League guarantees its poets, budding and full-blown, an audience. Could a mother do more for her children? That they take advantage of this opportunity the bulletin reports bear ample proof. "Minnie J. Hardy, of San Diego," we learn, "put on an entire programme of her poems at the Poetry Society Club of Salt Lake City." Or, "Reading from her book, 'Indian Legends Done Into Verse,' Mrs. Wellington I. Clayes (Santa Clara county) gave a notable programme for members and guests of the branch." Similar news radiates from the Knoxville chapter, where the group "was honored by the Ossoli Circle, the oldest . . . club in the South, with tea in February. The Pen Women presented a programme of original poems and short stories. . . . Poems were read by Mrs. Emma Lee Rice, president of the local branch; Miss Olive Watkins, Mrs. May Gibson Sherbakoff, and Mrs. Jessie Norton. Miss Corona Remington read one of her mountain sketches, and Mrs. Eldredge read her poem, 'A Call to Prayer'."

A noble and patriotic movement which the League is credited with is the sponsoring of more Poet Laureate chairs throughout the United States. According to reports, the ladies think it is nothing short of disgraceful that only a few States have official poets to hymn their beauties. Such States are West Virginia, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma, California and Kentucky. Down in Tarheelia the Pen Women do not conceal their ambition to establish a Poet Laureate, for on their monthly folder, the *Pioneer*, they carry the slogan, "A Poet for Carolina." Mrs. Sarah A. Heinzerling, a favorite poet of Statesville, is said to be directing the movement down there; there are those who believe she is an aspirant for the Parnassian seat, should the State legally provide one. An indication of her talent is afforded by her sonnet without a title, printed in the *Pioneer:*

Oh, woman, of the outcast underworld,
You traveled far upon your road of shame
Before your Maker's final summons came,
And, unrepentant, your poor soul was whirled
Into His holy presence. Was it hurled
From Him in righteous anger? Did He blame
You, only, for the long life of ill fame—
The smirching of a temple God impearled?

Or did He look with pity on your plight,
And render mercy to the wretch whose race
Was handicapped by lewdness, handed down,
By her forefathers, roisterers by night,
Whose secret sins, in their due time and place,
Brought forth a wanton-woman of the town?

III

Certain over-sophisticated souls, who are forever taking the joy out of life by making cutting remarks, have spread the gossip that the Pen Women spend nearly all their time running around to tea parties, bridge games, luncheons or literary meetings. On the surface of things, perhaps, these malicious insinuations appear to be verified. It is true, and the Leaguers freely admit it is true, that they do have parties; they play bridge a great deal, and they have luncheons and literary meetings—oodles of them. But over and above their manifold social functions the ladies work very hard and very seriously. In fact, a harder working lot could not be found on God's green earth. "We of the League," an organization enthusiast once wrote to her fellow-members, "are blazing

a fine trail in women's literary and musical accomplishment." Her statement is substantiated by the Pen Women's activities as reported in the official L. A. P. W. bulletin. Each month the paper sets aside a department headed "Published Works." In this space the scribes of the League strut their achievements. Turning to a recent issue, one notes the following new works enumerated:

> Hazel Hindmarsh, treasurer of the Colorado branch, has recently sold the following juvenile material: Serial, "Lynn Learns to Live"; short stories: "Sister Sally's Sewing Kit," "Ben to the Rescue," "Blue Eyes for the Grass," "Benny Bear's Business"; articles: "Newspapers, Past and Present," "Pins and Pin-money," "Doris Does it All."
>
> Edna M. Colman, "Paid a Million Dollars for Beauty," Dearborn *Independent*.
>
> Irene Jean Crandall, "Voice and Gesture," Dramatic Publishing Company.
>
> Mrs. Blanche Ferguson, "Right from Paris," *Collier's;* "While Potatoes Baked," *American Cookery;* "Patty Joe's Birthday," *Young Catholic Messenger*.
>
> Mrs. Isabel Fleck, "When They Stopped to Think," *American Cookery;* "The Magic Lady," *American Cookery*.
>
> Mrs. Vera Macbeth Jones, "Danny Goes Druid," *Catholic World*.
>
> Poems by Anne Kelledy Gilbert in Washington *Post:* "Vagabonding," "Dreaming," "Neighbors."
>
> Poem, "The Seasons and the Vine," in *Christian Science Monitor*, by Caroline Lawrence Dier, State vice-president, Colorado branch.

There are occasions, of course, when a Pen Woman's lucubrations assume such importance that a perfunctory notice in the Published Works column is scarcely considered sufficient recognition. As a matter of fact, every member whose dues are paid has the League's solemn oath that it will give "exploitation to any book not self-published." Incidentally, we are told that this exploitation is intended to work two ways: "Either the author is famous and *we* need the publicity, or the author is not famous and *she* needs the publicity."

The organization's exploitation machinery was called into glorious action several years ago when Mrs. Edna M. Colman, then president of the League, wrote a book entitled "Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip." How the machinery was set going is explained in an account written by Mrs. H. S. Mulliken, former publicity agent for the Daughters of the American Revolution, and then news editor of the bulletin. "We are all just bustin' with pride," she wrote breathlessly. "Rally to Mrs. Colman's support! Boost the sale of the book! . . . Go after the bookshops for displays! Get the radio to review it!" Then, as if even these admonitions were too mild, "Use our woman's prerogative—talk about the book, praise it, read it, start everyone else reading it. Speed up there, girls!" That such efforts to obtain publicity are sanctioned by the League may be seen in a dictum of Mrs. Seton's: "Why should we not display our wares? It is being done this age."

Her worshipful colleagues frequently used to consult Mrs. Colman for inspiration and advice. Evidently she was a sympathetic mentor, for each month she doled out uplifting messages, *via* the bulletin, on this order:

> Bring forth the lagging, ailing novel. Turn upon it the *x*-ray of constructive criticism and the full battery of unemotional judgment—Revamp it! Recopy it! Send it forth to meet its fate with the New Year! So with the anæmic plays, the wobbly poems and the sickly scenarios!

But her choicest contribution to the girls' stock of pep was:

> As literature is considered to be but life selected and condensed into books, let us pick for our literature life that is clean, rosy with dreams, vibrant with romance and illusions and fearless with ideals.

Mrs. Colman's lofty words, by the way, were apparently lost upon the person who compiles market tips for the bulletin, for among the magazines she lists are *New Sensations*, *Cupid's Diary*, *True Confessions*, *Whiz Bang*, *Paris and Hollywood*, *Secrets*, *Snappy Stories*, *True Marriage Stories*, and *I Confess*.

Wearers of the L. A. P. W. badge boast that hundreds of Pen Women who now are engaged in writing jewelers' circulars, juvenile fiction, government pamphlets, society columns, or novelettes never com-

posed a line in their lives before they reached middle age. This interest in belated literary careers reveals the splendid assistance which the organization provides for its members. A monthly market list, advising the ladies where they may peddle their wares, is but one service the League renders. At national headquarters, a group of eight experts consecrated to act as a "manuscript service bureau," deals out, free of charge, information on anything from "How to Interview a Celebrity" to "The Importance of Knowledge of Technic of Short Stories." I quote from a helpful bit of advice issued by the bureau:

> Fiction writers often become involved in scenes which call for foreign characters who sooner or later must speak. Assemble nationalistic exclamations, such as:
>
> "Begorra."
>
> "Ach Himmel."
>
> "Zounds," or "Righto," according to the era of the Englishman.
>
> "Mon Dieu."
>
> And don't neglect "Car-r-ramba!" Be sure to sound that fiery expletive upon the arrival of any Spaniard.

Thus far the bureau unfortunately has not been in a position to provide that ultimate service—selling the author's manuscript. "The market editor," we read in the bulletin, "regrets she has been obliged to return several manuscripts sent to headquarters to be placed with editors. The bureau is *not* a placing agency. It cannot send manuscripts to editors nor insure their acceptance."

But if the publishing marts treat her unkindly, as they sometimes do, the enterprising Pen Woman still has another means of exercising her creative ability upon the human race. She enters contests,—a very lucrative field—, any contests: newspaper, slogan, poetry or movie scenario. And in this enterprise she has the organization's hearty approval. Both the national and branch report sheets tip her when there are any contests going on, and chirp with joy if she grabs a prize. "Nancy Buckley, San Francisco," says a bulletin notice, "won second place in giving the country a National Fire Prevention Slogan—'A Burning House is a Burning Shame'." On one or two occasions notices have appeared of members having movie scenarios accepted. An example is that of a League lady who wrote a cinema drama entitled "Pagan Passions." (Did the author forget that in 1925 the League was pledged to support Elder Will Hays' crusade for purer pictures?) This taste for literary competition is strongly fostered by the League. For the purpose of "developing latent talent among our members and to call forth a type of creative product that shall reflect creditably upon the League," both the national body and the local chapters annually authorize a series of contests of their own. Prizes, ranging from five and fifteen dollars in the branch contests to the lucrative one hundred dollars in the national, are awarded for novels, essays, plays, poems, "short syndicate features," "a bit of sculpture," advertisements, illustrations and musical compositions.

When the League first launched upon its illustrious career, lady composers were not invited to join. Several years later, however, the lyrical members began to express a desire to have their songs set to music. The membership committee considered the inspiration noble, and after that the followers of Orpheus were coaxed into the clan. Although overwhelmingly outnumbered by their literary sisters, the musical Pen Women now frequently participate in the League activities, as one observes in these items gleaned from the organization literature:

> A Mrs. Russell Malcolm of California dedicated a military march, "Los Angeles' Own," to the 116th Infantry, California National Guard.
>
> A Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer wrote the music, while Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick, honorary president of the Illinois League of American Pen Women, wrote the words to a song entitled "I Write to Three (*sic*), Dearest."
>
> In 1925 Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mary Turner Salter, Harriet Ware, Ethel Glen Hier and Gena Branscombe were listed as members of the L. A. P. W.
>
> A prize of $100 is awarded to the best musical composition entered in the League's annual contest.

The New York branch, and other chapters, conduct mixed choruses and occasionally give choral concerts.

Regarding the artistic element represented in the League, there is regrettably little to report, but in lieu thereof I quote an enlightening comment on painting in a recent bulletin:

> Do any of you know the world's most famous picture? . . . The painting is "His Master's Voice," by Francis Barraud. . . . They say this painting is now valued at $5,000,000 and Barraud received a pension from the gramaphone company who purchased it.

Although the ladies apparently marvel at the market value of M. Barraud's *chef d'oeuvre*, in their own fields of endeavor they do not consider the financial rewards of paramount importance. "Our talent is simply entrusted to us," a League leader once reminded her associates. "It is well sometimes . . . to work for the sheer joy of producing beauty."

IV

To the chronic clubwoman whose whole existence evolves around meetings of one sort or another, the League must represent the ideal organization. Morning, noon or night—there is always something going on in any town where it has a chapter. A three-ring circus could not supply a greater variety of shows than its regular monthly calendar. This applies to Sundays as well as weekdays in places where the Blue Laws are not too harsh. A glance over last February's activities of the New York branch will illustrate the nature of these various affairs:

> 5th (Sunday), 3 P.M. Hotel Astor, Lecture, "Fourth Dimension," by Mary Allen, psychologist.
>
> 7th, 3 P.M. Poetry meeting at 1172 Park avenue.
>
> 10th, 3 P.M. A League poet, Faith Vilas, invited the ladies to an "intimate dress rehearsal" of her play, "The Maker of Souls."
>
> 12th (Sunday), 3 P.M. Lecture, "Finding Individual Art Expression."
>
> 13th, 4:15 P.M. League radio programme from WEAF. Miss Anita Browne read a book of poetry by one of her colleagues.
>
> 13th, 8 P.M. Executive board meeting.
>
> 14th, 1 P.M. League luncheon. Mrs. Frances Kautz Read spoke on "Perils of a Playwright." H. P. Davis, author of "Black Democracy," addressed the ladies on "Haiti and Its Problems," and a poet member read her poems.
>
> 14th, 2:30 P.M. Short-story sessions. The ladies were advised to "bring an unsigned short story . . . and get good, constructive criticism."
>
> 14th, 8 P.M. Choral rehearsal.
>
> 16th, 8 P.M. A fellowship meeting, informal reception of new members, and a poetry contest. "Twenty poems which have been selected by outside judges from those submitted for the contest" were read and voted upon, each person present being entitled to a vote.
>
> 19th (Sunday). Lecture, "Modern American Poetry," by Mrs. Vilas, "poet, playwright, and composer."
>
> 21st. Drama session. The chairman "issued a call for comedies and dramas."
>
> 26th (Sunday). Lecture, "Physical Fitness of Women."
>
> 28th, 2:30 P.M. Session for market tips. Members told to bring "stories, poems, manuscripts, etc."
>
> 29th, 7 P.M. League dinner, Fifth Avenue Hotel. Major Curtis Hidden Page, president of the Poetry Society of America, spoke on "Poetry and Its Audience"; Fannie Hurst was a guest of honor and speaker, and a League poet read her poems.

Allusion to the presence of Miss Hurst as guest of honor and speaker at the monthly dinner shows us that the League, like the Quota Club, International, and the other go-getting feminine guilds, can compare favorably with the men's clubs when it comes to practicing the fine old art of lion-hunting. Red-letter days are those when the Leaguers can be clubby with a visiting celebrity. This fêting business invariably draws hot copy from the bulletin editor. "The holiday dinner was brilliant, colorful and festive," she will write. "Hendrik Van Loon, the distinguished writer, spoke on the subject, 'I Don't Know What Art Is, But I Do Know What I Like.' His address radiated depth of thought, keen analysis and subtle philosophy." On another occasion the presence of the gifted Mrs. Gertrude Atherton inspired this: "The San Francisco branch held a clever meeting under the title of a 'Wrangle,' about books of today, with such distinguished wranglers as Gertrude Atherton . . . and other national writers on the programme. It is said a wrangle is something less dignified than a debate and requires short, snappy speeches."

Incidentally, it has long been a tradition

of the League to bestow honorary membership upon all women celebrities willing to accept its hospitality. Ostensibly, an honorary member must have "rendered aid or encouragement to the cause of pen women." In the course of time the following have appeared on the honor list: Mrs. Warren Gamaliel Harding, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Wilson, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Margaret Sanger, Elsie Janis, Gene Stratton Porter, Mrs. Champ Clark, Ellen Glasgow, Virginia Tunstall, Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Julia Cantacuzene Speransky, Helen Rowland and Grace Richmond. For a number of years the bulletin referred to Miss Reese as the "national poetry chairman" of the League. Recently, however, it became known that she had withdrawn her affiliation. Last Winter the New York chapter, endeavoring to compile a League roster, searched in vain for the whereabouts of Mrs. Sanger and Miss Janis. And just the other day an honorary member voted into the League confided that she was ready to bolt the clan. Why? Because, she explained, in taking her in, the gals had exerted undue pressure. Imagine speaking of a hospitable invitation as "pressure!" There's ingratitude for you!

To be sure, these cases of ladies deserting the ranks are exceptional. As a rule, Pen Women—especially the poets—stick loyally. For well do they know that few other clubs will give them the æsthetic support that the League offers. The truth of this statement was poignantly brought home not so long ago. When news got about that the sob sisters in Washington were planning to organize a Woman's Press Club, the local members of the League were a-twitter, hoping to join the new organization. But their ardor was short lived. The newspaper girls, instead of welcoming the eager Pen Women who flocked by the dozen to the first Press Club meeting, literally showed them the door, excusing their shameful behavior by saying that "only women who *earn* their living by writing" were permitted to join. As though money were everything in this world! This bitter experience helped our Leaguers to realize, more than ever before, that they would be happier staying right in their own bailiwick, where their gifts are fully appreciated.

As this is being written, Pen Women from all over the States are preparing to attend their annual shindig at the Capital. In splendor and noise none of the other powwows that go on in Washington can compare to this one. It inspires the League president to sing: "Spring is in the land! Washington is burgeoning! The time to eat, drink and make merry is at hand!" And in answer to her summons, her protégées, gathering up their glad rags, go flying to Washington. The occasion is a gala one especially for the D. A. R. members affiliated with the League. Before the flabbergasted delegates they demonstrate how effectively flag-waving may be employed when gunning for Congressmen and other eminent men for the League speakers' programmes. They are also usually prevailed upon to invite "women, prominent in the social and official life of the Capital" to serve as patronesses. The party lasts the better part of a week; sometimes with disastrous results, if we may believe the report of the erstwhile Editor Mulliken. Writing of the convention of the League in 1925, she said: "All of us went to bed and stayed there three days, dead to the world."

THE VESTMENTS OF THE MALE

BY FRANCES ANNE ALLEN

A PARADE is going by! There's an unaccustomed flash of color in the city street. The brasses blare. Men in brave red trousers, red coats with gold braid, and little monkey caps with fezzes swing down the dull avenue and brighten it up for a moment. Men in drab grays and browns and blacks hurry to the curb, a light in their eyes, a quickening in their pulses, a young alive feeling in their breasts, and watch these gorgeous creatures . . . creatures like themselves, who, except for this brief venture into the land of color, are wont to wear these same drab grays and browns and blacks, but now are god-like in their brilliant hues. What if they are fertilizer agents, dry cleaners, or in the vermin exterminator game during their workaday lives? Now they are daredevils, persons of importance.

The man on the curb genuinely envies them. He cranes his neck after the parade until it turns a corner. Then the light fades from his eyes, his pulse slows down, and he moves into the dun-colored stream on the sidewalk, utterly undistinguishable from his fellows. Something wells up within him—a protest against the tradition that keeps him in his unlovely colors—, and he determines to buy that flaming red necktie after all.

What a pity that the lord of the earth has become so subdued! What a pity that he must confine his desires for brilliant raiment to his neckties, his pajamas, and his dressing gowns! Lately, he has added striped underpants to the list—things that almost no one but himself can enjoy the sight of—, but even in them he is furtive, and is apt to protest half-heartedly to the salesmen, "But don't you think they are a bit violent?"

Now, after one hundred years of intense struggle to get out from under the maggoty tradition of ugliness that the reign of Queen Victoria plunged the world into, there begins to gleam upon the horizon a glimmer of hope for the blue-serge American hero. Though he is still unhappily drab in his daily attire, in sports clothes he is making a stab at decking himself out in the colors that once were used as foils for his eyes and hair and complexion. Experimental excursions into proudly patterned sweaters and golf hose have given him a taste of the joys that would be his, could fashion but turn back to the days when man surpassed woman in the art of dress. That small taste is making him avid for more, and it may, indeed, be but a matter of time before he will once more parade the earth in the role of peacock, which, according to the males of all creation from the dodo to the humble though brightly warted tomato worm, is rightfully his.

A brave attempt to bring him back to this God-given estate was made in 1914. The leading British woolen manufacturers called in artists of no mean repute, and behind closed doors bade them insert rich purples, magentas, and blues into their utilitarian fabrics. This they did in such a gentle manner that it did not shock the timid male, but rather lured him without his knowing quite why. The colors glowed from the woolen suitings in an altogether subtle way, but that there was a distinct undercurrent of life in them was undeniable. The venture was a success

oth artistically and commercially, and othing but an act of God or the public nemy could have stopped it.

It flourished for two months—and then ame the war. America's supply of these poch-making materials was immediately ut off, and before long her men joined the ther olive drab hordes, and there was no ime to think of color. The American male, ver impressionable, was so taken in by ncasing his mind and body in olive drab, hat he has had a hard time getting out rom under it, and is only now beginning o emerge from its deadening effects and o grope toward the sunshine and color hat have been his in the far past.

II

n those days, he was not so fussy about aving the constant small changes in the ut of his clothes that have marked the Twentieth Century. It is a generally accepted error that man has now dug himelf into a deep rut in the matter of fashons, and that they have witnessed little hange in the past two decades. Such is ot the case. If you doubt it, try to exhume suit of clothes of the vintage of 1922 and ee whether you have the moral stamina o wear it on the street. Find one, if you an, that was made in 1908, and by all neans unearth a hat that was given to he world in the same year. If it could be onceived that you would wear them, it s certain that passers-by would eye you opefully, in anticipation of your handing ut chewing gum in advertisement of omething or other.

But when the head of the family was rrayed in brilliant colors, one style did im very nicely for anywhere from fifty to wo hundred years, and even longer. Let s take a cinematic view of America's sarorial ancestors and see what a contented eing was man when he outdid the ladies n splendor of raiment.

In the beginning, as the fairy tales have t, there was Adam. According to the culptors he wore a maple leaf, and probably on Sundays an oak leaf. Both of these were more resplendent than the simple fig leaf that constituted Eve's wardrobe. It can easily be hazarded that Adam picked and preserved his leaves in the Fall of the year when they were most gloriously hued, and the donning of them doubtless gave him a distinct sense of superiority.

Lightly spanning a number of centuries, we find that the early Anglo-Saxon changed the maple leaf to a garment that appears to have been the father of red flannels. This was known as the "scarlet close dress which set tight to his body." After having spent a couple of seasons shivering in the bleak winds that drove across the barren moors, he had no notion of allowing another Winter to catch him without his woolies. Over this close dress he wore a tunic of forest green, which hung open, disclosing tantalizing little peeps of scarlet every now and then. Upon his feet he wore leather sandals secured in front with golden clasps. Gold bracelets he wore upon his arms, and a broad collar of gold encircled his stalwart neck. Thus he cut a rather wicked figure as he galloped off on good old Dolly to the current crusade.

His costume merged into that of the Middle Ages. Between going off to little private wars on Monday morning and getting back in time for dinner Friday night, the Middle Age man of fashion evinced his interest in the mode by dallying and toying with his tunic, the revered ancestor of the modern shirt. First he let it drop to the ground, then he shortened it, then lengthened it, then shortened it again, and finally gave himself up to new and intricate designs in girdles set with precious stones. Through a bird's eye the earth seemed peopled with a race of women—a sad situation indeed. One may well imagine that the maiden of the time got little kick out of moonlight walks or clandestine meetings with a swain who more resembled an aunt of her mother's than a promising suitor.

Early in the Fourteenth Century the

tunic, as such, was discarded, and some male with a handsome form invented the cotehardie, a body-tight garment that reached to the hips. Its companion garment was tights. Sometimes these were striped, and sometimes one leg was of a different hue from that of its fellow. A manly thigh in those days thus meant more than a manly chest, and a well-rounded calf more than a well-rounded education. Obese gentlemen shook with trepidation at the sight of tights, and for quite a time clung to their flowing robes. But in the end the power of fashion proved itself, and they gave in and allowed their wobbly thighs to come under the public gaze.

The Fifteenth Century saw a waistcoat smuggled in underneath the cotehardie, which eventually got loosened up and became the forerunner of the present-day sack coat. It also saw the introduction of small black velvet stiff-brimmed hats, and it ushered in the codpiece and apologetically decorated it with ribbons. Since Rabelais devoted three volumes to the codpiece there is no need for my going into the matter here.

Late in the Sixteenth Century a female named Mrs. Turner invented a récipé for yellow starch, and the stuff was applied with zeal to the Italian ruffs which Queen Elizabeth wore, and which consequently were adopted by her boy friends and the nation at large. Men suffer to this day from that invention, and American men have suffered from it more than others, for it seems to have had a horrible fascination for them. Starch, as we all know, has produced millions of angry red rashes, and subsequent angry oaths. It has caused more perspiration to flow over a given area than any Turkish bath has ever engendered. Men will doubtless be glad to know that the meddling Mrs. Turner ended her life on the gallows in Tyburn, although for another crime.

In the middle of the Seventeenth Century the Puritans brought starch to America, and spread the blighting effects of Cromwell by starting the new country out in drab gray and brown and black. They bred into America the idea that any other colors were lascivious and would call forth the devil in man, and cause him to lift his eye from the prayer book and allow it to rest upon a modest feminine ankle or a prohibited curve, if such there were within his range of vision. To them, as is well known, ugliness was godliness, and frills and fripperies inventions of the depraved. The Puritans' doublets and breeches fitted badly. Their hats were wide and stark and their cloaks sloppy.

But the relief with which Cromwell's death groans were greeted resulted in such a sweeping revolution in man's dress in England that America, happily, could not escape from it. The gentleman who was not a Puritan at heart, but who had been led astray by their dour influence, gave his deplorable garments to the public scavenger and soon blossomed forth in a hat that fairly creaked under its weight of nodding feathers. He adopted a bright little coat that was cut low enough in front to allow a dazzling cascade of white frills to escape from the fine white linen shirt beneath. He sewed bunches of gay colored ribbons to his breeches in joyous abandon, and caused wide lace ends to be affixed to his cravat. His magnificent periwig fell gracefully over his shoulders, and as he tripped along the boulevard on his high-heeled shoes there were many hopeful flutterings among feminine breasts. His reaction to his former incarceration in unbecoming hues gave birth to a century of dandyism, which made even the carrying of a coat an art.

The era of the dandies is engulfed in an avalanche of gold lace, silk, satin, brocade, flowered embroidery, and giddiness. It was an era of great gamblers, copious wine-drinkers, and civil, well-spoken gentlemen. It was an era of beautiful gestures. Man's soul was at peace; he gave himself up utterly to being a perfect specimen, with no sordid cares or sordid colors in his life. He fought his duels with clean, flashing

apiers; he thought flashing, two-edged noughts; he wore flashing, resplendent ues. He was the wonder and despair of ne ladies.

The dandy did not live merely to dress, ut to decorate the art of living, and he ad a hell of a good time at it. Style was a ult with him; individuality the expression f superiority. Life was a veritable bacchanalia of color and held pitfalls for he inartistic, but no one cared. But alas! he revelry was a dance of death, for legance in man's attire was making its ast courtly bow.

The dandy, ever alert for distinctiveness, aw in the beginning of the Nineteenth entury that his only hope lay in subdued olors, and over in England the greatest andy of them all, Beau Brummel, startled he gorgeous world by appearing in long lack trousers strapped under his boots, a awn-colored waistcoat, a dark-blue coat vith brass buttons, a spotless white neckloth, a tall silk hat, and white gloves vhich he carried in his hand. In his very nobtrusiveness he was highly conspicuus, and colors suddenly became crude in ontrast.

Oh, sad moment for the lord of the arth! His climb to the apex of perfection esulted in a dull crash down into abysmal gliness. America followed the new fashons without thought of protest. It was Beau Brummel who oiled the first step of hat fall, and Queen Victoria who ran ahead f man's tumbling form, dusting off the succeeding steps. With herd-like submission e allowed his magnificent contours to be rowned in a sea of unlovely colors, the ow level of which had never before been escended to. He became timid and shrinking, and struggled but feebly with the hains of ugly conservatism. He forgot ow to gamble elegantly, how to drink vith finesse, and how to add to his reperory of stories that might be told in the resence of ladies. He played nursemaid to he infant Industrialism, and spent so nuch time washing its diapers that his nowledge of the arts became obliterated.

III

Victoria, that shrewd, dowdy, smug, and commercial wet nurse of Industrialism, imposed upon England and America alike the colossal myth of respectability. And she did something else. She gave woman the idea of independence. Heretofore, woman's dress had been considerably inferior to man's. Her styles had always deferentially followed his. She had never known any better, and therefore had never objected to the situation. But now, with man's clothes so unmitigatedly awful, she simply couldn't follow his lead and retain any femininity at all, and so she got her first chance to deck herself out more gloriously than the male. It went to her head.

She handled her new plaything, Style, clumsily, and did atrocious things to her silhouette in the form of bustles, leg o' mutton sleeves, and dust-catching trains. She adopted plaids and stripes even more violent than man's ever were. They gave her a new sense of power, and she began to breathe as deeply as her corsets would allow. She looked about her and took more interest in Life. It was ominous. The germ of the modern woman was nurtured in the new-found cradle of color, and though it was a very bad cradle, nevertheless it served her ultimate purpose. Man's styles, for the first time in history, were subordinated to woman's.

The unhappy American hero was plunged into a sordid orgy of insane overcoats cut short above the knee and fastened with elephantine discs. The silk hat, now relegated to ceremonial duties, was then imperative at every occasion from a trip to the corner grocery to a bicycle race. Shapeless trousers with huge, hideous checks distorted his legs. The frock coat became ludicrously elongated and flapped dismally about his knees. Its sleeves came down and generously covered his hands until it was almost an impossibility to extract a coin from the trousers' pocket for the horse-car driver.

The morning coat with comic little tails

was foisted upon him. In faint rebellion he took to the idiotic lounge jacket, which was cut so short and made to fit so tightly about the waist that it stood out in a debile flounce and exposed most of his seat, and fat men appeared to be wearing their wives' bustles. The Nineteenth Century man was distressed at the figure he cut, and in desperation grew Dundreary whiskers and perched a niggardly derby hat above his brow, both of which merely added to the doleful vision.

Even the costumes of his recreations were monstrosities. When he left the chaos and whirl of the city behind and betook himself to the seaside, he donned an outfit that was nothing more nor less than a suit of striped underwear chopped off below the knees and above the elbows. Its placket from neck to navel with the attendant pearl buttons told all too plainly how he entered the contraption. It is a wonder that he derived any pleasure at all from the diversion of swimming.

When he went to play tennis, the tyranny of starch held him in such an iron grip that he could not forswear the four-inch collar above which his cheeks bulbed out in a distinctly mumpy manner. On the back of his head hung a negligible little cap, which neither helped nor hurt anything, but which had such a forlorn and forgotten aspect about it as to call forth a tear of pity from the modern eye. There were a few men in 1890 who ventured into striped blazers to wear to and from the tennis courts, but the ladies, who were by this time quite drunk with success over shining sartorially without male competition, pronounced them sissified, and promptly killed the gentlemen's struggle toward a ray of light.

No more did silken fabric caress the epidermis of man. He was made to chafe under hardy woolens. No longer was he looked upon as the life of the party. Rather, he was expected to work like the Devil so there could *be* a party. No longer was woman his abject slave, ready and willing to do his bidding. By 1900 the tables were completely turned, and woman, who had freed herself of the more atrocious aspects of Victorianism, and was parading in man's rightful colors, began to exert over him that same hypnotic influence that had once been his. He watched her, fascinated, and let her chase the elusive vote, go into business, and otherwise become "emancipated."

On Victoria's death, the fashionable woman began to be irked by her modes, and instituted a series of rapid changes in them. Man, bewildered by the glorious high-mindedness of the creature, and feeling that he must somehow keep up appearances, made a series of weak changes in his own attire every few years. The American man, that gorgeous, steady, clear-eyed creature who had been content with powdered hair for one hundred years because it had become him, who had hung on to his cocked hat for ninety years because he liked it, who had worn lace cuffs for one hundred and fifty years even though they were wont to drag in the soup, now became the victim of fussy little journeys into the realm of style that got him nowhere. He was so buffaloed by the dull hues that Victoria's respectability had clapped him into that he forgot it was color that he sought.

With the new century he discarded his checked trousers and took to stripes in subdued and tasty patterns, which gave his legs a spidery look. His sack coats displayed meek little lapels and short skirts, and his hats, two or three sizes too small, appeared to be suspended above him by an invisible thread. He trudged about in Winter under the burden of a great coat that was great indeed. The skirts sprang away from him in a frightened manner, and fell in a wide circle about his feet, some seven or eight inches off the ground. By 1903 he got the box shoulder idea, and padded his coats until he looked as though he had forgotten to remove the hanger. He wore come-to-Jesus collars, and still clung to the insane little short topper overcoat that was neither beast nor fish

or fowl. However, he must have discovered himself subject to chills, for he surreptitiously lengthened the coat of his sack suit.

This lengthening process took most of man's attention for the next seven years. Each year the coat came down an inch or two, the waist was pulled in a bit, and the skirts cut away in an unnecessary V in front. The top coat button made a gingerly descent from his collar bone to his waistline, and in 1908 it multiplied into quadruplets, all clustered about his midportion. Tired of close association, these buttons spread apart in 1909, and occasionally dropped one and even two of their former members into oblivion. In the meantime, man had been doing strange things to the cut of his trousers. He had widened them about the hips in a peg-top fashion—a decidedly ungentlemanly thing to do. It was one that better conformed to the female figure, and therefore on man was ugly in the extreme. Thinker that he always is, he knew that something was wrong, and in a frenzied attempt to better the outline, tapered his trousers to the ankle, and then turned them up in a three-inch cuff that defied all weather and good sense. Still unhappy in the ensemble, he adopted bulldog-toed shoes, and deftly tied butterfly bows on his oxfords.

His head matched his feet for grotesquerie. When he set out in a soft hat he turned it up in front and down in back, and looked as though he were going against a tremendous wind. Since the crown was only two inches high, most of his forehead was left exposed, and the sad creature surveyed the world with a surprised and slightly hurt air.

In 1910 he gave himself a long look and decided to do something drastic. There was enough goods in his sack coat to cover two average persons, so he took some of it out. To his delight, the rear view once more displayed a suggestion of shoulder blades and flattened curves. He decided that this must be what he had been missing in his reflection all the time, and in 1911 made his coat even more form-fitting. He also took into account the fact that it did not necessarily have to warm his knees, and forthwith hacked off three or four inches of skirt without a sob. He next began the good work of closing up the V-shaped flare in front, and took a reef in the peg tops.

But the poor dear, happy to be out of gunny-sacking, lost all sense of proportion, and by 1914 had eliminated so much from his attire that it resembled a sausage casing. No gentleman who was a gentleman would accept a pair of trousers from his tailor if he could get into them with his shoes on. Every time he bent over he must have murmured a prayer that his seams would have strength. To conform with the skin-tight order of things he transformed his bulldog toes to sleek, pointed puppies. He got a bit tricky with his vests, and gave them long, pointed flaps and buttoned them so high that they peeped out questioningly above his coat.

Thanks should be given for the year 1912, for in that year man's hats came down within speaking distance of his ears, and looked as though they had been placed there with due intent and purpose. Soft hats and straw hats grew deeper crowns—a silent hope that there might be bigger and better brains to cover—, and derbies worn at a more or less jaunty angle, depending upon the state of the owner, began to feel that they might come in for something beside jeers. The unæsthetic buttoned shoe began its swan song, but managed to linger on in spite of everything until 1914. In 1915 man furtively tacked little half belts at the back of his suit coats, and then, the first step having been taken, boldly put them on all the way around, tighter and tighter, and higher and higher. Finally, because his arms impeded any further upward progress, the belts were forced to come to rest under the armpits in 1917, and the American male left them there as he went away to fight for democracy.

IV

It was no surprise that he should come back to the same styles two years later. But the war made him tired of being cooped up in tight garments, and he began the work of introducing breathing space into his clothes. The work was slow, however, for man's olive drab mind functioned slowly. Eventually, in 1925, he reached a degree of presentable utilitarianism that is the best that has been done since dull colors became his lot.

The spirit of every age is reflected in its clothes, and the spirit of the present age is efficiency. At no time have man's clothes been more efficient. His trousers are of sufficient width to allow him to pull them on in a moment, even under trying circumstances. His shoes, conforming again to the width of his trousers, are broad and virile and square-toed. His coats may be donned without either inhaling or exhaling, and discreetly promise that a good straight, hard body is underneath, whether it is or not. In fine, man's apparel now gives the effect of a becoming carelessness, of informal freedom, and of deplorable uniformity.

Consider for a moment the choice a modern gentleman of fashion has in the matter of attire. In sack suits he may choose the single or the double-breasted varieties. That is all. He hasn't a chance to get all tired out trying on style after style, and coming home too exhausted to eat, as does the little woman. He must choose one or the other and like it, or go naked.

If he possess three dozen suits, the secret might as well die with him, for his spectrum is so restricted that the glories of his wardrobe cannot hope to be apparent to the world at large. He may do but little debauching in the matter of waistcoats, for the special occasion vest has practically disappeared into the limbo of the past. In the early years of this century a gentleman was known by the virtuosity of his vests, but, like many another fanciful style, it caught the imagination and eye of sporting gents, who, in the enthusiasm of adaptation, flaunted such abortive patterns and hues that well-bred males soon found it wise to deny all former contact with it. Today, the wearer of even a mildly checked waistcoat is apt to be taken as a gangster in his best, or a racehorse johnny, or a Greenwich Village poet, or George F. Babbitt.

If there is deplorable uniformity in sack suits, it's nothing to what the noble sufferers get in other-occasion costumes. The only things to help the gentleman of leisure vary his daytime apparel are the foolishly tailed morning coat and the striped gray trousers, but one can scarcely call them universal in America, even among the boys who supply background to their lady friends as they are being photographed at Ascot, at Palm Beach, and at St. Moritz during the proper seasons.

And for the vagaries of evening entertainment man has but two choices. One of these is rapidly becoming obsolete now, despite the scare that Emily Post tries to throw into stout hearts with each new edition of "Etiquette." Considering that ours are times of efficiency, the death rattle of the full-dress suit should be beating quite a loud tattoo by now. For one hundred years the little fronts of the coat have hung gapingly open; the swallow tails have flown behind and have been altered only an inch or two in length. The trousers have always worn their stripe of braid and have varied very little —only as daytime trousers have varied in width.

Perhaps the best reason for the outfit's taking the count is that no man, from a diplomat to a baggy-eyed roué given to chorus girls and lobster meat, has ever been unselfconscious in one. He has never, so attired, gone through an evening without constant thought of his coat tails. He must pull them up before he sits down. He must swish them back when he gets up. He must see that he does not whirl too

speedily while dancing for fear they will stand out from him at right angles and make him look like God knows what. Even their original use as blinds for pockets has been lost, for the things that man now carries with him of evenings would clunk against his calves and very likely spill if utmost care were not exerted.

Small wonder, then, that the dinner suit should receive the majority of masculine plaudits. It is really nothing but a lounge suit masquerading under silk facings—Cinderella at the ball. However, it is ridiculous that it should be made only in black. One of the great strides in man's emancipation should come in the guise of colorful dinner suits, and even now a cautious experimental step is being taken toward navy blue ones. But so cautious is it that the advertisers hasten to assure potential customers that the navy appears good and black under electric light. At present, our hero cannot alleviate the funereal aspect of his evening mode in the smallest degree. He must wear white shirts, black ties, and black socks, or get black looks. Even a moderately bordered handkerchief is frowned upon. The evening belongs to the ladies.

In daylight, the man of taste is supposed to be most perfectly dressed when wearing a virgin-white shirt. Small, well-restrained patterns have a certain vogue, and even subdued, solid hues have their following, but the white shirt is the badge of the man who knows what to say when the waiter speaks to him in French. Just to show how these poor little hearts are yearning after color, note how many men of impeccably quiet wardrobe come back from a trip to Paris with a flamboyant pink shirt tucked in among their belongings. Rarely do these shirts see the light of day upon our chaste, Coolidgean shores, but their owners regard them with a fond and mellow eye as they lie innocently in the bureau drawer, and feel that some happy day they must go back and give the delightful objects a little more wear.

V

But dry that tear for the monotony of man's clothes. It must be admitted that he has done absolutely all he can with them to make them presentable as far as cut goes. He must now do something that will get him back to his Heaven-appointed domain of color in order to be quite happy. Little by little, and very diplomatically so as not to arouse the ladies who are jealously guarding their recently acquired territory, he has inserted color into his accessories, and is finding therein his chance for daily self-expression. He can now accomplish wonders with socks, ties, and handkerchiefs, and this little trio deserves a place of honor in modern anthropologies, for it has done a noble work in raising man from the utter degradation of Victorianism.

Five years ago, socks were either black or brown or (painful memory) white. Their purpose was to cover the foot and act as mediator between the skin and the shoe. They had no æsthetic value whatever. A gentleman always wore silk. Lisle was the fare for restricted incomes. Today the sock is an important member of the ensemble. It generally displays a geometric pattern, the dominating color of which harmonizes with the suit, and reflects the tie and the handkerchief border. The smart sock is made of lisle, or silk and lisle, or lisle and wool.

The second member of the trio, the tie, has come a long way. Twenty years ago it was a cumbersome thing, covered with scrappy designs that resembled an egg in the first stages of scrambling. It was wide and loose and of shiny silk. It was tied into a knot the size of a graham cracker, and the ends reached clear to the belt and acted as chest and tummy warmers. Slowly it metamorphosed. It got down in width and length. Man used a little more strength in tying it, and pulled the knot tighter. Right after the war it diminished to a mere shadow of its former self and hovered between life and death—a tiny slip of a

thing, scarcely an inch wide. Then it took heart and blossomed into lines of admirable proportions. Regimental stripes came in, and bold, modernistic patterns. Even solid hues made their placid and well-bred appearance. The modern tie may now disown its cumbersome ancestors without fear of criticism. It has attained perfection.

The third and last little member of this delightful trio has had a very sad past. It has been a drudge. We are all very glad for its rise in fortune. That once ugly duckling, the plain white handkerchief, is now more than a swan. It is an ostrich. It has climbed from the dungeon of the hip pocket into a place in the sun—the breast pocket—, and looks out happily upon the passing scene. And it is worthy of inspection. It has hand-rolled hems, or wide colored borders, or narrow colored borders, or an all-over design. It is printed in one or two colors, or has drawn threads running through it of various hues. It gives its owner a great deal of pleasure and self-respect.

On the other hand, man's jewelry, which was once riotous and glittering, has now become quite subdued. He has learned that massive hunks of gold are not necessary to his beauty, and with a fillip has given the ladies the corner on the gewgaw market. Gone are the swell scarf pins that used to work out and stick him in the throat—the diamond horseshoes, the pear-shaped pearls, the scarabs. Gone are the hefty watch chains that used to swing weightily over his front bumper. In their place there delicately sway chains of svelte, chaste links, unassumingly simple in design. Gone are the rings that used to adorn his fingers. Gone are the days when a man who was anybody used to flash a diamond big enough to choke a cow. The only diamonds one finds on the masculine paddy nowadays belong to gentlemen of the old school, jewelers, big coal and oil men from the West, small-town bankers, and ex-saloon-keepers.

Here, before we leave the little things that go to make man what he is today, a word must be said for the soft collar. It came timidly into the world but a few years ago, ready to release him from the bondage of the band of starch that caused his tongue to hang out on hot days and beads of sweat to stand forth upon his brow. The little savior did not receive the boisterous and overwhelming reception such as it deserved. But at length it received its reward and was adopted. Man got his first taste of dropping off to sleep, fully dressed, without being awakened by a sharp cut under the jaw when his chin fell forward upon his bosom. He found he could twist his neck in almost any direction to glance after a piece of female pulchritude, without first pulling it in and turning it inside his collar. It proved to be great stuff. Because of the soft collar, the unlovely collar line that encircles every male neck about the Adam's apple will one day disappear, to the joy of sensitive ladies. At present man may, if he will, loose himself entirely from the tyranny of starch, except during those hours when he must don formal getup.

Still another stride toward his emancipation may be seen in the perpetually jaunty angle at which the man of fashion wears his hat—the same jaunty angle that before Prohibition marked the inebriate. Perhaps Prohibition has made that angle fashionable. At any rate, it is another mute testimony that man is continually struggling toward a happier aspect. There are those who think that man's hats have changed lately, but they haven't. The soft hat still has the same width of brim, the same height of crown that it has enjoyed for the past eight years. So with the straw hat, both Panama and stiff. The whole difference lies in the wearing.

Thus man has worked his way back to where he may once more begin to flirt with art. In the major things he has conceded nearly everything to utility. There remains one last hurdle that he must get over before he can return to his natural heritage of color in his daily dress. He cannot go back to silks and satins, nor does he want to,

for, do what he will, he lives in a commercial age.

But he does want color, and there stands in the way of his getting it his sweet companion, woman. For a long, long time she was a nice, unobtrusive little girl, sticking uncomplainingly to her fig leaf. She knew she couldn't have a gaudy oak or maple leaf. Mustn't touch. Papa's. For centuries she watched her lord and master ride hither and yon, flapping gorgeous pigments beneath her contented eyes. That was as it should have been, for that was as it always had been. She had no kick coming. She associated color with lords and masters just as naturally as she associated olfactory disturbances with Limburger. She had never known anything else. Then, with Queen Victoria's making Papa put on something that wouldn't show the dirt as he went down town to work every day, she discovered what a tremendous advantage it was to be the only figure in the limelight, what a deliriously marvelous feeling of superiority it gave her, and what a hell of a lot of work and attention she got out of man that she didn't know were ever in him.

Why should she object now to man's reattaining the heights of color and allowing him to share the limelight? Just ask the nearest predatory débutante how she would like to go out with a man who is dressed in a mauve dinner suit, a heliotrope shirt, a wine-red tie that matches his wine-red socks to a shade, and rich ox-blood shoes. Watch her bridle as she realizes what a fight she'll have to keep the other girls interested in their own quarry. Better, watch her pale as she visualizes the shadow he will cast upon her own charms. It is her pride and her vanity that make her object. If man ever gathers guts enough to try such a startling costume, woman will, in all probability, boycott him for a while, but even the simplest person knows that that sort of thing couldn't last long.

Therefore, if man will only side-step the wily stumbling blocks that woman will throw in his path to thwart his gaining on the home stretch, if he will prepare for the second coming of Beau Brummel to loose him from his bondage to dull colors, and carry over into his every day attire the monumental innovations he has instituted in his sports clothes and his accessories, woman's spirit will eventually be broken. She will rejoice in his renewed likeness to the Godhead, and will once more follow him, dog-like, as before.

TROUBLES IN PARADISE

BY HUGH PATRICK

One hundred and fifty years ago Captain James Cook, an intrepid British navigator cruising in the broad Pacific Ocean, officially discovered the Hawaiian Islands. I say officially because it was Cook who definitely fixed the location of the group. Other navigators had touched it many years before his time, but it was left for him to make it known to the world. This was while the Thirteen Colonies were gaining their freedom from the Potsdam tyrant, George III.

Some years afterward, or at about the time of the death of George Washington, Hawaii's patriarch, Kamehameha, succeeded in establishing a monarchy comprising all the islands in the group. Then, in 1820, came the Boston missionaries to convert the heathen Kanakas. In 1893 the go-getting descendants of these holy men succeeded in launching a revolution which resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic. In 1898 the republic gave up the ghost and Hawaii was annexed by the United States.

Now, thirty years after annexation, the Territory yearns to become the forty-ninth State in the Union. An influential group in the islands would have another star added to the flag. But those Congressmen who have been sounded on the subject still lift their eyebrows and cough behind their hands. Their doubts do not lie in the fact that Hawaii is twenty-one hundred miles from mainland United States, but in the fact that the overwhelming majority of the population of the archipelago is of oriental ancestry, and particularly Japanese. To this the statehood advocates answer that, while the oriental citizen would surely be a serious factor in Hawaiian politics, he would be less dangerous a factor if the Territory were granted statehood, for the reason that he would hesitate to send a representation of his own race to Washington. Meanwhile, if Hawaii remains a territory, he will undoubtedly gain control of the local government, and the local big-wigs fear that this may lead to disastrous consequences. They believe that it may even cause Washington to take away such rights as the people of the Territory now possess and set up a colonial government indistinguishable from that of the Philippines.

It is this latter threat that scares the sugar barons. Hence, they desire statehood, for once statehood is acquired, it can never be taken away. With it in hand, they are willing to gamble on their chances of controlling their oriental fellow-citizens. Already, indeed, they are busy with enterprises to that end. These enterprises are of a highly patriotic character, with overtones of the pious. In no other section of the realm, not even excepting rural Ohio and the plains of Kansas, has organized Babbittry been given the freedom of the highways as it has at the Pacific crossroads. In the name of Service it raises hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in Honolulu. The greater portion of the money is turned over to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other similar organizations, to be expended in teaching the oriental how to become a high-geared, 100%, God-fearing, flag-waving Americano. Several hundred cooing secretaries are paid fat salaries to work among the yellow and brown boys and girls, and

$1,000,000 cathedrals of the uplift have been erected by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. to provide congenial pens for those in the process of being saved for God and the flag. Meanwhile, the idealistic and Utopian Pan-Pacific Union, headed by Alexander Hume Ford, is hard at work inserting happy and Utopian thoughts into the minds of the intellectuals among the orientals—the student and business groups. The Union is the high-school, the university for those who have been prepared for the honor of citizenship by the soft tongues and oily hands of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

But idealism is not all. While these consecrated men are preaching goodwill, fellowship, loyalty and brotherly love, the United States is hard at work strengthening the military and naval defenses of the islands. Thus airplanes zoom overhead and huge guns boom in practice from the forts along the palm-fringed shore, as the sugar barons and their virtuous henchmen labor to protect themselves through the Pan-Pacific Union and the Y. M. C. A. In other words, Hawaii's orientals are being trained to love the flag under the close and watchful eye of earnest imperialists. They are being taught that if they are to become good citizens they must follow the inspired leadership of the white man; that he must always be their master.

Alexander Hume Ford is Hawaii's ambassador of love to the Orient, and to Japan especially. He is an old-time Chicago newspaper man. Some thirty or forty years ago he jumped into national prominence by organizing a church in Chicago that had as its motto: "Deeds not creeds; act in this world, and theorize in the next." There were on the board of directors of that church a Catholic priest, an Episcopal rector, Methodist and Baptist preachers, a Jewish rabbi, and even an agnostic in the person of Bob Ingersoll.

"For many years," says Mr. Ford, "this church worked along the lines of Service. Its physicians healed the poor free of charge, its lawyers protected them from injustice free of charge, and its women went to the police-stations and rescued girls brought in from the red light districts."

When the machine-guns began to roar in Chicago, Mr. Ford moved to Hawaii. He saw a fertile field for his Big Idea among the heterogeneous peoples of the islands. The melting pot had just begun to boil when he arrived in Honolulu. The cane planters were beginning to worry over the oriental problem that they had brought upon themselves by importing Chinese and Japanese labor for their plantations. They recognized in Mr. Ford not only a pacifist of the first Utopian order, but also a patriot. Here was one who was not a grafter or faker—a man who cared nothing for money and its comforts, but instead yearned only to bring in the Kingdom of God.

"I'll organize a Pan-Pacific Union," he said, "and help to solve your oriental problem, which can only be solved through mutual understanding and a spirit of goodwill and fellowship."

The sugar planters told him to go to it, whereupon he jumped in with both feet and is still at it seven days a week. He organizes endless Pan-Pacific meets in Honolulu and dashes off to Japan, China or Australia to round up delegates to them. Australia has given him a cold reception, but he is one of those idealists who can't be insulted or put off. Kick him out the front door and he's knocking at the back in two minutes.

Thus, at the age of sixty-six, he is as busily engaged in the pursuit of his Big Idea as he was forty years ago. Whenever you catch sight of him he appears to be going to places. He wears a preoccupied air and his shoulders are a trifle stooped, as though weighted down with a heavy burden. He is too busy to bother about his personal appearance, and as a result affects collars and cuffs to match the frayed bottoms of his baggy pants. But there is a shining light in his eye that has not dimmed, and whatever may be said of his Idea, he himself has unbounded faith in it.

II

Does the oriental make a good American citizen? The Governor of Hawaii, the visionaries of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Education, and last, but loudest of all, the Pan-Pacific Union, shout in unison: "Yes!" But a glance behind the scenes shows that this loud hallelujah may be only a shield to cover fear. Not a fear that in the event of a war in the Pacific the Japanese-American would root unlawfully for the land of his fathers, but one that he may soon or late usurp control of the islands, just as the New England missionaries did and their children after them.

The Hon. Wallace Rider Farrington, B.S., Governor and Captain-General of Hawaii, in his 1927 report to the Secretary of the Interior, states that of the 333,420 persons residing in the islands, there are 79,279 American citizens of Japanese parentage and 52,964 who still owe their allegiance to their Emperor. There are likewise 14,421 American citizens of Chinese parentage and 10,777 alien Chinese. The Governor does not say so in his report, but the fact is that the majority of so-called American citizens here are the children (and of the first generation) of alien orientals who settled in Hawaii before the recent immigration laws were passed. Of the 62,208 school children in the territory, fully 60% are such orientals. Governor Farrington discreetly glosses over the fact by stating:

> The 62,208 school children in the Territory are divided among American-born and aliens as follows: American-born children, *who are, therefore, citizens of the United States*, 60,675; alien children, 1533.

The Governor's figures show that of the oriental population of Hawaii the majority are American citizens, but they don't show that this majority is confined largely to children who are still under alien home influences.

Blood has long been known to be thicker than water. Among the orientals, as among the Jews, it is particularly thick. That's why the moguls of Hawaii are now fearful that their neatly compiled figures on citizenship and population may lie unpleasantly when the opportunity presents itself.

How much of the sweet essence of Pan-Pacificism is going in one ear of the oriental and leaking out the other? How much of the half-million dollars annually expended on his uplift is being wasted—exclusive, of course, of the amount which goes to keep the swarm of Y. M. C. A. secretaries on Easy Street? And which is making the better citizen in Hawaii, the Japanese or the Chinese?

There are about 70,000 Japanese males and 50,000 females in the Territory, of whom approximately 30,000 males and 25,000 females are under the age of twenty. There are about 20,000 Chinese males and 10,000 females, of whom 6,000 males and a like number of females are under twenty. The difference in the figures between the Japanese and Chinese is due to the fact that the Chinese were the first oriental laborers imported into Hawaii, and that the exclusion law against them went into effect many years ago. At the time they were brought into the Territory, it was under the old Hawaiian monarchy and the plantations were in a rudimentary state. Later, when the Japanese were brought in, the plantations had advanced and more labor was required.

Three hundred million dollars represents the total capital now invested in Hawaii, and the greater part of it is invested in sugar and pineapple plantations. Hawaii's annual exports of raw sugar run to 1,500,000,000 pounds, with a value of $60,000,000, and in addition 20,000,000 pounds of refined sugar is exported, at a value of $1,000,000. The annual output of pineapples is 9,000,000 cases, with two dozen cans to the case, or a total of 216,000,000 cans, valued at $35,000,000. The total property value in the Territory is $400,000,000, of which $270,000,000 is real and $140,000,000 personal. These figures, of

course, show assessed values. The actual market value is close to double the amount, since Hawaii has no tax equalization board, and assessments are thus often far below what property sells for.

Let us turn now to another set of figures: those showing the assessed values of real and personal property, for 1927, of the oriental. Three thousand, three hundred and seven Japanese possess real property assessed at $8,871,087, and 7,463 Japanese possess personal property assessed at $8,537,142, or a total of $17,408,229. Two thousand, six hundred and eighteen Chinese own real property assessed at $14,309,457, while 2,698 have personal property assessed at $3,164,743, or a total of $17,474,200. In other words, the 5,316 Chinese own more property than the 10,770 Japanese.

What does this mean? Probably that the American-born Japanese are turning over a good portion of their earnings to their parents, who in turn are sending the money back to Japan. In 1923 $513,000 was transmitted to Japan by the Honolulu postoffice. In 1924 the amount was $554,000. The following year showed a decrease, but in five years a total of $2,105,479.83 in money orders has been sent to Japan. And a great deal more goes through the banks.

The sugar barons originally brought the Japanese to the islands to work on their plantations. But today, of the more than 100,000 Japanese in the Territory, only 11,000 are employed on plantations. When they began to desert the cane-fields for more lucrative and easier work, the planters imported Filipino labor, and there are now about 27,000 Filipinos at work in the fields. The pineapple industry has absorbed some of the Japanese, but most of them are now gathered in the city and towns. From canefield laborers they have turned into merchants, so that the majority of the retail merchandizing of the islands is now carried on by them. And those who have not turned merchants have turned bootleggers. Many have also found that bootlegging may be carried on as a side issue to their merchandizing.

The favorite drink in Hawaii is known as okolehao, commonly shortened to oke for tourist purposes. The name is Hawaiian and belonged originally to a native drink made from the mash of the ti-root, a plant peculiar to the islands. Ti-root oke is still obtainable, but it is the new Japanese variety that is generally preferred these days. This is distilled from a rice mash and if properly aged is the equal of any prewar Bourbon. True, it is manufactured and consumed in such large quantities that proper aging is usually neglected, but even so it is without the poisonous effects of the mainland's bootleg stuff.

All the big bugs in the territory have their cellars well filled with oke, which they proudly pour for visitors and proclaim it better than Scotch or rye. In fact, the bootleg in Hawaii is so good that there is little or no demand for pre-war goods. Champagne is about the only drink smuggled into the islands in any appreciable quantity.

III

As the Japanese have deserted the soil for merchandizing and bootlegging, their children are being turned out of the public schools by the thousand as bookkeepers, stenographers and clerks. The result is that Hawaii's white-collar mart nears the saturation point. While the sugar barons preach 100% Americanism and brotherly love through their Y. M. C. A. retainers, they neglect to provide the young generation with a practical education. Many of them now realize that the orientals need instruction in manual labor and agricultural pursuits, but to give it to them would involve a drastic reorganization of the public school system, which, under the Federal laws, can't very well be attempted. Agricultural and manual training courses may be offered, but they can't be made compulsory. The trouble is, fundamentally, that once the oriental student receives a taste of knowledge, he aspires to the white-collar class. One well-known

sugar-planter, at a recent pow-wow of the moguls, came out with the bold declaration that the yellow children in the schools should be denied any education beyond the elementary grades, thus leaving them with little more than a reading and writing knowledge of English and so forcing them into manual labor to earn their livelihood.

"Teach them their three R's," he said in effect, "and after that train them to work."

When this pronouncement appeared the Honolulu papers, the pedagogues, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and other uplifters let out a horrified yelp. They protested bitterly, and made long-winded speeches at Rotary Club luncheons. To all this the militant sugar planter replied: "If the orientals want better educations for their children, let them pay the bills just as the parents of the majority of the white children in the Territory are paying them, since they won't permit their youngsters to attend the public schools with the orientals."

The public schools of the Territory are given over almost exclusively to the orientals, while the white children are being educated in private and parochial schools. Many of the native Hawaiian children are also being educated through the same private mediums. True, one public school building in Honolulu has been set aside for English-speaking children, *i.e.*, children who are required to pass a stiff test in English before admission is granted. This concession was made by the Board of Education only after many protests had been filed that children of English-speaking parentage who could not afford the private schools were unable to progress in the regular public schools because of the retarding influence of the oriental pupils. Obviously, the method of teaching a young oriental must be much different from the approach to a child of English-speaking environment.

But by the time the oriental has passed through the elementary grades and into high-school he has acquired a thirst for knowledge. At the conclusion of high-school he would go to college. To appease this thirst the Territory supports a university at an expense of several hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. And what is taught? Nothing worth a damn so far as fitting the student for a place in the economic life of the Territory is concerned. He can learn modern languages, all the garden varieties of history, and art and psychology, but when he's through he's no better off than he was at the start. But the professors at the university learn a lot in teaching him, especially the professors of psychology. The institution has become a clinical laboratory for exchange professors who write monographs on the mental development and reactions of the various hyphenated peoples represented in their classes.

Of course, of the total number of school children in the Territory, only a small percentage reach college. Most of them stop at high-school, where a commercial course fits them for cheap office jobs. One outstanding fact has been noted, however, and that is that despite all the education absorbed by the xanthine school children of Hawaii, only a very small percentage learn to speak correct English, with a correct pronunciation. Even among the better educated there is a strong oriental flavor to the pronunciation, while among the vast majority pidgin English reigns supreme. Only recently, in an article appearing in the New York *Times* dealing with pidgin English, Hawaii was called its citadel.

> The greatest conquest the pidginists have made . . . is in the Hawaiian Islands. Here it may be called the common tongue of some 300,000 people. It is the means of intercourse between the Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Chinese, Russians, Spaniards, Koreans, Hawaiians, and English-speaking peoples. Peppered and spiced with words (or caricatures of them) from the languages of each of these groups, it takes on greater color and becomes what someone has termed the true Mongrelian tongue.

Pidgin English is the common language of the Territory. In the continental United States, the children of European immi-

grants, upon entering the public schools, quickly lose their foreign accent, and after two or three years speak English as well as any child of English-speaking parentage. The reason, of course, is environment, the immigrant child being greatly in the minority. But in Hawaii the opposite is the case, for the immigrant's child is greatly in the majority. And since there are several different varieties of immigrant, with the oriental in the majority, pidgin English has come to be the common tongue of the Paradise of the Pacific.

Yet that doesn't worry Governor Farrington. He believes that all is well in Hawaii, and in his 1927 report to the Secretary of the Interior he says so:

> The record of the twenty-nine years that Hawaii has been a part and parcel of the United States presents so much to commend and so little to condemn that we must conclude that there is more invention than real cause for apprehension among those who appear to be worried about our people.
>
> Population statistics indicate a steady increase in the percentage of American citizens and a steady decrease of aliens. The population trend, with the racial antecedents of the citizens, is very accurately set forth in the tables prepared by the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Territorial Department of the Public Health. The total population, June 30, 1927, is estimated at 333,420, of which 217,618 are American citizens.
>
> The table follows:

	American Citizens	*Aliens*
American and European	60,944	3,997
Hawaiian	20,931	.....
Part Hawaiian	24,645	.....
Filipino	7,148	44,976
Japanese	79,278	52,964
Chinese	14,421	10,777
Others	10,251	3,088

IV

A very neat set of figures. The Governor has totalled them up and discovered to his satisfaction that there are 217,618 American citizens as opposed to a little more than 100,000 alien residents, a ratio of two to one. But the table does not show that the group of aliens represents mainly the parents of the group of American "citizens." Take the Japanese item, for example. There you see 79,000 American citizens as opposed to 53,000 aliens, but practically every one of the 79,000 are the children of the 53,000. The age of these children ranges from babyhood to about thirty years. Every tourist who has been to the Orient knows that one of the strongest principles of the religion of the oriental is his deep-seated respect for his parents and his unquestioning obedience to them as long as they are alive. Thus in Hawaii we have oriental American citizens surrounded in their homes by alien orientals and in the school-room by other orientals.

The fact is recognized by the sugar barons and is one of the chief reasons why they are so friendly to the Y. M. C. A. and other such agencies. The soul-savers have been told to go out into the highways and take these young orientals, and, under the cloak of Bible classes and boys' and girls' clubs, to teach them to forget the teachings of their parents and take for their models the good Christians about them. To help this benign process the Pan-Pacific Union has been turned loose on the other nations of the Pacific to foster goodwill and a better understanding, that they may dismiss the indignation of their subjects who have gathered in Hawaii and unwittingly begotten 100% Americans.

One of the accomplishments of the Union has been the practical abolition of the old dual citizenship of Japanese-American children. It was an early practice of Japanese aliens in the Territory to record the birth of a child with the Japanese consul and register him as a subject of Japan, though he was automatically an American by virtue of his birth on American soil. The Japanese government was prevailed upon to frown upon these registrations, and so they are not being made so freely as formerly—or at least not so openly. Likewise, a number of the Japanese so registered have been prevailed upon to renounce their Japanese citizenship.

Meanwhile, the oriental in Hawaii does not seem to realize that he is a problem. Unaffected by the efforts made to save

him, he pursues the peaceful and even tenor of his way. There are some very fine fellows in his ranks, and the younger generation is grabbing politely at the occidental ideas handed to them on flag-draped platters. But the yellow man is already in a majority in Hawaii and that majority is rapidly increasing annually. The question is: Will he become a liability or an asset? Governor Farrington dismisses the question by waving his hand toward his table of figures showing that the majority of orientals are already American citizens. "Hawaii has no more population problem than the great State of Kansas," he told a recent gathering of school teachers, nevertheless, the bold fact remains that Hawaii is overwhelmingly oriental in population and ideas. Only a negligible few of her yellow and brown citizens have ever been to the continental United States. Their associations are wholly oriental; they don't know the American mind as it works in continental America. Very few of them have the American background that is behind most Americans on the mainland. While the young oriental in Hawaii acts on the surface as an American, he still thinks as an oriental, for his entire background is oriental, and so, for that matter, is his foreground. There is probably only one way to make a genuine American citizen out of him and that is to isolate him among Americans for a generation, where he can have no further intercourse with orientals, and no chance to think or act as one.

Governor Farrington says that Hawaii has no race problem. He says the oriental alien influence there is negligible. Nevertheless, in the first real skirmish with that Japanese influence the Territory lost. The Governor sought to put a halter on the Japanese language schools by placing them under the regulating influence of the Department of Public Instruction. The Japanese claimed constitutional rights for their children, and, carrying their case into the courts, finally won. And so the Japanese children continue to attend the Territorial public schools each day, only to hasten to the language schools at the close of the public school sessions. It is in the language schools that the parents are waging their battle for the traditions of their forefathers.

At present, of the 40,000 registered voters in the Territory, only 3,002 are of Japanese ancestry and only 2,906 are Chinese. But it has been remarked before that the majority of the 79,000 American citizens of Japanese ancestry are not yet of age. Governor Farrington believes that in ten years only 25% of them will be voting, which will leave them in the minority with only 20,000 registered voters. Possibly that will be true in ten years, but how about twenty? The 79,000 Japanese "citizens" already total more than any other racial group in the Territory. What will happen when they all vote?

The Japanese are propagating more rapidly than any other group. They increase, according to the 1927 statistics, by more than 4,000 a year. There were 5,751 Japanese births during the year and only 1,160 deaths. No other group approaches that figure. The Japanese increase at a ratio of about four to one, while the other groups, with the exception of the native Hawaiians, increase at the rate of only about two to one. As for the Hawaiian, he is gradually slipping from the picture. His net decrease at present is only about 100 annually, but there are little more than 20,000 full-blooded Hawaiians remaining in the Territory—the last of a mighty race. Of part-Hawaiians there are about 24,000. They have mingled freely with the Chinese and the white man. Last year there were 653 Hawaiian deaths and 527 births, while 372 part-Hawaiians died and 1,569 were born. The Hawaiian's story is but a repetition of that of the American Indian. But he is being crowded out, not by the white man, but by the Japanese.

WINDFALL

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

Although the well had come in soon after midnight, and it was now the middle of the afternoon, Cora had not seen it. At first she was afraid she would be in the way. Afterward, she was too busy in the kitchen, for beside her own family she had the crews to feed, and six or eight oil men who couldn't take the time to drive thirty miles to town for their meals. And immediately after dinner, the girls, who were sometimes willing to help her, went off to the well and left her alone with the work. "I'll go down when I finish the dishes," Cora promised herself.

By the time the work was done, however, she was tired, soiled and sweaty, and the pasture was full of people who had driven in to see the well. She would have been ashamed to go down as she was. "I'll get cleaned up after a while, and then I'll go down," she thought, as she threw the scraps to the chickens gathered around the doorstep.

With the empty bucket in her hand she stopped for a moment in the doorway, under the newspaper fringe which rattled in the hot wind, and gazed into the far corner of the pasture. She could not see the well from the house; she could see only the mast of the drilling machine and the shiny new storage tank rising above the cluster of cars and people. Luke, she knew, was there, and her three girls, and her two boys, and most of her neighbors, for it was Sunday, and no one was working in the fields.

She went through the kitchen and into the bed-room. It was fully as hot as the kitchen, but it was dark, except for the pattern of the sun on the cracked window shade, and there was a bed to lie upon. Cora sat down on the edge of it and took off her house slippers. Her bare toes felt as though they had been glued together with the heat. She stretched them, and rubbed them with a towel she found on the floor; then she lay down on the crumpled sheet with her hand on her cheek.

Now and then, while she rested, she rubbed the side of her nose, or the corner of her mouth, or her neck. She was very tired, and this was the first time she had had the bed to herself since the drillers had come, three weeks ago, and had taken the other bed-room and the other two beds. The girls had moved in with her, and the four of them had lain, night after night, across the bed in a row, with their feet hanging over the side, while Luke and the boys had slept on pallets spread down on the kitchen floor.

Cora got up after a few minutes and began to put the room in order. The girls had gone off without making the bed or picking up their clothes, and Cora had to hang their pink nightgowns behind the curtain in the corner, and stuff their stockings in the dresser drawers, and empty the slop jar, which had stood all day full of dirty water, and wipe out the bowl and the soap dish before she could bathe herself.

The cool water made her feel a little better. She sat as long as she dared with her feet in the bowl, but she knew she must hurry if she were to see the well before supper, so she dried herself, after a moment, and put on her clean underwear, and sprinkled a very little of the girls' talcum powder on her neck and arms.

When she had put on her black shoes

and stockings and her gray gingham dress, she took her sunbonnet from its nail in the kitchen and went outside. The chickens were still scratching about in the yard, and stepping into the muddy patches where she had emptied the slop jar. They came running up to her, but she shooed them away. She crossed the yard, passed the barn, skirted the wheat stubble, and entered the pasture.

II

Cars were standing everywhere, like shiny-backed beetles, in the sun. She could smell the hot leather, and the grease and the paint. When she came nearer, she saw the people—the city people, first, spreading rugs in the shade of their sedans, and drinking ice water from thermos jugs, and eating sandwiches and reading the Sunday papers. A little farther on she saw the country people—the men with their suspenders crossed on their backs, and the women with their flowered hats and their black shoes and stockings.

Cora did not really want to speak to any of them. She was always timid in a crowd, and conscious of her sunbonnet and her gingham dress, and lately, since she had lost her teeth, she was ashamed for anyone to see her mouth. They saw her, however, and would not let her pass.

"Say," they said, all of them looking her up and down, "you won't be speaking to us, Mrs. Ponder, now you've got a well on your place. You and Luke will be too good for us poor folks."

Cora stood shame-faced, with her fingers over her mouth. "Oh, I don't know," she said. She was very much embarrassed. "I come down to see it myself."

But she could not see it just then, because the men were in the way. There were oil men from town, with khaki breeches stuffed into their high boots, and East Indian helmets perched on their heads; there were farmers with creases in diamond-shaped patterns on their necks; and there were men in overalls, dodging the others while they worked with pieces of iron pipe.

"When they move to one side," she thought, "then I'll go over and see it."

Meanwhile she must find her girls. She didn't like to have them running around in a crowd like this with nobody to look after them. It wasn't right. They were dancing, when she found them, some time later, dancing on the grass with boys she didn't recognize. There was a phonograph playing, and they were dancing . . . on Sunday afternoon! Cora was uneasy, and yet she didn't have the heart to stop them. They looked so pretty with their curly heads and their bright dresses and their silk stockings and their fancy kid slippers. She watched them for a time, standing beside an empty automobile, but if they saw her, they gave no sign of it.

She walked back to the country women at last, and sat down with them on the grass, pulling her skirt carefully over her knees. "I wouldn't mind seeing that oil with my own eyes," she said. Yet she did not like to intrude where the men were gathered. They were all laughing and talking and spitting on the ground, and she knew they would be uncomfortable if she joined them. They would clear their throats, and mumble good afternoon, and touch their hats. And Luke would frown at her.

She saw Luke, now, hobbling around and smiling foolishly at his neighbors, as though this well were some joke he had played on them. And she saw Whitney, her younger boy, in his bare feet and dirty overalls, helping the men with the pipe. The older boy was nowhere to be seen. Cora sighed, because she was afraid he had gone off somewhere with one of the girls. She had seen him change his shirt, after dinner, and shave, and oil his pompadour, but she hadn't dared to ask him where he was going. He wouldn't have answered her, probably, if she had.

The women among whom she was sitting began to ask her questions. They wanted to know what she would do with

he money from the well. Cora answered hem with her hand over her mouth. "I lon't know," she said, feeling her face grow red. "I don't rightly know what ve'll do." She did not like to speak of her eeth, and yet she could think of nothing lse she particularly wanted. "We might get a phonograph for the girls," she said t last.

The women were astonished. "Why, naven't you got a phonograph, Mrs. Ponder? You haven't! Nor a radio, neither! Well, what do you know!"

"We might get a radio, too," said Cora.

"Those girls of yours will sure spend the noney, Mrs. Ponder; you can leave it to hem."

Cora stiffened at that. "I'd be glad for hem to spend it," she said. "I've never been one to begrudge things to my chil-lren."

They shook their heads at that, and aid it wasn't always a good thing for children to have too much. "They don't nave the respect for you they should have, Mrs. Ponder."

Cora looked at the ground, "I know," he said; "I know." She was beginning to vish she had not come down to the well. She might have known the women would be like this. And yet what they said was rue enough. She had spoiled her children, nd often she was sorry and ashamed. She ought to have made them help today vith the work. She ought to have made hem stop dancing . . . on Sunday, too, where everyone could see them. And it was rue, what they said, that the girls would nave had more respect for her, instead of lways being ashamed of her. And yet. . . .

"They'll want that you should move nto the city; that's what they'll want," aid one of the women.

Cora winced, because that very thought nad been troubling her all day. "It's not ikely that we'll be moving to the city," he said.

"They'll want a fine house in the city, Mrs. Ponder," said another woman, "and ots of parties and dancing."

Cora did not answer, and presently they left her alone.

She had nothing to do. She watched a red ant travel through the grass with a bit of wheat in his mouth. She watched a cricket scamper past on his high stilts. Finally, she pulled a blade of dusty grass and sucked it, and watched the cars stream into the pasture from the main road. There were Fords filled with farm boys, and smart roadsters from the city, and trucks with the dust as thick as moss on their greasy wheels. They left the gates open and drove where they liked, breaking down the limbs of the mesquite, and staining the grass with drippings of black grease. The crowd was everywhere, trampling the cotton in the next field, climbing through the barbed wire fences, peering into the barn, chasing the chickens in the yard, and marching into the house, even, to use the telephone.

Cora saw the people from the next farm drive up in their touring car, with the idiot boy gaping on the back seat. When they climbed out he followed them about like a foolish dog, grinning at everyone he met. From the back, in his new gray suit and his straw hat, he looked like anyone else; it was only when you saw his face, or his gait, that you suspected.

A few minutes later she saw Jasper Gooley drive up in his blue and yellow coupé. She had known Jasper when he was a boy on his father's farm, long before anyone knew there was oil under the cotton. Old Mr. Gooley had been the poorest of them all. All his life he had lived in a one-room shack, with no paint on its boards, and no grass in the yard, and no trees—not even a red cedar to break the wind in the Winter or to give a little shade in the Summer. It was just a bare shack standing on posts, so that the chickens could run underneath to get out of the sun.

Jasper was a boy then, like her Whitney. Cora used to see him lazily chopping cotton, in ragged overalls and a torn Mexican hat. Once she had passed him, on

her way home from town, lying on his back in the ditch, where it was shady, and he had looked up at her and laughed. That was before he was old enough for girls.

Cora wondered sometimes what would have happened to Jasper if there had not been oil on his father's land. He would have had to stay at home, then, and run the farm, and make a living, and no doubt he would have settled down like his neighbors, with a wife and a family. Instead of that he had rented the farm to tenants. The very week after his father's death, Jasper had rented the farm and had gone to the city. People shook their heads now when they spoke of him. They said that he was wild, that he drank, and that he always had one woman or another on the seat beside him when he drove on the country roads. They said he had had an affair with a married woman in town, which had cost him ten thousand dollars in cash. Perhaps it was true, and perhaps it wasn't; Cora didn't know.

At any rate he had a woman with him now, a large blonde woman in a red hat. Cora saw her squint in a little mirror while she dabbed powder on her nose. She saw Jasper's Panama hat, and his fat hands resting on the wheel, and his puffy cheeks; and when he climbed out of his car, backward, she saw his blue and white striped seersucker trousers, and his white silk shirt, and his white shoes.

She was glad when Jasper passed her by without speaking, for she never knew how to act with city people, or what to say to them. It suited her much better to follow them at a little distance as they made their way toward the well. Now that Jasper had brought a woman among the men, she didn't mind going nearer.

III

She could see the pipe now, sticking up from the ground, and bending over at the top, and she thought she saw a black stream flowing into the tank below, but Jasper stepped in front of her, before she could be sure. She stood behind him, one hand supporting her elbow and the other supporting her cheek under her sunbonnet, waiting for him to move.

She felt a little guilty. She knew that Luke would think she ought to go back where she belonged, yet she did want to see the oil. She wanted to see what it looked like. She felt as she did sometimes at funerals, when she wanted a last look at a face she had known, yet hated to push herself forward.

She was feeling more and more out of place when she saw Whitney coming toward her, stepping over pipes and wrenches, and elbowing the crowd. Even in his old clothes, she thought proudly, he was the best looking of her children. The others were all a little too thin and sharp-featured, but Whitney was going to be broad and handsome, and sure of himself. He came up to her now, before everyone, not caring what they thought.

"Say, mama," he said, "did you see the oil, did you?"

"No, son, I haven't seen it yet."

"Come on, then, and look at it."

He took her straight up to the tank. "Look in there, mama," he said.

Cora glanced quickly about her to see if anyone disapproved before she dared to lean over the rim.

"See it?" asked Whitney.

She saw it . . . thick black oil, with a dirty scum on the top. The smell of it made her feel sick at her stomach.

"I see it, son; I see it."

Just then a sudden stream gushed from the mouth of the pipe, green in the sunlight. Whitney took her hand and held her finger in the stream.

"You taste it, mama," he said, eagerly.

Cora touched her finger to her tongue. It tasted like kerosene, and she had to spit it out on the grass.

"It's oil, mama," said Whitney. "See?"

"Yes, son, it's oil."

He wanted to tell her all about it. "They think it's going to make a hundred barrels," he said. "And they're going to drill

nother one over yonder where you see the take."

"Yes, son, yes."

"And after that they're going to drill to he south. They're going to drill a lot of hem."

"I see."

Cora was beginning to feel very un-omfortable. She felt conspicuous, stand-ng here where everyone could look at her, vith no teeth in her mouth, and the oil till greasy on her finger. She had to stoop, t last, and wipe it off, secretly, on her tocking. Even then a little of it remained, lack under her nail.

She was really glad, at last, to find an xcuse to back away from the men. She aw part of a newspaper impaled on a nesquite thorn, beyond the well. She valked over to it, without attracting any-ne's attention, and picked it up. Then she aw a scrap of shiny brown paper and a wad of tinfoil, and beyond that, in a clump of cactus, a piece of sandwich wrapping, streaked with yellow salad dressing. There was an empty bottle lying under the wrapping, and bits of broken glass shining here and there all over the pasture. "Tomorrow," thought Cora, "after the washing is finished and on the line, I'll bring a bucket and gather it up before the cattle get into it."

On the top of a little rise, not far from the house, she stopped and looked back at the well. Luke and Whitney, she saw, were talking to Jasper Gooley. Jasper had his left hand on the shoulder of the woman he had brought with him from town; and as Cora watched, he crossed one white foot over the other and put his right hand on Whitney's shoulder. Whitney stood tall under his weight. Cora wondered, with fear in her heart, what Jasper was saying to her son.

SAINT FRANCES OF EVANSTON

BY ARTHUR STRAWN

> I saw the slow, unerring, unfailing plan of God, by which our habits may become our step-ladder to saintship. And I said to my own heart in the presence of many a bloated inebriate what now I whisper, dear girls, to you: *No evil habit, however small, shall have dominion over me.* For I am free to say I have set out for saintship and nothing less, though only God knows so well as I how long the road and how far the goal.

This revelation was first confided to the public in 1885 in a slender little volume called "How to Win." It was written by Miss Frances Elizabeth Willard, then in the forty-sixth year of her ascent to saintship and at the height of her glory as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She had already distinguished herself as the most ambitious reformer of a century noted for reform. Thousands of women, hailing her as the Uncrowned Queen of American Womanhood, ardently shared her conviction that their efforts to abolish the deadly wine-cup and the poisonous cigar would lead, if not to the regeneration of men on earth, at least to their own everlasting reward in Heaven.

Babies were being named in her honor. Men and women were deluging her with letters seeking inspired advice on all those subjects for which the pious morons of today turn to the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Yearning virgins, unhappy wives and old busybodies, trying to escape from the monotony of wash-tub, cradle and dishpan, sought excitement in the ranks of the temperance crusade and hailed its leader as the messiah she claimed to be. And it was in response to this frenzied adulation and to her own firm conviction that she was God's oracle that she committed herself to the task of composing a volume which should enable all the girls and women of the land to be as like Frances E. Willard as God and their own perseverance would permit.

Although she herself had never been blessed by husband or child, and had, in fact, displayed a pathological hostility to males all her life, she was not of the opinion that marriage was necessarily an impassable obstacle on the road to saintship. There were, however, certain all-important tests and conditions to be observed if one would avoid risk of disaster. "What," she asked, "is the right age for a woman to marry?" And in reply to her question she observed:

> She is too young until she has enough of motherhood's ineffable and sacred instinct to repudiate an alliance which unites her to a man of voluntarily deteriorated physique, and which does not bring to her the same total abstinence from alcoholic and nicotine poison which she brings to it, and the same purity for purity.

But there was still another test to which the prospective bridegroom should be subjected:

> Compare your hand with that of Sophroniscus next time he calls. Now, has he one of those immense hands that could crush yours as if it were an egg-shell? Then you are not mated, and will pull like an ill-mated span through life.

But wedded or unwedded, there were rules of conduct to be strictly observed by the woman seeking the higher life. Girls were warned against the reading of novels unless they had "some high, heroic, moral aim." Anathema was placed upon the prevailing style in clothes. Women should not pierce their ears for ear-rings, wear bangles on their arms, use high heels,

have their hair banged, or wear birds upon their hats. And a Decalogue of Natural Law was offered, guaranteed to lead to health, happiness and a harp in the hereafter:

> Let the dress be such as will impose no ligature upon any part of the body.
> Let the sponge bath be a daily means of grace.
> Let the functions of digestion be normally preserved by the use of the simplest of foods.
> Let the only drink be water, hot or cold, and milk. Never drink at meals and never drink ice water at all.
> Let God's pure, fresh air have full access to your room.
> Let exercise in the open air be your daily habit.
> Let brain work be dispensed with after tea.
> Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy.
> Habituate your life to prayer. Let it be the pulse of your whole life.

This rigorous training of body and soul, however, was merely preliminary to a life of Service "on the moral battle-fields of this busy age." To achieve the highest pinnacle of sanctity and usefulness, women were to devote themselves to the uplift of humanity, and as a means to that end, Frances proclaimed the W. C. T. U. "the most promising field of labor and reward that can be named for women, young, middle-aged, or old." There were, to be sure, other armies doing "valiant battle for the Prince of Peace," but unfortunately in most of them "women do much of the work and men most of the superintendence," and for that reason they were not to be compared with the W. C. T. U. Indeed, no organization could be compared with it.

> The W. T. C. U., with its unique and heavenly origin, its steady march, its multiplied auxiliaries, its blessed out-reaching to the generous South and the far frontier, its broad sympathies and its welcome to all good and true women who are willing to clasp hands in one common effort to protect their homes and loved ones from the ravages of drink, is an organization without a pattern save that seen in heavenly vision upon the mount of faith, and without a peer among the sisterhoods that have grouped themselves around the cross of Christ.

Of course, wealth was not to be achieved in its ranks but neither would the Lord be indifferent to the faithful.

> A moderate income, sufficient for current needs, is certain to all efficient and faithful workers. . . . There is no one-sided development as in purely intellectual work, but thought and sympathy go hand in hand . . . in this golden harvest-field of Christian work. Hundreds of women have already become experts, . . . and their income is provided by those for whom they labor. . . .

With such words of appeal and promise Frances traveled over the broad expanse of these United States gaining recruits for the holy cause. Women, eventually to the number of 200,000, flocked to her standard and embraced her cause, some of them because they were intoxicated by thought of the blissful rewards that temperance work held out, but many others, alas, because they had nothing else to embrace. Branches of the saintly sisterhood were established in every town from coast to coast. Missionaries were sent to the heathen in India, China, Norway and the Sandwich Islands. Under the generalship of their inspired leader, the crusaders bombarded Legislatures, Senates, Presidents and Kings with petitions signed by hundreds of thousands of names.

Long before women had the ballot, the apostles of St. Frances were successfully bulldozing lawmakers into enacting statutes providing for compulsory instruction in the public-schools in the deadly effects of alcohol and nicotine. They established a stronghold in Washington to keep the Capitol under surveillance, and from it, in time, deadly salvos were fired in unison with the Anti-Saloon League. All these things were done "For God, and Home, and Native Land," and the badge of their high calling was a little white ribbon—"for purity and peace," said Frances, although, God knows, there has been little enough peace in the land since the holy work started.

It was for these devoted services to the public welfare, that in 1905, on the seventh anniversary of Frances's promotion to a better life, the learned Senators and Congressmen of the United States took a recess from their solemn duties to receive her effigy into Statuary Hall. It came as a gift

from the great Commonwealth of Illinois. For the same services there stands a memorial fountain in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and to it the bootleggers of that magnificent city bring votive offerings in gratitude to the woman whose labors made possible their lucrative profession. In the numerous orgiastic funeral services following her demise she was variously likened to Joan of Arc, Christopher Columbus, Mark Hanna, John Wesley and Abraham Lincoln.

II

Looking at Frances Willard's later portraits, one would never suspect that she was once a jolly girl, of unusual mental enterprise, and of a courageous, inquisitive spirit. Indeed, one of the most striking ironies of her career is to be found in the fact that her public life became a flat denial of all the promise of her youth, and that she is now honored and idolized for a self-righteousness which in her younger days she would have been the first to decry.

She was born at Churchville, N. Y., on September 28, 1839. Her ancestors included one of the founders of Concord, Mass., two presidents of Harvard, the architect of Bunker Hill Monument, a great-grandfather who was a Baptist preacher at Dublin, N. H., for more than forty years, and a grandfather "who wasn't happy until he was broken down by the Spirit," a blissful consummation which he achieved by praying an entire night. Her mother was a pious but warm-hearted woman who in later years became a strong supporter of her daughter's reforms, and even president of a W. C. T. U. branch at the age of seventy. The dominating figure of the family, however, was the father, Josiah Willard, a shrewd and capable man, but an orthodox Methodist of the most hard-boiled sort. He was a total abstainer from alcohol and tobacco, and even offered his son and two daughters a reward if they would refrain from drinking coffee and tea until they had come of age.

When Frances was two years old he took the family to the godly town of Oberlin, Ohio, where he spent five years studying for the ministry. But he applied himself so zealously to the Christian cabala that his health was threatened, whereupon he bundled his family into three covered wagons and drove across five hundred miles of prairie to a spot near the young town of Janesville, Wis., ten years before the railroad reached it. He cleared a space in the woods, became a highly successful farmer and served a term in the State Legislature at Madison. The atmosphere at Forest Home was decidedly religious. The daily programme included a high-pressure family prayer-meeting and an hour of psalm singing. Indeed, so concerned was Josiah Willard for the souls of his offspring that he would not allow them to visit the children of his nearest neighbor, a mile away, because the latter did not attend Sunday services.

Frances's younger sister, Mary, early developed a morbid fear of damnation which plagued her until death, but Frances, in spite of her father's constant warnings, maintained a joyous serenity in the face of her threatened doom and was explicitly indifferent to salvation. Church services bored her, and at the age of sixteen she recorded in her journal the fact that instead of listening to the pastor's harangue, she "counted 150 wasps on the ceiling of the church this morning." Sometimes her parents would discover her glancing through the family Bible and would commend her for it, but she would indignantly insist that she was just looking at the births and dates or reading the Apocrypha. No wonder her mother called her, half-playfully, a "little infidel."

Frances hated housework of every kind, but delighted in outdoor sports. When her father refused to allow her to ride a horse, she promptly trained a cow to the saddle and rode the beast until her father yielded. She loved to tramp the woods with a gun, to go fishing, to trap birds and to drown gophers out of their holes so that her pet

dogs might destroy them. She milked cows, became an adept with carpenter's tools and in every way emulated her older brother Oliver. And what she couldn't emulate, she envied. When he attended a lecture at Janesville or went away to study for the ministry at Beloit, she bitterly resented the fact that these seemed to be masculine prerogatives to which she could not attain. And when at the age of twenty-one he rode to town to cast his vote for Fremont and Free Soil she actually wept with chagrin at the thought that she would not have the privilege of voting even when she came of age.

After receiving crude instruction at home and in a nearby country school, Frances and Mary went to Milwaukee, where they lived in a house "in which the Christian atmosphere reminded us daily of Forest Home" and attended classes at a Congregational female college established by Katherine Beecher, sister of the famous Harriet, over whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Frances had already shed copious tears. Josiah Willard, however, wanted more orthodox schooling for his daughters. In his *Western Christian Advocate* he had read of the new Methodist settlement at Evanston, on the outskirts of Chicago, which had a Bible Institute, a college for boys and a college for girls, and was already regarded as the Methodist Athens of the Prairies. In March, 1858, the two girls were sent there to attend the Northwestern Female College, conducted by the Rev. Professor William P. Jones and wife, and in the following year the rest of the Willards left Forest Home to live in Evanston.

III

Frances excelled in her studies and became editor of the school paper, but she was far from being a model pupil. She became the leader of a group of girls who called themselves the Ne'er-Do-Wells and whose chief delight was to break rules and avoid prayer-meetings. Her chum was the wildest girl in school, and on one occasion they amused themselves by dressing up as pirates and invading the rooms of other students, wherein they puffed at lighted cigars and used as many pirate oaths as their vocabulary then commanded. On another occasion, when the best-dressed girl in school ridiculed Frances because of an unbecoming bonnet, the future apostle of universal peace promptly punched her nose and knocked her down. With the boys of the nearby schools, however, Frances had nothing to do. In her voluminous journal she continually bemoaned the tragic fact that she was not good to look upon, and revealed a determination to show no interest in men, since she was convinced they would take no interest in her.

> No actor, no detective, ever schooled himself more sedulously to carry out his part than I did to be utterly impassive, to treat all men alike. . . .

Her indifference to religious instruction seriously disturbed her teachers and Professor Jones's wife began to make frequent visits to the girl's room, to kneel on the floor there in prayer for her erring pupil and to express the pious hope that she would become a Christian by professing her faith and joining the church. This proved ineffective, whereupon Professor Jones stated her case in open meeting and asked for public prayers in her behalf. When Frances learned of this she was humiliated and indignant and promptly expressed her sentiments in a note to the good man:

> You say that I shall feel in Hell (a hard word). . . . I acknowledge it. If there is a God, a Heaven, a Hell, a Devil, then I am undone. I have been taught to think that all these exist, yet from childhood I have doubted. . . . If I were to pray I should say, if I were candid, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!"

Again, after attending a theological lecture, she wrote in her journal:

> Out of two cases, in one of which the Bible says so and so, in the other of which science plainly declares the contrary, the lecturer says we were to believe the Bible and disbelieve science. This seems unreasonable.

But eventually the pressure was too much for her. She was living in a savage Methodist community, and the good-will of her associates was necessary if she was to get a job teaching school, which, she had decided, was to be her life's work. Her brother was soon to be an ordained minister. Every member of her family was a pious, church-going, professsing Christian. A severe illness, a high fever and an authentic vision finally accomplished what public prayers could not. She was lying in bed with typhoid fever when she overheard the doctor say that the crisis was approaching. Suddenly, she heard two voices speaking to her. One of them said: "My child, give Me thy heart. I called thee long by joy, I call thee now by chastisement, only because I love thee with an everlasting love." The other voice said: "Surely you who are so resolute and strong will not break down now because of physical weakness. You are a reasoner and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel." Later she described her vision more minutely:

> One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat.

A few minutes after the two spirits had contended for her soul, she called to her mother and said: "Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl." Her mother then knelt by the bed and shed tears of joy.

This bargain between Frances and God was concluded with eminent satisfaction to both. In due time she got well and promptly amazed the members of the Methodist Church by voluntarily walking down the aisle to the altar, where she knelt and avowed her intention of becoming a 100% Christian. For fourteen consecutive nights thereafter she prayed and agonized at the altar before she felt convinced that the spirit possessed her. Then she joined the church on probation, and was admitted to full membership on May 5, 1861.

> Meanwhile, I had regularly led . . . a prayerful life—which I had not done for some months previous to that time; studied my Bible, and, as I believed, evinced by my daily life that I was taking counsel of the heavenly powers. Prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and church service were most pleasant to me, and I became an active worker, seeking to lead others to Christ. . . .

It was to be her chief occupation from that time on, not only to lead others to Christ, but to insist that none could be led to Him without following her directions.

IV

With the exception of two years of foreign travel, Frances spent the thirteen years following her conversion in the humble walks of a schoolma'm, utterly unmindful of the great destiny that lay ahead. In that period she held thirteen jobs in eleven schools, and in each of them she distinguished herself for her piety and for the zeal with which she recommended her pupils to a life of prayer and godliness. Indeed, as if to make doubly certain of her state of grace, she had been converted all over again in 1866. Yet in spite of her saintly conduct, one is appalled to learn that she showed an astonishing indifference to the principles of total abstinence, and that before she received her call to lead hosts of white-ribboned women against the demon rum, she evinced a decided and lamentable fondness for alcoholic stimulants.

The other Willards had always been temperance people and as early as 1835 Josiah Willard had joined the Washingtonian Temperance Society. His certificate of membership, hanging on the dining-room wall, was one of Frances's earliest childhood recollections. It was a steel engraving, vividly portraying the horrors of drunkenness.

> The little picture represented a bright, happy temperance home with a sweet woman in the center, and over against it a dismal, squalid house with a drunken man staggering in, bottle in

hand. Unconsciously and ineffaceably I learned from that one object lesson what the precepts and practice of my parents steadily enforced, that we were to let strong drink alone.

All her life she had lived in communities where total abstinence was taken for granted and where drunkenness was only a vague rumor. In Wisconsin she lived on a farm, from which the nearest saloon was three miles away in Janesville. Evanston was a bone-dry Methodist village from the day of its founding. And yet, if we are to credit the journal which she so carefully kept during her two years abroad, in 1868–70, she more than once succumbed to the jug.

Three things I did, once in awhile, during my two years and four months of foreign travel, that I never did and never do at home. I went to see sights on Sunday, went to the theatre, and took wine with my dinner.

When she took sick in Copenhagen a doctor advised her to mix wine with her water.

This prescription I then faithfully followed for two years with a gradual tendency so to amend as to make it read "You may put water in your wine," and a leaning toward the "pure article," especially when some rich friend sent for a costly bottle of Rüdesheimer, or treated me to such a luxury as Grand Chartreuse.

But even if the pious Methodists of Evanston would have been shocked by this leaning toward the "pure article," they would have been pleased to observe that her faith in the higher things of life remained undiminished.

July 26, '68—Kate and I, in recoil from Parisian levity, fell to reading our dear neglected Bible to each other this morning . . . and to talking of the only things that last.

But it seems that there was something in the European atmosphere which made abstinence one of those things that did not last.

Berlin, Oct. 30—My beer muddles my brain. . . . Nov. 23—I was so chilled and miserable. . . . Kate conferred with kind Mr. M., who advised two stiff glasses of rum and water, drinking which I escaped all evil consequences and—*lived in my own world awhile!*

Which, unless I am sadly mistaken, is about the way a maiden school-teacher in her thirtieth year would coyly confess that she had been somewhat tipsy! At a London dinner seven wine glasses stood around her plate, but neither did she protest against the iniquity nor refuse to share it. In fact, she found herself forced to admit ruefully that the experience had done her no harm.

Beyond a flushing of the cheek, an unwonted readiness at repartee and an anticipation of the dinner hour, unknown to me before or since, I came under no thralldom, . . . and returning to this blessed "land of the wineless dinner table," my natural environments were such that I do not recall the use of intoxicants by me as a beverage from that day to this.

This last statement must be regarded as a slip of the pen, for at a later date she says that while teaching school in Evanston, after her return from Europe, "now and then, when especially worn out, I would take a little of mother's currant wine." And after she had been elevated to leadership in the W. C. T. U. and was making a public confession of her past sins for the better guidance of her followers she made a still more startling admission:

I remember that the great temperance crusade of 1874 found me with a beer keg in my cellar, a fatal haziness in my opinions and a blighting indifference to the temperance reform.

V

In 1871, shortly after Frances returned from her regrettable wine-bibbing in Europe, the Methodist ladies of Evanston conceived the lofty ambition of establishing a college for women which would not be contaminated by the presence of any male on the board of trustees or faculty. Miss Willard, as a superior female of established experience and virtue, was chosen president. After she had run it for a year the institution was on the verge of collapse for want of cash, and to avoid that débâcle the ladies reluctantly turned the plant over to Northwestern University, providing, at the same time, that Frances was to be made dean of the Women's College, and professor of æsthetics.

It proved to be an unhappy change for her. Her male students, with a coarseness typical of their sex, adorned her recitation rooms with uncomplimentary mottoes and entombed yowling cats in her desk. Worse, she was soon at war with the faculty, for those pig-headed men did not agree with her that women students should be plagued with rules to govern their every move. At one faculty meeting she found herself voting alone, and not long thereafter she was called before a special committee and accused of indifference to the university rules. She burst into tears at the accusation and fled the room. Her resignation was accepted with most ungentlemanly alacrity.

Frances was frantic. All that night she tossed about on her bed in hysterics, and her lamentations could be heard all over the building. It was at this time that she had her second divine visitation. God appeared to her and informed her that everything was for the best and that she should love her enemies. After this vision she became so calm and assumed such a sweet air of resignation that one of her cousins who witnessed the phenomenon later remarked to his wife: "Our cousin is either soon to go to her heavenly home or from this time her life is to be enlarged. This wonderful manifestation of divine grace means something unusual."

This was indeed a prophetic utterance, for her life was enlarged immediately thereafter. In a month or two she went to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where Francis Murphy, "a drinking man and saloon-keeper recently reformed," was holding his first temperance camp-meeting. Here she met Neal Dow and other Prohibition pioneers and was promptly persuaded to champion the cause and devote herself to the uplift of man. She went home, in a few weeks was made president of the recently formed Chicago W. C. T. U., and found herself embarked on that saintly life-work which was to make her a shining example for future generations.

She had no money and was the sole support of her widowed mother, but the fact that there was as yet no salary attached to her new labors did not lessen her zeal.

> To my mind there was a missing link in the faith of George Muller, Dorothea Trubel and other saintly men and women who spoke and let their wants be known. . . . I am just simply going to pray, to work and to trust God.

So without any financial backing she began her great work. The Chicago Y. M. C. A. was induced to give her a room free of rent, and here she opened the first W. C. T. U. headquarters in the country. She organized committees, and started a daily three o'clock prayer-meeting at which "signing the pledge and seeking the Lord behind the pledge" were the special features. She sent articles and paragraphs to the local press and personally visited every editor in the city, asking for his help or at least his tolerance. She addressed Sunday-schools, ministerial assemblies and mass-meetings, and once in a while dashed into a neighboring town to bring the glad tidings of temperance and take up a collection, which represented her only source of income.

It was not a very fruitful source, for she was still unsung and unheralded, and there were days when she did without meals and even walked half the length of Chicago for want of carfare. "For several months I went on in this way and my life never had a happier season," she said later. Yet even at this early stage of her work, when less than a year had passed since she had a keg of beer in her cellar, she was convinced that God had chosen her as His particular instrument and began to yearn for martyrdom. Thoughts of St. Francis of Assisi inspired her.

> Thinking of him, my small privations seemed so ridiculously trivial that I was eager to suffer something really worthy of a disciple for humanity's sweet sake.

Frances's mother liked humanity too, but she was of the opinion that perhaps it wasn't worth quite so much self-sacrifice, and when she made the discovery that her

flour-barrel and coal-bin were almost empty and that Frances was suffering from exposure and undernourishment, she decided that something should be done. The result was that Frances wrote a letter to her temperance ladies explaining her plight. It was so full of pathos that the women "cried over it in executive committee," promptly sent Frances a check, and then raised a fund and gave her a salary. From that time on she was never in want.

VI

The Chicago work thrived. The prayer-meetings played to full houses and hundreds of sinners signed the pledge. And in due time Frances was made president of the Illinois W. C. T. U. She wrote a book called "Hints and Helps," a manual of instruction for establishing branches of the W. C. T. U., and she herself began to travel about, expenses paid, as an organizer. One Sunday morning while kneeling in prayer she heard a heavenly voice say to her: "You are to speak for woman's ballot as a weapon of protection to her home and tempted loved ones from the tyranny of drink." She immediately decided to petition the Illinois Legislature to allow women to vote on the licensing of grog-shops. After a short but furious campaign through Illinois she had 200,000 names attached to her Home Protection Petition, and armed with it she and her ladies invaded Springfield.

> We had great hearings at the State-house, which we decorated with the Petition, all the names being pasted on a strip of cloth nearly a quarter of a mile long. . . . We sang "Home, Sweet Home" in the Senate chamber, held prayer-meetings in the committee rooms and on top of Lincoln's monument, and convened mass meetings throughout the State to the tune of:
>
> Rally then, rally then,
> Ye men of Illinois;
> Give women Home Protection vote
> To save the tempted boy!

In 1879 Frances was made president of the national organization, now but five years old. To give an account of her activities from that time on would require a volume. In fact, she herself found an ordinary volume insufficient, for in 1889, when she celebrated the tenth year of her presidency by writing her memoirs, her publishers were forced to eliminate 500 pages of the manuscript and even then had a 700-page book on their hands, containing more than a half-million words.

The energy she had shown in organizing the Chicago and Illinois branches was now devoted to the national body. She eliminated committees, appointed superintendents, made each individually responsible and got excellent results. She inaugurated her "Do Everything" policy, by which the W. C. T. U. was urged to attack every conceivable evil and to take up with every reform, thus widening its sphere of influence and increasing its membership. Dues of one cent a week were assessed, and when members began to be counted by the tens of thousands, these dues came to a tidy sum. With her secretary, Anna Gordon, she travelled all over the country, speaking on temperance wherever she got the chance and organizing branches everywhere. In 1883, called the year of the Great Temperance Round-up, she travelled more than 30,000 miles, visited every State capital in the Union, established branches in every town of 5,000 or more, averaged at least one lecture a day, sent out 10,000 letters, and wrote innumerable articles for magazines and newspapers.

At the end of her tenth year as captain of this army of the Lord she had an almost perfect organization. There were 10,000 W. C. T. U. units in the country, Ohio alone having 500. National headquarters had been established at Evanston. The *Union Signal*, the official paper, had 60,000 paying subscribers. A Temperance Publishing Association had been formed, and was paying a dividend of 6% on its stock, doing a business of more than $150,000 annually, and sending out more than sixty million pages of propaganda every year. A Loyal Temperance Legion for children had been formed, forty distinct branches

of work had been organized, and a Temperance Hospital had been established in Chicago to prove that sickness could be cured without the use of alcohol.

Once, while in San Francisco, she visited Chinatown and was appalled at the flourishing trade of the opium-dens and bawdy-houses. It suddenly occurred to her that if the Pacific Ocean hadn't intervened, China would be part of America. "We are all one suffering humanity," she said. And so she organized a World's W. C. T. U. and sent forth a "round-the-world missionary" to preach to the heathen. She read a book dealing with the iniquities of the opium trade in India and determined at once to put an end to the evil by means of a polyglot petition addressed to the "Honored Rulers, Representatives, and Brothers" of the world. In it each of them was asked to abolish the traffic in alcoholics and narcotics and implored "to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals." This document, when presented to President Cleveland in the White House in 1895, contained 1,121,200 signatures in fifty languages and was almost five miles in length. Six million names had to be left off for want of space.

Liquor, tobacco and opium were not the only evils she sought to scourge. "There is no phase of reform which the drink curse has not rendered necessary," she observed. She thought labor problems could be settled best by adopting the New Testament as a text-book on economics and by changing pay-day from Saturday to Monday. She thought that the name Earth was too undignified for the planet we live on and urged that it be re-christened Concordia. Dancing was proclaimed a device of Satan to entrap young souls.

> Girls come and ask me, "Would you dance round dances?" Dear little sister, no; don't dance a round dance. The women of the future will not do it.

The decay of chastity caused her particular uneasiness and her latter years were much given to the gospel of sex purity.

> A madness, not excelled, if indeed equalled, in the worst days of Rome, seems to possess the inflamed natures of men, let loose from the 250,000 saloons of the nation upon the weak and unarmed women, whose bewildering danger it is to have attracted the savage glances of these men.

She helped organize White Cross Legions for boys who pledged themselves not to smoke or drink and to remain forever pure. She publicly endorsed "those noble men, Anthony Comstock of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and the Rev. Dr. De Costa of the White Cross Legion," and invited them to speak at a national W. C. T. U. convention. She exclaimed in horror against the fact "that in Illinois seduction is not recognized as a crime," and got up petitions addressed to every State Legislature in the country asking that something be done to put an end to "the increasing and alarming frequency of assaults upon women, the frightful indignities to which even little girls are subject, and the corrupting of boys."

Many sinful people laughed and scoffed at all these frenzied efforts to elevate humanity, at the sentimentality, conceit and morbid meddling of the white-ribboned ladies. But while they laughed, Frances went about, with amazing efficiency and effrontery, organizing a body of public opinion destined, in time, to dictate to the lawmakers of the nation. The Republican National Convention of 1884 might ignore her petition for a plank favoring female suffrage and Prohibition and leave it on the floor covered with cigar ashes and tobacco juice. And the Democrats that same year might reject the petition with a curt word about "sumptuary laws that vex the citizen." But Frances kept on her serene way, preaching, agitating and petitioning, confident that hers was the Lord's work. As time passed, she heard heavenly voices with increasing frequency, and was not discouraged. Perhaps one of them told her that the official hostess to the Democratic party at its convention in 1928 would be a president of the Texas W. C. T. U. Who knows?

VII

Frances's active career ended with the death of her mother in 1892. The two women had been devoted companions and Frances was left disconsolate. A month later she accepted an invitation to go to England, where she was welcomed and entertained by her friend, Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British W. C. T. U. The great organization which she had built up was now running of its own strength and no longer needed her guiding hand. She had practically retired from active duty. Occasionally she would appear in public to denounce the evils of drinking or gambling, and wherever she spoke the women gave her a great ovation.

It was during her visit to Lady Somerset that she learned to ride a bicycle at the age of fifty-three. She was about to abandon the effort, but the image of her dead mother appeared before her one day and said, "Do it? Of course you'll do it! What else should you do?" After that she could ride with ease. While in England she visited the church in Kent at which her ancient ancestors had worshipped, and with great humility presented a commemorative tablet to express her gratitude for the noble qualities she had inherited from them.

She made several trips home to the United States to attend the more important W. C. T. U. conventions, and during the last year of her life, as if conscious of the approaching end, she made a tour of the scenes of her younger and more pagan days. Early in 1898, while stopping at the Empire Hotel in New York, she was stricken with influenza. Thousands of women prayed for her recovery, but her great work on earth had been finished and she breathed her last on the night of February 17, saying, as she died, "How beautiful it is to be with God!"

On the following Sunday a funeral service was held by the W. C. T. U. at the scene of her passing. An hour later a public service was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, conducted, oddly enough, by a pastor named the Rev. Dr. E. S. Tipple, assisted by five other parsons and a high-powered Methodist Bishop. The train bearing her clay back to Evanston stopped at her birthplace at Churchville, N. Y., where a memorial service was held. Another service was held in the station at Buffalo, where members of the W. C. T. U. filed through the funeral car and deposited flowers. When the body arrived in Chicago the flags of the city floated at half-mast all day and more than thirty thousand people viewed the casket. A service was held there that night, and next day, at Evanston, the Christian students of Northwestern University escorted the casket to services at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, where she had first dedicated herself to a life of benevolence. A funeral service was again held at Graceland cemetery, where her body was cremated, and still another at Rosehill cemetery, when the ashes were deposited in her mother's grave.

At the service in Chicago, Bishop John Vincent referred to her as Saint Frances. And seven years later, the talented Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge of Indiana publicly proclaimed that "the character of Frances E. Willard is womanhood's apotheosis." Her road to saintship had been a long and hard one. But apparently she got there in the end.

ART

BY JOHN McCLURE

SCAMANDER—The artists who beguile the passing of time stand as high, in my opinion, as the philosophers who inquire into the nature of it. I am as fond of Thomas Campion as of Spinoza or Plato.

POLYCRATES—It is unnecessary to bracket such dissimilar conceptions as art and philosophy, and absurd to give the same measure of respect to a childish painter or poet, who merely produces verdure like a tree, that one gives to a wise and reflective intelligence. It is all well enough to dote on Campion's songs or "Nicodemus in the Moon," but one must not therefore compare them with the Phaedo, the Meditations or the Enchiridion. The artists who create images or harmonious sounds, like those stupid Cyclops who manufactured the thunder, cannot be invested with the dignity of Antoninus, or even of Ocellus Lucanus, who maintained after reflection that the universe was imperishable and uncreated.

SCAMANDER—Nevertheless, if we inquire into it, we discover most of the wisdom of the world congealed in its works of art.

POLYCRATES—On the contrary, we are astounded at the mass of confusion and error which has been transformed into beauty. Here and there are small acorns of wisdom. We find a great quantity of platitudes made golden. The artists, I grant you, are closer to truth than the multitude, and thunderbolts from beyond the world sometimes illumine their minds. Their worship of beauty is in fact a childish recognition of substance, and even the foolishest poet now and then is profoundly wise. Yet poets glorify ignorance in a hundred ballads to one in which they reveal any sage counsel. There have been philosophers who were also artists. I am thinking of Blake, not of Heine, whose verses were better, nor of Raphael, whose sense of proportion was finer. A philosopher so stung by the gadflies of sense that he hankers for harmony in form, color or sound—unable to be satisfied like the others with the pure unity of substance—may turn to the arts. But when we speak of his art we are speaking of one thing, and when we speak of his wisdom, that is another.

SCAMANDER—You do not believe that the artist's urge toward the beautiful is a centripetal impulse toward the secret of being?

POLYCRATES—I do, but that urge, like the vital principle in flowers, is blind. I do not deny that the artist drives further toward wisdom than the multitude. He often boasts an intuitive wisdom. In comparison with the butcher, he is an elevated intelligence. There is, too, something heroic in the persistence with which he tries, not often successfully, to weave an earthly beauty from the remote ideal, and there is something pseudo-philosophical in the way in which, sensing the fluidity of experience, he seeks refuge in the serenity of created forms. There is kinship between Plato and Catullus, but the one is a man and the other a child.

SCAMANDER—But rhythm is at the root of all things. The artists, in learning the secrets of rhythm in form or color or

sound, are placing themselves in touch with eternal substance.

POLYCRATES—Whether there is rhythm in eternal substance, you and I, Scamander, who are numbered among the ephemeridæ, are in no position to state. It is, more likely than not that rhythm is at the root of illusion, because it partakes of time. I believe there is no shadow of turning in infinite being. The artist, like a flowering azalea, is in touch with substance—there is some connection, certainly, else the artist could not even seem to exist. Nevertheless, though rhythm be actually a character of eternal substance, it does not follow that a creator of rhythms is an initiate in eternity. There is rhythm in a tomato, and very much in a toothache. Robert Herrick may speak all he pleases of "the holy incantation of a verse," but he is unlikely by versification to conjure any spirit of wisdom. And indeed he did not in his ballads. He gilded some proverbs and platitudes and embroidered an inherited liturgy. He affirmed that men have a habit of dying.

SCAMANDER—You are at your old tricks, denying the importance of the arts!

POLYCRATES—The importance of the arts exists, like the city of King Æëtes, only in the imaginations of the poets. The arts are not even necessary. However, I love them dearly, as I love the beautiful in nature. There is, too, a curious fascination in the mind of the artist, lunary as the tides, groping for music or images. The world's store of art offers the eye an array of loveliness from which the wise man or the fool can draw his conclusions. I, too, have attempted to create. I have tried, like a ridiculous sorcerer, to exorcise the spirit of beauty, but have had no better fortune than Porphyry Arsano, who attempted to summon the Devil by beating a copper pan. Yet had I been lucky enough to generate anything beautiful, I should not therefore lay claim to wisdom. The artist works as blindly as Boyle's law, producing a new natural beauty. His work is the food of wisdom, as the world is, and in it we may read allegories of truth. Yet it is an accident when the artist is also a wise man. For one Blake we find a hundred Herricks and Heines; for one Leonardo a hundred Titians and Raphaels. We should honor the artist, I grant you, but in reason. There is no need to call a peacock an owl.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

C_2H_5 Amour.—There is a type of man who, in the presence of an attack of the emotional inflammation known as romantic love, fights it exactly as he fights liquor. He drinks not to get pleasurably boozy and to sit magnificently for the time being on the heights of Olympus, but to keep cockily sober and prosaically himself. He drinks not toward a gladsome state but against it, by way of proving to himself and to his comrades that he can guzzle his fill without batting an eye. He challenges the effect of liquor, and strains his gizzard in a determined and nonsensical effort to deny its effect. While the rest of the boys are having a hot time singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," kissing the bartender and standing on their heads in the spittoons, he, forgetting that he will in all probability have just as big a dose of *Katzenjammer* the next day, sits superiorly apart meditating, between hiccups and attacks of heartburn, what damned fools his fellow idiots are.

The Critic Uncriticized.—To a very considerable extent, the prevalence and persistence of so much half-baked and bogus criticism are due, I believe, to the unwritten law that obtains among first-rate artists regarding the answering of criticism of themselves, however asinine and disgusting that criticism may be. It is held by such artists to be beneath their dignity to reply to criticism of any kind, whether laudatory or deprecatory, and they generally stick to the principle of an aloof and even snooty silence. There has, indeed, come to be something suspect about the artist who condescends to reply to criticism of himself; his fellows view him with a superior nose; and, appreciating this, it is a rare craftsman who is found willing to lower himself by meeting honey with honey or—more important—brick with brick. As a consequence, the worst sort of critical grease or insult, cheap backslapping or cheap rear-booting, is permitted to go unnoticed and unchallenged, and ignorant criticism is allowed to flourish in the land and wax fat on its ignorance.

The tradition that a first-rate man is less a first-rate man if, encountering a snide detraction of himself that has no respect for the facts, he makes a critical riposte, strikes me as being just about as silly as anything I have run across during many years spent in this silly world. I speak, of course and obviously enough, not of snide criticism written by essentially snide men, but of the species of snide criticism that is every once in a while written by men who should know better. When a jackass brays, no one pays any attention to him, not even other jackasses. But when a lion brays like a jackass, even the lions in the neighborhood may be pardoned for exhibiting a little surprise and for looking around to observe what has befallen their brother. It is this kind of braying, sometimes issuing from lions and more often from sheep and jackals in lions' clothing, that chronically disturbs the critical air in the American jungle, and that disturbs the peace of its artists. A few well-placed shots, with the necessary ammunition fully at the artists' command, would do a lot to diminish the racket and bring some semblance of critical dignity back to the landscape. If the authentic artists amongst us continue to be insulted by so much shabby, disreputable, dishonest and offensive criticism, it will be their fault and theirs alone. Let there be an end to this

hypocritical posturing and let a first-rate man, when he is demeaned by fifth-rate criticism, hit back. The greatest artists of the past have not hesitated to answer their ignorant critics with the gunpowder of their sounder intelligence. The artists that we have today are simply affected mountebanks if they hesitate to do the same thing.

The Pragmatism of the Useless.—From time to time in this place, as some of my trade may have casually noticed, I have commented upon the more lamentable characteristics of our fellow Americans, to the loud and, I regret to report, sometimes vituperative displeasure of certain of the more recently naturalized patriots. So loud and vituperative has this displeasure been in the last twelvemonth, indeed, that its volume has not been matched since the day that I published a piece pointing out the unexcelled preeminence of Americans and America in a number of obvious directions. I therefore often conclude that perhaps the most effectual way to go about criticizing our co-citizens and the idiosyncrasies of their conduct may be to set forth their good points, so get them mad and then arrive at the truth about them through their own irritated denials and automatic self-analyses. The moment you flatter a man, he psychically pulls off his socks and boots and shows his bare Achilles heel. Denounce him and he keeps his boots on with a view to a reciprocatory kick.

Today, however, I fear that I am concerned less with one of our brother's good points than with one of his dubious ones. I allude to his encompassing veneration of practicability and to his complete subservience to the doctrine of does-it-work? and is-there-any-real-use-to-it? It is this veneration and this subservience that have undoubtedly made the American what he is: the world's money-bags, the financial big boy, but it is this same veneration and subservience that have also undoubtedly made him the most prosaic and least appealing fellow in Christendom. Of all men, the American as an individual is most greatly lacking in glamour and romance, and for the simple reason that he is himself skittish of glamour and romance. He is shy of them to the point of downright fear; they and all that they imply and represent are excessively questionable in his eyes and are to be avoided as being suspiciously pink. In this attitude we have, of course, the obvious mark of a *nouveau* and uncertain people. The worship of practicability and atheism as to the beauty of the impracticable are always attributes of men still psychically in the peasant state. The charm of the relatively useless is the prerogative of an aristocracy.

Distrust, contempt and even hatred of the arts, distrust, contempt and even ribaldry for the frolicsome fireworks of romantic passion, impatience running to indignation over Continental ease and irony and the gentlemanly leisureness of life—these are familiar enough American phenomena. The emotions must be flogged into routine channels; the heart must be kept strictly in place underneath a two-dollar shirt; the eye must be kept straight ahead that it may not be diverted from Success, Respectability, Duty and all the other stereotyped, capitalized goals of prosperity, security and public esteem. There must be censors alert to clap the lid on bold and vagrant and beautiful letters, and a voracious yellow press to hold up to ridicule and obloquy any citizen who permits his emotions to step out of line for even a moment, and policemen to collar scoundrels who flirt with pretty women on the streets, and goddamning evangelists to warn against life's agreeable little follies, and the howling of psalm singers to drown out the hurdy-gurdies of homesick Italians and the dancing of little alien tenement girls, and motor-cycle cops to spy on parked Chryslers after dark, and Sunday laws, Monday laws and Tuesday laws, and God knows what else to make life humdrum in the holy name of what is called Respectability. If England

is a nation of shop-keepers, we in turn are a nation of keepers of our neighbor's soul. He may, if we don't watch him, have too good a time and be happy. He must be kept, at all costs, a routine member of the community, a fellow his boss can trust not to sneak an extra five minutes at lunch time, a decent citizen—in short, a Success.

About twenty years ago, in an address to the student body of one of our great American universities at Commencement time, a fine old American scholar and gentleman named Crane, now gone to the grave, spoke these words:

"Nor am I willing to overlook those influences which have touched your emotional nature and, I firmly believe, contributed largely to your intellectual growth. The pictures of hill and dell, of lake and waterfall will be with you sleeping and waking, and the strains of remembered music and the visions of storied glass will evoke noble thoughts and nerve you to heroic deeds. For all these things, and how many more!, you are indebted to your alma mater. It is a debt you can never hope to repay, but for which you can be everlasting grateful.

"Many years ago, I found in an old Italian book an apologue which may appropriately end these random thoughts:

> There was once a Queen of the Isles called Happy, fair and of wondrous aspect, adorned with precious garments and ever young. She never wished to wed, but was content to be admired and loved.
>
> To those who loved her most she gave the greatest rewards, and to the others according to their affection. But of all she made trial in this wise. When each came before her as he was summoned, she touched him with a wand and dismissed him from her presence. When they had left the palace of the Queen they straightway fell asleep and slumbered until she had them awakened. Then they appeared before her again and each had his dream written on his brow so that the Queen could easily read it. And those who had dreamed of hunting and fishing, of horses and wild beasts and forests, she drove away to pass their waking hours with the beasts of which they had dreamed; for if they had loved her, she said, they would sometimes have dreamed of her.
>
> Those others who had dreamed of merchandise, or of ruling their families, or of the state or like things, unmindful of the Queen, she made merchants and statesmen, loading them with cares and heavy thoughts.
>
> But those who had dreamed of her she kept with her in her court, and reasoned with them amid the sound of sweet music and rejoicings of infinite content.

"So shall it be with you. Your alma mater will shower upon you honors and wealth. She will load you with the cares of the state and the burdens of trade. But forget her not, even in your dreams, for to those who are true to their first love she will open wide her pleasant court and grant a respite to the weary toiler amid these lovely scenes where he has passed his happy youth."

How many out of the one hundred and twenty millions of Americans today, I wonder, can understand what he meant? And how many, understanding or not understanding, can still check the impulse to exclaim, "Applesauce!"

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Snapshot of a Dramatic Season

The opening gun: "Tenth Avenue," written in part by the Hon. Lloyd Griscom, Ph.B., LL.D., ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Brazil and to Italy and Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. The big scene showed the keeper of a low crooks' boarding-house, the mistress of one of the crooks, indignantly declining to accept some money because it hadn't been come by honestly. "What the Doctor Ordered," a farce founded upon the news that human beings have organs of reproduction. "Blood Money," a melodrama in which a little blonde flapper matched her brains against various masterminds in villainy and triumphantly made them take the count where experts had failed. "Her First Affaire," the sensation of which consisted in the heroine's walking down to the footlights, glaring icily in turn at the audience and at the leading man, and observing that she didn't see why a girl couldn't if a man could. "Footlights," wherein the pure little country girl triumphed over the pitfalls of New York and ended up in the arms of the pure juvenile. "Such Is Life," in which an actress stuck a bustle up under her shirtwaist, was thus a hunchback and indicated her bitter disposition by tightening her teeth and making clucking noises in her throat; "Burlesque," proving that burlesque folk are the most moral in the world and fond of settled married life; and "Pickwick," a Dickens dramatization, in which Mr. Pickwick was played by a 135-pound actor with a sofa-pillow strapped to his middle and in which his colleagues depicted other Dickensian characters by jamming their chins down on their collars and gazing over the rims of imaginary spectacles. "Women Go On Forever," in which the slattern keeper of a cheap rooming-house came out in a peignoir by Boué Sœurs and in which promptly on the half-hour someone or other got shot. "Yellow Sands," ostensibly laid in a dilapidated English fishing village, with the house resembling a swell Beverly Hills bungalow with Palm Beach trimmings. "Revelry," with the Cabinet-room of a President of the United States serving as a rendezvous for assorted cuties. "The Baby Cyclone," a farce in which George M. Cohan got even with the Actors' Equity Association by casting a dog for the leading rôle. "The Wild Man of Borneo," showing that even a humble bosom may hold a heart of gold. "The Triumphant Bachelor," in which a lot of actors in dinner jackets stood elegantly around balancing cocktails and making *mots* on women and matrimony, and in which the actor cast for the rôle of the handsome lady-killer had put so much bear's-grease on his hair that it kept dripping down on to his ears when he perspired and caused him visible discomfort when his hands were otherwise occupied and he couldn't wipe it off. "Creoles," in which a drunken pirate sea-captain invaded the bed-room of a young woman, spent the night there, and the next morning informed the audience that he had passed the time sitting in a chair near the young woman's bed silently worshipping her innocence and purity. "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in which a left-handed murderer was made to betray his left-handedness by catching a thrown object in his left hand, like all right-handed baseball players. "Four Walls," in which a Yiddish actor was cast for the rôle of a Yiddish gunman and got wonderful no-

tices because of the excellence of his Yiddish makeup and accent.

"The Command to Love," in which the hot French lover was played by a sedate Englishman and which the censors cleaned up by making the leading woman put on skirts instead of pajamas and by explaining the change with a line that was twice as dirty as anything that had been in the script before. "The Letter," in which an actor made up to look like a Chinaman demonstrated the superior sagacity of the Oriental to the Occidental by imperturbably saying *no* every time a Caucasian vis-à-vis excitably anticipated a *yes*. "The Shannons of Broadway," greeted as a play racy of the soil on the strength of the fact that it substituted the words *bozo* and *wow* for *man* and *success*. "Jimmie's Women," a Brooklyn French farce; "The Garden of Eden," in which the sensational dramatic climax came when the leading woman pulled off her wedding gown in the presence of the assembled guests and revealed herself in the altogether of approximately $500 worth of lingerie; "Black Velvet," in which the big moment revealed that the supposed Caucasian had a touch of the tar-brush; "Romancin' Round," that discovered the news that a sailor is not of a monogamous disposition; "Murray Hill," in which an old maid got drunk on cocktails under the impression that they were lemonade; and "The House of Women," in which the heroine declared, to the consternation of the other characters, that a woman has a right to live her own life. A revival of "An Enemy of the People," with a Dr. Stockmann who, judging from the periodic massagings of his waistcoat, was a sufferer from chronic bellyache. "Hidden," in which the Freudian heroine fainted after having suddenly come upon the leading man in a bathtub; "Dracula," in which an Hungarian mime in an 1890 dress-suit moseyed around in a green light and bit the women characters in the neck; "Porgy," in which a pretty young colored girl insisted upon remaining biologically faithful to a destitute, crippled and homely black man and would have nothing to do with a handsome young mulatto who made advances to her; "Synthetic Sin," in which the young heroine was tempted by baleful roués but resisted them with an unassailable purity; "The Springboard," in which the rôle of the handsome and irresistible Don Juan was played by an actor with a Hofbräu tummy; and "The Matrimonial Bed," a French farce deodorized for local consumption by insisting that everybody concerned in it was duly and properly married.

"Skin Deep," in which the hero was won away from his old-fashioned wife by an adventuress in a skin-tight dress; "Out of the Night," in which the evidence that solved the mystery was found in the mantel above the old fireplace; "Interference," in which the villain, about to die, magnanimously confessed all; "The Ivory Door," in which the romantic king of the mythical country had a bad cold and a running nose on the night I viewed him; "Love in the Tropics," which implied that physical desire is peculiar to districts south of the equator and that all babies north of the Canal Zone are hence brought by the stork; and "If," which showed that incalescent Oriental potentates, when they want to let go and have a particularly hot time, sit around and watch a male acrobat. "Escape," to the street-walker in which Galsworthy gave such lines as "There's nothing so wild as a wild woman" and "The Garden of Eden must have been something like Hyde Park—there was a prize cop there, anyway." "Immoral Isabella," a pseudo-satire on Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella in which the stellar wheeze concerned Columbus' discovery of Columbus Circle. "Behold This Dreamer," in which the audience's sympathy was beseeched for the hero on the ground that, while he had to work in a brush factory, he had an urge to write poetry. "The Arabian," with the actor cast for the name rôle made up as an Armenian and comporting him-

self like a Japanese; "Ink," in which the owner of an important newspaper spent most of his time trying to impress his editors that the front page should be given over to human-interest stories about dogs; and "John," in which the rôle of John the Baptist was cast with a Yiddo-Russian actor who in moments of high emotion scratched his head vigorously and swallowed at least two quarts of saliva. "The Wicked Age," in which the naughtiness of the young females of today was illustrated by having a flapper drink a cocktail and sit on a man's lap. "The Fanatics," in which one of the young women characters boldly and bravely announced that she had once loved a man without benefit of clergy. "Coquette," certain bizarre episodes in which the reviewers professed to believe impossible of occurrence and which, with faithfulness to main event and to detail, happened to be a dramatization of the famous Cole murder case of North Carolina, with lines evidently lifted verbatim from testimony, letters and news stories pertaining to the same. "And So To Bed," with the rôle of Samuel Pepys, Esq., played by a Lambs' Club actor with a thick American accent. "Nightstick," in which all the obliging crooks turned up sociably in the policeman's flat; "The Marquise," in which one of the actors playing a great blue-blood was evidently suffering from an esoteric hive and permitted it visibly to interfere with his regal nonchalance; and "Spellbound," in which the star actress indicated suppressed agony by rapidly swallowing imaginary wads of chewing-gum and giving issue after each gulp to a little squeal.

A revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in German, with the fairies, dying of thirst for some Lowenbräu, muttering "Was für ein verdammtes Land ist das?" "Tia Juana," a melodrama during which, on the night I attended it, a drunk fell out of his seat no less than six times and finally had to be escorted up the aisle by three ushers, proclaiming loudly on the way that he was a friend of one of the actors and was going to get his friend to complain to Mr. Shubert. "The King Can Do No Wrong," in which the heroic leading man, from his vantage point at a window, kept two hundred enemy soldiers at bay with a repeating rifle. "The Racket," in which an ignorant cub reporter had been assigned to cover the potentially most important police district in Chicago. "The Plough and the Stars," in which the sound of cannon fire in the streets of Dublin was mimicked off-stage by periodically throwing a case of ginger-ale bottles downstairs. "Fallen Angels," in which one of the two leading women, called upon to play a drunken scene, was so conscious of the expensive new frock she was wearing that, at the height of her tipsiness, she kept a sharp eye constantly on her own glass and on that of her vis-à-vis by way of making sure that not a drop would spill on her. "Jedermann," a German version of "Everyman," in which Everyman was somewhat comfortingly shown to be a millionaire. "Out of the Sea," a reworking of the Tristram legend, in which, at the finish, the actress in the Iseult rôle was supposed to jump off a high cliff into the sea but instead of which, as the audience could disconcertingly observe, she gingerly moved a few paces to the right, cautiously stepped down about a foot, and ambled off into the wings. "Trigger," in which the poor little barefooted orphan girl's ragged dress was announced in the programme to have been made by a fashionable Fifth Avenue modiste. "Los Angeles," in which a movie actor's romantic heartache was made the subject of sentimental tragedy. "Spring Song," in which, upon the puffing appearance of the fat forty-three year old leading actress, the juvenile rapturously exclaimed, "The spirit of Spring entered this house when you came through that door!" And "Caste," in which, by way of cajoling the box-office, the characters representing Gentiles loudly insisted throughout the evening that they weren't nearly so

admirable in any respect as the characters representing Jews, and into which from time to time the names of Spinoza, Disraeli, Heine, Mendelssohn and the late Charlie Murphy were casually interjected by way of strengthening the case.

"Paradise," wherein the author of the previously alluded to play in which the girl suffered a Freudian collapse upon seeing a man in the bathtub displayed himself in an even more profoundly intellectual mood and gave forth his philosophies on life, death, the soul, etc. "Do We Know?" confected by an actress who had played vampire rôles in the movies and setting forth her ideas on spiritualism. "Behold, the Bridegroom," in which a wealthy society belle who had done considerable flirting, upon meeting at length the man she truly loved, went into a decline and died because she believed she was not worthy of him. "Bless You, Sister," a Broadway attempt to put Elmer Gantry into skirts; "It Is To Laugh," in which the East Side characters all talked and acted like Louis Mann; and "Venus," in which the author seriously and soberly suggested her conviction that the inhabitants of the planet in question are hermaphrodites. "Celebrity," in which the joke about Gene Tunney's having read a book was spread out into a three-hour play; "Excess Baggage," the one about the clown who goes through a performance with a broken heart; and a revival of "L'Aiglon" in which the fragile consumptive little young Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was played by a strapping actress of five feet ten with a chest expansion of at least eight inches and enough vigor to reclaim the whole lost empire singlehanded. "Mongolia," a melodrama in which one of the Oriental villains bore a striking resemblance to Dinty Moore; "Paris Bound," in which a young husband had been unfaithful to his wife and in which the former's father consoled the wife by assuring her that he had been unfaithful to her only physically and not spiritually; and "The Royal Family," in which the news was demonstrated that the call of the stage is so powerful that when an actress leaves it she is always torn by a desire to go back. "The Prisoner," that discoursed for two and one half hours on a dimly lighted stage on the brotherhood of man; "Peripherie," which, in the original German, ended tragically with murder but to which the German impresario, by way of making the box-office safe for democracy, bequeathed a rosy Pollyanna ending; and "Red Dust," one of the actresses in which showed up with a two-inch hole in one of her stockings and an inch hole in the other. "Marco Millions," in which sixteen sweating and groaning slaves, supposed to be pulling a massive chariot across the desert, dragged desperately at a rope and drew out into view of the audience a small three-dollar perambulator. "Diversion," in which a young man murdered a woman and committed suicide to poor box-office returns, whereupon the play was rewritten over the week-end, the woman then being knocked out for only a few moments, quickly recovering and allowing the young man peaceably to pursue his career. "Cock Robin," a mystery melodrama in which the murder was finally announced to have been committed by a man who covertly threw a knife into the deceased's back, when the audience who had been closely watching the man at the time of the murder clearly saw him do nothing of the kind. "A Free Soul," a dramatization of a novel by Adela Rogers St. John, whose literary career has been largely confined to writing for movie fan magazines.

"The International," by a Greenwich Village intellectual, in which the Grand Lama of Thibet was seriously pictured as being an omnivorous reader of Elinor Glyn and which contained such philosophical titbits as "Did you ever figure if you make an intelligent study of stocks you know everything?" "The First Stone," by a teacher in a school for young boys, in which the rôle of a New England trucker was played by a German actor with an

accent like the late Sam Bernard's. A revival of "The Merchant of Venice," in which an attempt was made to grease the box-office by playing Shylock like an Episcopalian curate in an English drawing-room comedy. "A Distant Drum," in which the lady-killer before whose *dégagé* charms well-bred ladies fell like tons of bricks was a regular rooter at the Polo Grounds. "Mirrors," in which the younger generation again drank cocktails, necked, turned on phonographs, danced the Black Bottom and periodically ejaculated "Oh, Hell!" "The Patriot," with its "The net is spread," "You staked our fortunes together on one throw," "In this country a thoughtless word may cost a life," "There are spies everywhere, yes, even round the Governor's house," and "Surely you will not turn me out into the snow!" "Carry On," in which an impoverished but proud old Yonkers aristocrat declined to sell the painting of his grandfather though his wife and children were starving. "We Never Learn," in which one of the actors was seized with the hiccups, somewhat to the embarrassment of what were intended as strong dramatic situations. A revival of "The Living Corpse," in which the star actor spent most of his time carefully adjusting himself so that the stage lighting would show off his profile to the best advantage. "The Queen's Husband," with an European monarch somewhat peculiarly surrounded by advisers and counsellors, to say nothing of servants, of alien nationality. "So Am I," in which the cold and austere heroine was instantly willing to surrender her virtue after reading a chapter in the Decameron. "The Mystery Man," in which the police officials, come to investigate a murder, freely permitted the suspect to go to his rooms in order to get rid of evidence incriminating him. "57 Bowery," in which one of the down-and-out Bowery bums had on a pair of brand new French, Shriner and Urner shoes. "Strange Interlude," in which the forty-five-year-old characters were represented as gray-haired and decrepit ancients just a few steps this side of the grave. "La Gringa," in which the little Mexican heroine spoke pigeon-English and shocked the New England townsfolk by putting on a ball gown and saying *damn*. "Salvation," in which the rôle of a seventeen-year old girl was played by an actress of forty-odd Summers and in which sob-sisters of the daily press, denied interviews, placidly went on their way and apparently did nothing more about it. "Atlas and Eva," written by a soft-shoe dancer for his own use as an emotional actor. "The Silent House," in which an actor dressed up as a Chinaman plotted the undoing of a blonde flapper who was duly rescued in the nick of time by another actor dressed up as a Chinaman. "These Modern Women," in which an indignant member of the Lucy Stone League expressed her views for two and one half hours. "Quicksand," in which one of the actors had dressed in such a hurry that he didn't have time to button his pantaloons fully before making his appearance.

"The Clutching Claw," in which a white sheet smeared with phosphorescent paint was dangled over the audience as the big thrill of the evening. "Hot Pan," a spectacular drama of the California gold rush, produced down in Macdougal street on a stage about seven feet square. "Hoboken Blues," by a Greenwich Village intellectual, in which atmosphere was provided by passing out all-day-suckers to the audience. "Spring 3100," with a big prize-fight scene in which one pug apparently knocked out another pug by poking him warily on the forearm. A revival of "Our Betters," in which Lady Grayston, the swanky London hostess, appeared at a casual dinner in her country house in a Winter Garden grand finale costume of white tulle embroidered with flashing silver sequins. A revival of "Sherlock Holmes" with a Sherlock weighing two hundred pounds. "Maya," with a view of Marseilles water-front bordellos as spic and span as Kew Gardens, with the actor playing an Italian doubling

a few minutes later as "Sidi, the Arab," with the one playing a cockney doubling ten minutes later as an East Indian, and with the same actor with exactly the same face showing up in rapid succession as a sailor, a dockyard laborer, a Norwegian, a wharf-hand and, save memory err, as Celeste, one of the ladies of joy. "Rope," in which the heroine was forcibly carried upstairs by the villain with evil intent and in which the extent of her alarmed resistance seemed to consist in a mannerly and offended "Please!" "Sh, the Octopus," in which a large canvas bag painted green and manipulated from the inside by a couple of stagehands represented a monster of the deep and terrorized all the characters. "Improvisations in June," which dealt with the news that Americans love money. "The Wrecker," wherein the identity of the mysterious culprit was hidden until the last from the audience by causing a taller and fatter actor than the suspected character to assume the latter's rôle whenever it was necessary for him to come out on the darkened stage in a disguise to pursue his dirty work. "The Bachelor Father," depending for its biggest laugh on the employment of the word *bastard*. "Marriage on Approval," done the season before as "Trial Marriage" and sneaked back under a new title to cash in on the Ben Lindsey boom, with the heroine raising Ben's ante by trying it twice. "Her Unborn Child," announced as a birth control document by way of pulling in the boobs and found by them to have no more connection with birth control than "Rip Van Winkle." A production of Tchekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" with a troupe of third-rate actors who evidently labored under the impression that the play was by the author of the ditty, "When It's Cherryblossom Time in Tokio," and who accordingly sang it. "The Great Necker," the wittiest line in which was "Marriage is a delusion and a snore."

"The Furies," in which an orthodox murder mystery melodrama was given an air by causing the characters to talk a lot about champagne, by playing "Tristan" off-stage, and by putting the district attorney into a dinner-jacket. "Napoleon," with an actor five-feet ten-and-a-half inches tall cast for Napoleon and with the historical record of General Bonaparte slightly confused with that of General Burgoyne. "Twelve Thousand," with lowly peasants insinuating themselves nonchalantly into the private quarters of a German prince. "Killers," in which one of the actors, in the big melodramatic scene, yelled so loudly in another actor's ears that the latter was momentarily deafened and took at least thirty seconds to get back strength enough to read his next line. "Veils," written by a Broadway press-agent to give his wife a chance to put on grease-paint and act. "The Buzzard," in which the news that a man had been murdered was kept secret from a household by way of getting the guilty party to betray himself, with the author somewhat carelessly overlooking the fact that the murderer, an intimate member of the household, naturally might be expected to know something about the murder and might therefore reasonably be expected to be on his guard. A revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with a Falstaff as politely proper as a Pinero duke and with the lingerie dumped on to him in the hamper scene fresh and neatly laundered, "The Behavior of Mrs. Crane," in which the actors couldn't be heard back of the fourth row, and a revival of "Hedda Gabler" in which the Hedda wore knee-length skirts and smoked sixty-three Lucky Strikes during the course of the evening. "The Scarlet Fox," in which the Northwest Mounted Police discovered the secret passageway to the Chinese opium den and in which the author, who played the hero rôle, caused himself to be alluded to every few minutes as a very handsome dog that none of the ladies could resist. "Volpone," with the Broadway wisecrack, "It won't be long now!", appearing in the revised Ben Jonson text.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Two Gay Rebels

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. *Shrewsbury Edition.* Edited by Henry Festing Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. $160. 20 vols. 8¾ x 6; 259+242+259+263+393+218+316+256+229+468+487+293+411+300+379+266+413+267+335+413 pp. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

THE STORISENDE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. $190. 19 vols. 9 x 6; 270+293+316+291+295+371 pp. New York: *Robert M. McBride & Company.*

After all, the Devil takes care of His own. Here are two men whose writings, for long years, were treated with lofty disdain, and came into notice at last only to the tune of pious objurgations, and yet here they appear in stately collected editions, with all the panoply of numbered sets, special type, and the most forbidding kind of bibliographical apparatus. Butler has been in Hell for twenty-six years, and so his laughter, if there is laughter there, cannot be heard, but I daresay that any visitor who chose to brave the perils of Monument avenue, in Richmond, would hear some powerful chuckles issuing from No. 3201. Cabell, in fact, has plenty to laugh at. He began publishing books so long ago as 1904, but it was not until 1919, when "Beyond Life" was issued, that he got anything properly describable as general notice. Before that he had been dismissed loftily as a contriver of pretty literary confectionery, mainly useful as a means of displaying the graphic talents of Howard Pyle, and almost immediately afterward—in fact, before the end of the year—he was placarded by the Comstocks as a corruptor of youth, and his "Jurgen" went under the counter and was contraband for two or three years. In one of his prefaces to the present edition he protests bitterly against being spoken of always as the author of "Jurgen"; he points out that he has written many other books, and hints that some of them are better. They are. But let him not be ungrateful to the saga of the amorous pawnbroker, or to the smut-snufflers who tried to suppress it. Between them, I suspect, they made him. If there had been no raid upon "Jurgen" the lordly volumes which now confront a candid world would have had to wait, and maybe as long as Butler's. As it is, Cabell at forty-seven has come to a formal eminence which most other authors, when, if and as, they reach it at all, do not reach until the inexorable sphygmomanometer has sounded their doom. Immortal, he can still eat, drink and prance with arms and legs. Surely that is something.

The Storisende Edition will run to nineteen volumes, but only six have been issued so far: the rest will follow during the year. The six contain "Jurgen," "Figures of Earth," "Chivalry," "Domnei," "The Silver Stallion" and "Beyond Life," and all of them show revisions. The most radical of these revisions are in "Chivalry," which was first published nineteen years ago. The stories in it, like those in "Gallantry," "The Line of Love" and "The Certain Hour," were written for *Harper's Magazine*, then under the editorship of the sainted Henry Mills Alden, and Cabell tells in his preface, with acid humor, how they were bowdlerized by that talented editor. He bought them, it appears, mainly because they lent themselves admirably to the refined art of Mr. Pyle, and when, in 1907, Pyle decided suddenly that they had "no solid or permanent literary value," Cabell, as the phrase has it, was canned. He was succeeded as writer of texts for the gifted artist and critic by Marjorie Bowen, Basil King and other such geniuses of that forgotten day. Here, at least, he shows a

proper gratitude, sadly lacking in his remarks about the Comstocks. "Pyle . . . decisively preserved me," he says, "from becoming an esteemed contributor to the best-thought-of American magazines of the Rooseveltian era."

There are many other curious tit-bits for the literary historian in the Storisende prefaces. "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," it appears, was entered in a prize contest, and lost ingloriously: the winner was "Diane of the Green Van"! Like "The Soul of Melicent" (now "Domnei"), which was finished at the same time, it went reeling around the publishers' offices for a long while. The house which had done Cabell's previous books had notified him that they had "not found a sale . . . which would encourage us ever to accept any new venture," and so he was on the town. Twelve publishers in succession rejected "The Soul of Melicent," and when it got between covers at last it scored a sale of exactly 493 copies the first year. It was not until "Beyond Life," indeed, that any book of Cabell's sold so many as 3,000 copies in a year. That was in 1919, after he had been publishing books for fifteen years. But as I have observed, the Devil takes care of His customers, provided only they have patience and pertinacity. Cabell had both in abundance. And he has been rewarded.

Butler's story was not dissimilar. Though the publication of "Erewhon," in 1872, got him a certain amount of notice, it was in narrow circles, and he never came into anything approaching genuine celebrity until "The Way of All Flesh" appeared, a year after his death. He was known during his lifetime mainly as an unsuccessful painter, though there were persons who also identified him as a man who had had a row with Charles Darwin, or as the author of the theory that the Odyssey was written by a woman. For thirty-eight years he lived in two small rooms in Clifford's Inn, attended by a combination valet and secretary and seeing very few friends. He had come home from New Zealand as a young man of twenty-nine with £8,000, made in sheep-farming out there, and he lived on the income from it for twelve years. Then he lost most of it, and there ensued some years of great leanness. In 1886, when he was fifty-one, his father died, and thereafter, until his own death at sixty-seven, he was in easy circumstances. Everyone knows that Chapman & Hall rejected "Erewhon"—and on the advice of George Meredith! Butler printed it at his own expense, as he did, in fact, most of his subsequent books. His total earnings from literature were probably less than $5,000. From painting he got even less. From music, which he tried to write in the manner of Händel, he got nothing. Two women are known to have been mashed on him, but he never married.

His intimate for many years was Henry Festing Jones, the senior editor of the present edition of his works. Jones preserved and edited the memoranda which now enter into his "Note Book," perhaps the most amusing of all his writings. Much of the matter in it was written fifty years ago, but it is still fresh and lively. So, indeed, are the things which antedate it—for example, his account of his sheep-farming in New Zealand. It would be cruel to most writers to exhume such youthful compositions, but Butler stands the test. Even his scientific monographs continue to be readable, though the controversies which inspired them are long forgotten. Mr. Jones resents with great heat the charge that Butler was a complacent member of the Church of England, and a frequenter of the communion table. The grandson of a bishop and the son of a clergyman, and himself intended for holy orders, he early revolted against infant baptism and thereafter moved slowly to complete agnosticism. His chief contribution to theology, indeed, was a pamphlet arguing that Christ did not actually die on the cross, and that the Ascension was thus the product of a false inference by the Disciples. Once he went to communion, but it was only to prove his disdain of mere

ideas, even his own. A strange man, curiously at war with his race and time. Better educated, he might have made a first-rate biologist. More of an artist, he might have come to fame as a painter or a composer. He is remembered for the writings which he took only half seriously.

The twenty volumes of his Collected Works, designed by G. Wren Howard of the English house of Jonathan Cape, are very sightly. The type used is a variety of the Garamond in which THE AMERICAN MERCURY is printed, and the paper is excellently chosen. The binding is of dark blue buckram, with white parchment backs and gilt stamping. About the white parchment I have some doubts. It tends to crack, and it shows finger marks. But the stamped lettering on it is very charming. The Cabell, designed by William Dana Orcutt, seems to me to be considerably less attractive. The type used is clear but undistinguished, the margins are overwide, the italic used for the prefaces is not as legible as it ought to be, and the binding, in dark green cloth with gilt and blind stamping, is rather formidable. Cabell has never been fortunate in his bookmakers, save in the case of the English edition of "Jurgen." His books lack the rakish gayety that marks their contents; they seem overly sedate and respectable. Of the Storisende Edition 1590 sets have been printed, of which 1550 are for sale in the United States and England. Of the Shrewsbury Edition of Butler 750 sets have been printed, of which 375 are for England and the rest for the United States. Both editions will probably go to premiums.

Babbitt Redivivus

THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE, by Sinclair Lewis. $2. 7½ x 5; 275 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE main substance of this sardonic skit was printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for last January; here the monologue of Lowell Schmaltz in the Pullman smoking-room is reinforced by various other outpourings, including a ringing address on "The Basic and Fundamental Ideals of Christian American Citizenship" before the Men's Club of Pilgrim Congregational Church, Zenith City. Schmaltz is of the school of George F. Babbitt, and, in fact, one of his intimates, but the two are yet sharply differentiated. That gingery adventure in Liberalism which came so near being the ruin of Babbitt would be quite impossible to Schmaltz; he is the completely impeccable American business man, almost the *beau idéal* of the Ford Age. One could no more imagine him harboring a wild, wayward thought than one could imagine Bishop Manning harboring it, or an editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune*. True enough, he has eyes, and can distinguish between a knee and a handsaw, but when those eyes alight upon the buxom Miss Erica, designer for the Pillstein & Lipschutz Christmas & Easter Greeting-Card Company, they do not proceed beyond a few cautious glances. "To tell the truth (and I'd never tell another living soul but you), one evening I did go up to her flat—But only that once! And I got scared, and just used to see her at restaurants. . . . Our relations were entirely and absolutely friendly and intellectual." Ah, that Sebastian S. Kresge, the angel of the Anti-Saloon League, could say as much! Ah, that—But perhaps I had better haul up.

Now that Lewis has filled a gallery with his Babbitts and his Vergil Gunches, his Depew LeVies and his Professor Baroots, his Rev. Otto Hickenloopers and his Dr. Elmer Gantrys it is easy for idiot reviewers to argue that they are all caricatures, and to hint that creating them was a facile and puerile business, possible to anyone low enough to undertake it. In the whole history of the science of criticism there is no record of a more absurd error. The fact is that the business demanded a capacity for observation that must always be immensely rare in this world, and a creative imagination of the very first order. The material was everywhere, and yet, until Lewis fell upon it with his gargantuan

whoops, it was nowhere. The other novelists of the land had been gaping at it for years, and seeing it no more than a dentist sees the backs of his patients' heads. It remained for Lewis to organize it and utilize it. That the result is simply a series of extravagant libels is a notion almost fabulously nonsensical. Lewis has created characters of genuine flesh and blood, and not merely two or three of them, or half a dozen, but whole companies. His Babbitt, in many ways, is the most real and alive American ever got upon paper. He almost completely represents the grotesque fabric of imbecilities that passes for civilization among us, or, at all events, among 95% of us. He is the perfect Rotarian, shining in tin armor, with a banner of rayon. He will haunt historians of the Ford Age long after Ford himself sinks into a footnote.

Schmaltz is on a somewhat lower level. The wistful earnestness of Babbitt is not in him; he is the First Gravedigger rather than Hamlet; when the jitney Irving Babbitts and horn-rimmed Paul Elmer Mores denounce him as a caricature they will be nearer the mark than they often are. But *what* a caricature! The fellow sweats absurdities as a Rabbi Stephen S. Wise sweats Beatitudes. There is something truly colossal in his fatuity; he is a gorgeous *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole American scheme of things. No one save Lewis could have done him so well. In him his creator's appallingly searching and accurate observation is joined to a comic sense worthy of Rabelais himself. There are pages on which absurdity is piled upon absurdity until the whole structure upsets in a mad chaos of extravagance. It will be very offensive, I daresay, to many tender-hearted Americans. They dislike Lewis, and well they may. For when he roars over Lowell Schmaltz he roars over every 100% Americano. His picture of the current American *Kultur* is inordinately cruel, devastating and horrible. But is it unfair, excessive, inaccurate? The more I read his critics, the more I am convinced that it is not.

They concentrate, as everyone knows, on the Rev. Elmer Gantry, protesting indignantly that he has no counterpart in reality. Somewhere I have seen it stated that the book of his life got no more than two good notices in the whole United States. It was flogged violently by most of the principal tasters of swell letters, as libellous, hellish and against the canons of sound art. Nevertheless, Gantry lives, and I believe that he will live far longer than most of those who dislike him. The authentic juices of life are in him. I testify here as one who has been, for many years, a specialist in the evangelical clergy. I believe that the holy men limned in "Elmer Gantry" represent them very fairly, including especially Elmer himself. There is a Gantry in every American city as large as Zenith, and every observant newspaper reporter in it knows him. I was well acquainted with one who flourished a dozen years ago in my own town of Baltimore. His career coincided with Gantry's at a dozen points. He was an eminent Methodist, and specialized in regulating the public morals. All the obscene old men who like to peep into bordellos were his customers, and for a long while he terrorized the police. It was common news that he was headed for a bishopric. Unluckily, he came to grief before he could land it. The harassed cops, sweating under his lash, took a look into his private life. Shortly afterward he left town between days, and has never been heard from since. Curiously enough, the recreations which the cops unearthed were not unlawful under the liberal laws of the Maryland Free State, a commonwealth much given to carnal exercises. But he cleared out nevertheless, and so the Methodist connection lost a powerful and consecreated bishop, and the Anti-Saloon League an enthusiastic supporter.

I shall be glad to present the precise facts about this ambassador of Christ to any serious inquirer who may be in doubt about Gantry. His life, indeed, deserves to be written.

The Golden Age

AMERICAN PROSPERITY: *Its Causes and Consequences*, by Paul M. Mazur. $2.50. 8¾ x 5⅝; 268 pp. New York: *The Viking Press*.

THERE is more sound information and hard common sense in this book than you will find in a hundred funereal monographs by ambitious *Privat Dozenten*. Mr. Mazur is a banker in New York, and a specialist in the financing of such things as chain-stores and department-stores. His studies of the American financial structure have thus been made, not in an ivory tower nor even in a laboratory, but at the bedside. He knows how concrete businesses, facing very real and exigent problems, have been brought to prosperity, and so his generalizations about prosperity in the abstract have a validity not to be found in any academic theorizing, however brilliant.

What especially concerns him is the question how American business, emerging from the devastating deflation of 1920, was got upon its legs again, and how it has been kept upon them since. The manufacturers of the country came out of that memorable year in a sad state indeed. Practically all of them had been forced to take very heavy losses, and they faced a market that was extraordinarily skittish and reluctant. Stocks had been reduced everywhere, and storekeepers were buying only from hand to mouth. The consumer had little money, and was hoarding that little jealously. Meanwhile, the country had got itself, apparently irrevocably, upon a mass production basis, and the only sort of business that promised any return at all was large scale business, involving steady and heavy buying.

Mr. Mazur rehearses the reasons commonly advanced for the resumption of that buying in 1921 and 1922, and shows that all of them fail to explain it. Then he offers an explanation of his own. American industry was saved, he argues, by Babbittry—that is, by the utilization of psychological factors, by suggestion and mass hypnotism, by whoop-la and uproar. The sellers, facing coyness, broke it down by an avalanche of advertising, by appeals to pride and vanity, by inventing new wants, by vastly stimulating old ones. The concept of obsolescence was formulated and propagated: people were induced to buy something new, though they had something old that was quite as good. And the spirit of thrift, encouraged during the war by the Liberty Loan rhetoricians, was blown up by the instalment plan of buying, then first introduced on a really big scale.

This, of course, is not the whole story. Mr. Mazur pays due attention to many other factors. But he believes that it was sheer selling effort, more than anything else, that saved the day. The Babbitts, laughed at by the *intelligentsia*, performed prodigies among the folk. They broke down fear and caution, and inoculated scores of millions with their own gaudy optimism. The buyers' strike came to an end, and there ensued a buying jag. Today, as everyone knows, there is a certain return to prudence, but it is not sufficient to cause any real uneasiness. Many are out of work, but those who have work continue to buy new Fords, new radio sets, new phonographs, new clothes, and to assume the patriotic burden of paying for them over long months. Mr. Mazur sees no reason to fear a change in the near future. Soon or late, true enough, Europe will be unable to pay the interest on our loans unless we let in its goods, but that time is not yet. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof! Our Babbitts solved the problem of 1921, and they may be able to solve the next one quite as effectively.

They operate upon a people created by God for their benign purposes. The Americano is happily devoid of what passes, in other lands, for common sense. He is a natural romantic, a congenital marcher in parades, one foreordained for enthusiasm. When the gospel of Service wears out something else will fetch him. Meanwhile, Babbittry consolidates and strengthens its position. It has already engulfed religion, and it is striving hard to engulf politics. We are in the full tide of a new Golden Age.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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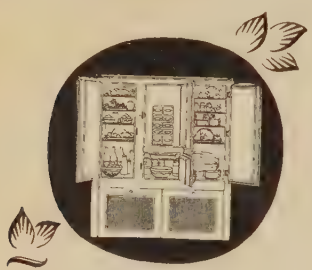

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A M. 6-28

Editorial NOTES

Frank R. Kent is the principal political correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, and his daily commentary upon politicians and their doings is a feature of the first page of that newspaper. He was born in Baltimore in 1878 and comes of a family long distinguished in journalism. His grandfather was owner and publisher of a Baltimore newspaper before the Civil War, and three of his uncles have been newspaper men. One of them, Francis A. Richardson, was Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* from 1866 to 1901, and until his death a year or so ago, at the age of eighty-nine, was a familiar figure in Washington. Mr. Kent got his first newspaper experience on the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, now edited by Julian Harris. Later he returned to Baltimore and became a member of the staff of the Baltimore *American*. Then he began his long connection with the *Sun*, first as a police reporter, then as a political reporter, and later as Washington correspondent, managing editor, and London correspondent. Since his return from London he has been writing his daily political article. It is marked by an immense knowledge of politics and an extremely candid and realistic manner. It is often quoted on the floor of Congress, and is read very widely by politicians.

Frank R. Kent

Continued on page xxxvi

Movies OF THEIR WEDDING!

How the bride and the groom will appreciate your gift of a Ciné-Koda

THERE will be many gifts, yours among them. But ours will be the only one about which this can be said:

It will be used during the ceremony.

It will be used during the honeymoon.

As each anniversary rolls around, it will still be in use just as good as ever.

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an't you imagine their gratitude? o you think that any gift will be precious to them as movies of eir wedding? How delighted they ill be to show them to those friends ho could not be there. How de-ghted they will be to show them ter on to their children. How they

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The Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of all home movie cameras. It embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-taking methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple. See your Kodak dealer for a demonstration. Clip coupon below for booklet.

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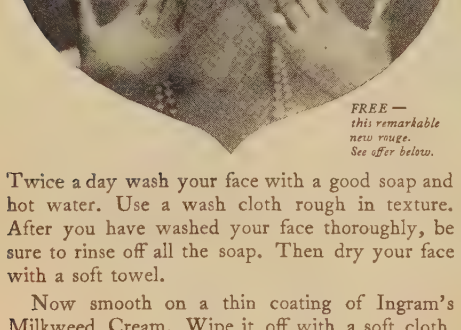

FREE — this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

Twice a day wash your face with a good soap and hot water. Use a wash cloth rough in texture. After you have washed your face thoroughly, be sure to rinse off all the soap. Then dry your face with a soft towel.

Now smooth on a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. Then dash cold water on your face and gently pat it dry with the towel.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and avoid oily skin. We will help you this way. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream comes full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they have improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

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Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

Mr. Kent is a frequent contributor to the reviews, and is the author of four books on politics: "The Story of Maryland Politics," "The Great Game of Politics," "The History of the Democratic Party" (lately published), and "Political Behavior," to be published in the Autumn. His article in the present issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will form a part of the last-named. Mr. Kent is a member of the Advisory Board of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia, and a trustee of St. John's College at Annapolis, Md. He was secretary and treasurer of the University of Maryland in 1910 and 1911. He is a vice-president of the A. S. Abell Company, which publishes the Baltimore *Sun* and *Evening Sun*.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, during its four-and-a-half years of existence, has printed many articles by newspaper men and women, and some of them have been very high in tone. But on the whole it has not got as many acceptable contributions from them as might have been expected, and most of the contributors have been on the staffs of a few newspapers, notably the New York *World* and *Herald Tribune*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the two Baltimore *Sunpapers*. The Boston *Evening Transcript*, if memory serves, has been represented but once, and the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Times* and the Kansas City *Star* have never been represented at all. This is surely a sad state of affairs. The chief burden of magazine writing in the United States, as in other countries, ought to be borne by active journalists, but here they seem to lag behind. Is it because the excessive use of the telephone for transmitting news has got them out of the habit of writing? Or because the malignant growth of the hand-out has made them too lazy for it? Whatever the cause, the fact

Continued on page xxxviii

Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

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You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25c a large tube.

Your face

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WHILE you lather... while you shave... your skin is bathed in a refreshing coolness that makes shaving ideal... not an ordeal. With Ingram's . . . the pioneer *cool* shaving cream... you need no lotion.

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Editorial NOTES

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remains tearworthy. God alone can cure it, but THE AMERICAN MERCURY stands ready to assist. It will give special attention hereafter to MSS. submitted by journalists, male or female, and especially young ones. It will be glad to hear their ideas, and to discuss projects with them. And for all MSS. accepted for publication it will pay cash instantaneously.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is prepared to pay an infallible proof-reader an honorarium of $1,000,000 cash a year, if, when and as he is discovered in this world. The proofs of the magazine are scrutinized every month with a degree of care approaching the furious, and yet errors—and some of them appalling ones—constantly creep in, as they do into all other magazines. The proof-readers on the staff of the printer are men of the utmost skill in their profession: one of them holds the *Police Gazette* diamond belt as the champion of the United States, and another has been invited to lecture at Oxford. Moreover, the editorial staff is loaded with very gifted comma-hounds, and between them they read the proofs of each issue thirty-eight times. Nevertheless, blunders of the worst sort continue to elude them. In "The Library" for March, for example, Friedrich Silcer, author of the celebrated "Sammlung deutscher Volkslieder," was converted into Friedrich Schiller—actually a favorite saloon-keeper in Union Hill, N. J. In the Editorial for January the Beecher-Tilton case became the Beecher-Tilden case. And there have been other and even worse bulls in other issues. If the super-proof-reader advertised for above can be found, they will cease—and he will earn his $19,230.77 a week. But if all the candidates for the post turn out to be merely human, as the present proof-readers are and the editors with them, then the series of imbecilities will continue.

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IF, after a long walk . . . garden work . . . horseback riding . . . your muscles get lame and sore, rub in Absorbine, Jr. promptly, thoroughly. Absorbine, Jr. neither burns nor stains the skin. It does not show. Quickly, easily, you rub away stiffness and soreness.
Absorbine, Jr. arouses the circulation; breaks up the congestion; relaxes the tension of the muscles and makes them limber again. You'll like the keen, pungent odor of Absorbine, Jr. Better still, you will like Absorbine, Jr. because it allows plenty of invigorating, healthful exercise without discomfort.
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Hospital size, $2.50
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The Cosmopolitan's Time to Go Abroad . . . August . . . September

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

REPRINTS

HAMILTONIAN PRINCIPLES.
Edited by James Truslow Adams.
Little, Brown & Comp
$2 8⅛ x 5¼; 188 pp. *Bo*

JEFFERSONIAN PRINCIPLES.
Edited by James Truslow Adams.
Little, Brown & Comp
$2 8⅛ x 5¼; 161 pp. *Bo*

These books are made up of selections from writings of Hamilton and Jefferson, designed to bri out the political and general philosophies of ea They are excellently put together, and the exposit introductions by the editor leave nothing to desired.

ENDYMION. *A Poetic Romance.*
By John Keats. *The Oxford University Pr*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 242 pp. *New Y*

The text of this edition of "Endymion" is a ty facsimile of the first edition issued in 1818, and paper, type and covers are a close reproduction of original. There is a long introduction by the edi Dr. H. Clement Notcutt, professor of English at University of Stellenbosch, South Africa, dealing w the argument of the poem and the reception it recei on publication. There are also copious notes.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DR. FRANÇ RABELAIS.
Edited by J. Lewis May. *Boni & Liver*
$20 9⅜ x 6; 2 vols.; 499 + 730 pp. *New Y*

Most English editions of Rabelais since the Bo edition have been shoddy, but this one atones them all. The printing and binding are digni and beautiful, and the numerous illustrations Frank C. Papé are in the true spirit of the immor text. The translation used is the familiar one Urquhart and Motteux, and the almost endless no of Duchat, Ozell and the other commentators faithfully reproduced.

TRAVEL

IF YOU GO TO SOUTH AMERICA.
By Harry L. Foster. *Dodd, Mead & Comp*
$3 7¼ x 5; 443 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Foster's hints as to clothes, climate and ho are extremely helpful. An interesting, compact gui book. There are a colored folding map of So America, several section maps, many illustration bibliography and an index.

Continued on page xlii

"Where are you stopping?" is the inevitable question asked the visitor in New York . . . To sojourn at The ROOSEVELT is a mark of social distinction and bespeaks a preference for the finer things of life.

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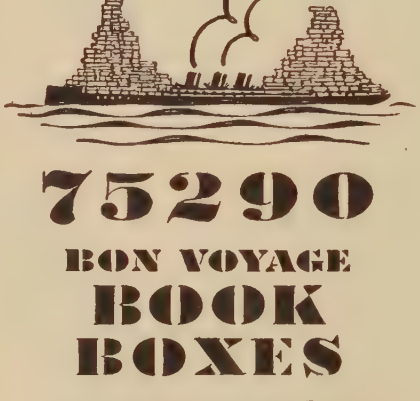

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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IN PRAISE OF FRANCE.
By Stephen Gwynn. *The Houghton Mifflin Compa*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 300 pp. *Bos*

The author, in his introduction, confesses he in love with France, but he never becomes sloppi sentimental in his praise of the natural beauties the country, or of the hospitality of the Frenchme or of their fine wines and food. A good guide-boo for the traveler who wants to dodge the usual tour

WITH A CAMERA IN TIGER-LAND.
By F. W. Champion. *Doubleday, Doran & Compa*
$5 9¾ x 7¼; 226 pp. *Garden City, L.*

Mr. Champion, who is in the Indian Forest Servic describes his adventures photographing wild anima in the Lansdowne Forest Reserve, a great tract primeval woodland, thirty miles long and ten mil wide, along the base of the Himalayas. The first pa of his book is devoted to his experiences in gener the second to chapters on the various animals he h trailed, and the third to notes upon photograph methods. There are more than seventy full-pag photographs, many of them of extraordinary exce lence. The animals chiefly depicted are tigers, leopar and elephants, but there are also some fine pictures monkeys, deer, hyenas, porcupines and antelopes. an appendix there is a good bibliography.

FICTION

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE.
By T. F. Powys. *The Viking Pre*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 317 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Weston, in a green Ford truck, arrives in th village of Folly Downs—a neighborhood of shepher and small farmers—where folly and sin are open indulged in, and begins to set matters aright with h excellent wine. A bottle of it, and the back-slidin clergyman who has begun to doubt God again se the light; a drink of it, and two young men who ha spent the greater part of their time seducing maide repent; a draught if it, and two lovers who see fated to miss each other are united. When Mr. West quits the village it is uplifted as from a heaven visitation.

HOME TO HARLEM.
By Claude McKay. *Harpers & Broth*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 340 pp. *New Yo*

Here is a story of Harlem, and of Harlem's servi classes—its longshoremen, butlers, waitresses, be hops, maids and laundresses—told by a Negro wh knows how to write. Jake Brown, ex-soldier, stev dore, and Pullman porter is the hero, and his amoro

Continued on page xliv

Commencement

June . . . tanned fellows gathered at the landing stage . . . hands gripped in firm clasp . . . "Good-by! . . . See you next April! . . . Good-by, Dick! . . . Drop in on us when you're in New York! . . . Good-by!"

Men of affairs parting like college boys—natural after sharing so much fun and sport together. Swiftly the motor cruiser draws off and away—and another delightful season at Useppa has come to a close.

Thoughts of the return next season as the Island drops behind . . . once more to stride up the walk through the wide open doors of the stately white Inn . . . old friends showering greetings . . . the comfortable club atmosphere . . . then, sun drenched days . . . golf . . . tennis . . . the rippling, broad, blue Gulf . . . swimming . . . fishing.

In addition to the regular 1929 bookings made by our established clientele, a number of reservations have been made by people whose first visit was in 1928. Useppa Inn opens January 1, 1929, and to plan eight or ten months in advance indicates extraordinary enthusiasm. Any inquiry you may care to make will be answered promptly and a booklet sent. Address the manager, J. F. Vallely, Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue New York City

Check List of NEW BOOKS

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failings form the plot, but more dramatic is the life through which he moves—the parties at Ginhead Susy's in Brooklyn; the Pittsburgh lodging-house where the Pennsylvania Pullman porters stay; Spring in Harlem "with the lovely trees of Seventh avenue a vivid flame-green, . . . a colored couple dawdling by, their arms fondly caressing each other's hips." An excellent piece of work.

BLACK MAJESTY.
By John W. Vandercook. *Harpers and Brothers*
$2.50 8¼ x 5⅛; 207 pp. *New York*

"Once, over a hundred years ago, a great king made Cap Haitien his capital. He was a black man who was born a slave . . . and the only man alive who had defeated Napoleon of France in war." Mr. Vandercook has drawn a vivid picture of this bloody epoch of black freedom, and particularly of the tyrant Christophe, King Henry I. His pages are full of anachronisms and historical inaccuracies, but they at least offer stirring drama. In the end, the looting rebels crash into the palace and Christophe sends "a golden bullet molded long ago" through his brain. The book is beautifully printed and contains many drawings by Mahlon Blaine.

THAT BRIGHT HEAT.
By George O'Neal. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5⅛; 303 pp. *New York*

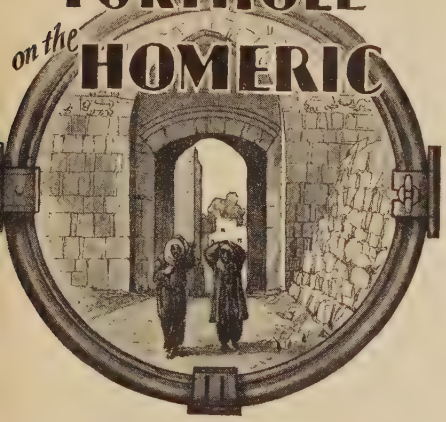
Clarion Lawless grows up in the St. Louis of the '80's, an artist by taste, condemned to keep up the family business. He searches vainly for an escape and finds it temporarily in his love for Clover Halliday, a brilliant young girl, herself in rebellion against her environment. They are to be married, but on the eve of the announcement of their engagement, Lawless receives word that his fortune has been lost in a mine boom; he writes to Clover, releasing her, and she promptly elopes with Bert Felton, a wealthy Virginian. In the following months Lawless becomes involved in a scandal with an octoroon girl, and upon his outlawry from St. Louis society, kills himself. A loosely written book, but containing some vivid portraits.

OBERLAND.
By Dorothy Richardson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 240 pp. *New York*

In this, the ninth volume in the Miriam saga, Miriam Henderson journeys from Paris to Switzerland, stays there a short time, and then returns to Paris. That is all there is in the way of plot: the action takes place in the consciousness (or subconsciousness) of Miriam. It makes rather bleak reading.

Continued on page xlvi

THROUGH A PORTHOLE on the HOMERIC



JERUSALEM—Pilgrims of many faiths pouring through the Jaffa Gate, the Damascus Gate, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Dome of the Rock, the Jews' Wailing Place... Through narrow cobbled streets reverberate the sounds of auto horns and camel's bells . . . A cloud of dust near the Mount of Olives reveals a shepherd, carrying a newborn lamb, followed by his flock,—an unforgettable picture on the

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

MONEY MAKES PRESIDENTS

In The American Mercury for July, out June 25th, Mr. Frank R. Kent, political correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, tells how and why. The campaign against large campaign funds, he is convinced, is buncombe. They are not only inevitable; they are necessary. Mr. Kent knows practical politics as few other men know it, even among the professional politicians. He has been in the front trenches all his life, and with his eyes and ears open. In this article he sets down the plain facts, without any pious snuffling.

Also in the July issue:

IF THIS BE TREASON—
By James Robinson

An evangelical pastor unburdens his troubled soul. The Pope's poisons, it appears, have got into him. He tells it all. A sad article.

THE BOHUNKS *By* Louis Adamic

An account of the Slavs among us, by one of them.

FINALE OF THE WEDDING MARCH
By Charles B. Driscoll

Many readers of The American Mercury, including some at the universities, have complained that it prints too few articles about pirates. Here is a good one. Its hero is Major Stede Bonnet, who became a pirate to escape from his wife.

JAILBIRDS *By* Jim Tully

Another of Tully's extraordinarily mordant and vivid sketches—perhaps the best of them all.

THE GIDEONS *By* W. C. Crosby

An appreciation of the consecrated drummers who fill all the hotel rooms of the United States with Bibles.

"AMERICANA" for July will be rich with the gaudiest, strangest, surprisingest, damndest stuff ever heard of.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

MISCELLANEOUS

FAMOUS FIMMALES WITT ODDER EWENT FROM HEESTORY.
By Milt Gross. *Doubleday, Doran & Compan*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 123 pp. *Garden City, L. I*

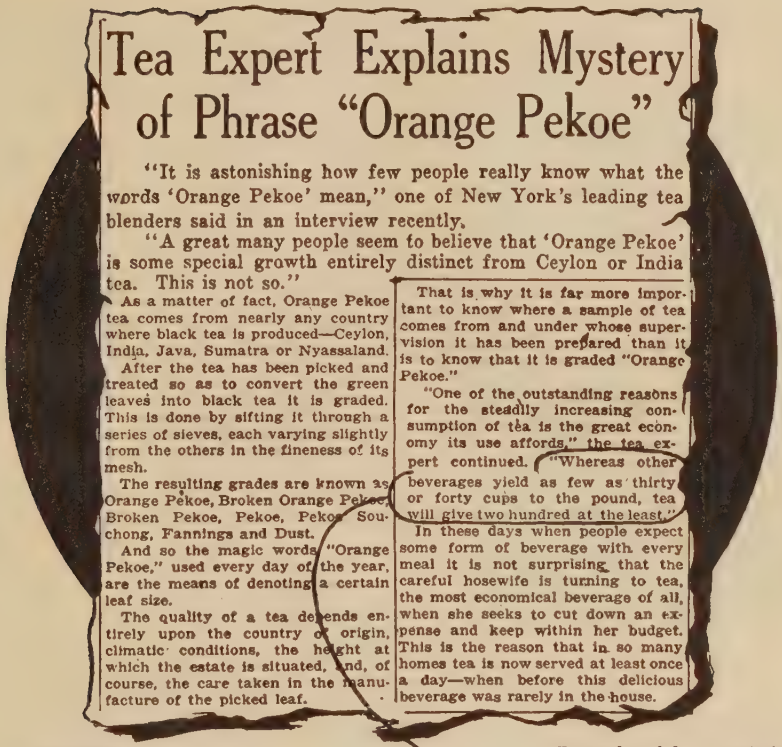
Here Mr. Gross struggles, in his familiar and ap palling manner, with Halan from Troy, Laty Godiwa Julius Sizzer, Clipettra, Robet Brooze, Loocritchi Borgia, Paul Rewere, the Boston Tippotty and th Bettle from Bonker Heel. His grotesque distortions o English were never more extravagant and ingenious There are many illustrations by the author.

FIVE MURDERS.
By Edmund Pearson. *Doubleday, Doran & Compan*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 294 pp. *Garden City, L. I*

The stories that Mr. Pearson tells here are extremel interesting in themselves, but he greatly damage them by his banal efforts to be clever and his frequen descents to witless, Brisbanian moralizing. Some o his comments are really appalling. But it is very hard even for so snuffling a chronicler, to destroy th dramatic interest of the celebrated Patrick murde case or of the Borden case. The five murders deal with are all of the same character. It is a book tha connoisseurs of crime will enjoy, despite its depressin defects. It appears as one of the publications of th Crime Club, which has been organized by the pub lishers to give its *imprimatur* to just such works.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE: *Its Organization and Ad ministration.*
Edited by William Martin Proctor.
The Stanford University Pres
$2.50 9 x 6⅛; 226 pp. *Stanford, Cali*

The junior college is an attempt to make the chang from high school to college a little less abrupt tha it ordinarily is. It has taken many forms. In som parts of the country it includes the first two years o the four usually allotted to undergraduate work, an is then part of what is known as the 8–4–2 plan. I other places it comes in earlier in the school system thus there are also the 6–3–3–2 and 6–4–4 plans, t mention only two. California now has more publi junior colleges than any other State in the Union; o the 100 in the country as a whole it has 31. In thi book eleven of the leaders of the movement in th State discuss the subject from the points of view o faculty, curriculum, organization, and so on. There i a general introduction by President Ray Lyma Wilbur, of Stanford, in which he says, "We can loo upon the junior college movement . . . as the mos wholesome and significant occurrence in America education in the present century."



Tea Expert Explains Mystery of Phrase "Orange Pekoe"

"It is astonishing how few people really know what the words 'Orange Pekoe' mean," one of New York's leading tea blenders said in an interview recently.

"A great many people seem to believe that 'Orange Pekoe' is some special growth entirely distinct from Ceylon or India tea. This is not so."

As a matter of fact, Orange Pekoe tea comes from nearly any country where black tea is produced—Ceylon, India, Java, Sumatra or Nyassaland.

After the tea has been picked and treated so as to convert the green leaves into black tea it is graded. This is done by sifting it through a series of sieves, each varying slightly from the others in the fineness of its mesh.

The resulting grades are known as Orange Pekoe, Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, Fannings and Dust.

And so the magic words "Orange Pekoe," used every day of the year, are the means of denoting a certain leaf size.

The quality of a tea depends entirely upon the country of origin, climatic conditions, the height at which the estate is situated, and, of course, the care taken in the manufacture of the picked leaf.

That is why it is far more important to know where a sample of tea comes from and under whose supervision it has been prepared than it is to know that it is graded "Orange Pekoe."

"One of the outstanding reasons for the steadily increasing consumption of tea is the great economy its use affords," the tea expert continued. "Whereas other beverages yield as few as thirty or forty cups to the pound, tea will give two hundred at the least."

In these days when people expect some form of beverage with every meal it is not surprising that the careful housewife is turning to tea, the most economical beverage of all, when she seeks to cut down an expense and keep within her budget. This is the reason that in so many homes tea is now served at least once a day—when before this delicious beverage was rarely in the house.

Reproduced by permission from The Evening Journal Monday, January 23rd, 1928

Ridgways

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To Cover the Conventions

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor of *The Nation,* will cover the Republican and Democratic Conventions at Kansas City and Houston.

Few newspaper men are as well equipped as Mr. Villard to drag out of the passion and excitement of a political contest the news which is significant and of lasting importance.

"If you like the smell of roasting meat, read Villard on Hoover," advises L. W. Cunningham in the *Gazette Telegraph* of Colorado Springs. "And if you haven't that copy of *The Nation,* I'll lend you mine." . . .

Which is all right if you live in Colorado Springs. Otherwise let us send you a complimentary copy.

But whatever you do, read *The Nation* regularly from now until after election. Two dollars is little enough to pay for a view of the campaign as seen through the eyes of the largest liberal weekly in the U. S. A.

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VOL. XI, No. 6 JUNE, 1928

The Borzoi BOOKS Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

In Praise of Life

VE IMAGINE that this new novel y *Francis Brett Young*, THE KEY OF IFE, will cause some astonishment o most of his readers, especially to hose thousands of new readers whom e gained with his inimitable LOVE S ENOUGH. Those, however, who

Jacket, Key of Life

re familiar with his poems will ealize that here poet and novelist ave blended to produce a book which as all the tenderness and beauty of oetry with the strength and clarity f prose. A hundred and some years go when Moore and Byron were ractitioners of poetic narrative THE EY OF LIFE would have seen the ight in a different form.

It opens with lyric simplicity in hat gentle countryside of England hich *Brett Young* has made so paricularly his own. Here is the beautiul passage in which Ruth and the oung archæologist to whom her fate s bound plight their troth. Is there ot an echo in it, in this scene of lips oldly kissed beneath a cherry tree, f another wonderful scene in English ction where the author of THE GOIST forgets for a moment to be nything but simple?

"The wood of bluebells was still. he lonely cuckoo had flown away nto blue distance. At last Ruth pened her eyes and saw, in a conident strange solemnity, the eyes that he had feared, the lips that she had oldly kissed. She feared to look on hem no longer; for now, beyond any pite of destiny, it seemed that she had made them her own. A breath of wind ruffled the wood. Petals of the wild cherry-tree which, unperceived, had hung like a fragrant ghost above them, detached themselves and floated downward, falling softly until they were caught in their hair and lay upon their shoulders.

"It seemed to her as though, in some baptismal rite, Spring had conferred its blessing on their love.

"Dreamily she brushed the petals from Bredon's bowed head. A strange possessive tenderness was in her fingers; yet they were moth-like, timorous, dreading to brush the bloom from new-born wonder."

But no sooner have these two discovered that they are lovers than they are to be parted. Hugh must go South under doctor's orders; and he is offered a position as archæologist with a digging expedition in Thebes. He sails for Egypt, leaving Ruth to follow him.

Now is introduced that third figure who plays so strange a part in the lives of these two, and who is also to turn *Mr. Brett Young's* beautifully written but as yet conventional narrative into one of the most extraordinary prose poems of the joy of life ever penned. This character appears, as becomes his function in the book, mysteriously and anonymously as Ruth is carried by the Marseilles express ever nearer to Hugh.

"His body gave the impression of something reserved and powerful under the coat's folds. She watched the hands that turned the pages of his book. Their form, their movements, fascinated her; she couldn't imagine why. These hands were large and sunburnt, with a heavily muscled breadth of palm which carried the textbook easily, as if it had no weight. The fingers that turned the pages were long and brown as well: instruments of strength and delicacy and precision all together. There was no tremor in them but that communicated by the steady rhythm of the pulse inside. Strong, without brutality, she

Mr. Brett Young

thought, as she saw the overhead light reflected in polished nails. She didn't want to gaze too long at those firm instruments of precision; their leisurely movements vaguely troubled her, as, it is said, the slow swaying of a cobra's crest entrances its victim. Their air of supple efficiency frightened her. No—frightened was too strong a word. Only, in such hands as those, she felt, her own strength would be helpless."

Not until their arrival in Egypt is this stranger identified as one Hendrik Bezuidenhout, who is bound too for

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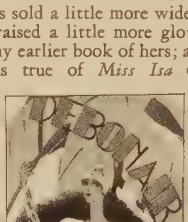
The WAR NOVEL
A SEARCH FOR TRUTH
THE REDEMPTION OF TYCHO BRAHE
WAR GUILT
THE BOOK THE UNDERWORLD IS READING
SECRETARIES OF STATE
IN THE BRAVE DAYS
A BOUQUET WITH THORNS

Retrospect: A Shop-talk

THE custom—not imemmorial but as solidly entrenched as if it were—which divides the publisher's year into two seasons (Spring, January 2–June 30; Autumn, July 1–December 31) has altogether failed to provide any fence between the two. There is no gatepost on which the publisher can sit and swing his legs comfortably while he takes a summarizing view of the season just elapsed and a prospective look at that on which he verges. The publisher, like the magazine editor, is living always in a future which to most other persons is as yet an unborn issue. He fights his way through an accumulation of problems connected with his provision of light summer reading, with a mental background of hammocks and white flannels, and then puts on his hat and ulster and emerges into a February blizzard. He buys space in one of the gaudy Christmas catalogues prepared by enterprising jobbers for the retail section of the book-trade, and then sits back to wonder if his family at the seashore are getting any relief from the heat that suffocates the city. Trying to keep half a jump ahead of a future that is four months off by the calendar is not conducive to sober reflection about past achievements and their worth.

Nevertheless, the publisher must, if there is to be any health in publishing, contemplate his works now and then with hindsight as well as foresight. In these paragraphs let us appropriate a stolen moment to some jottings on the look of the Borzoi's Spring 1928 season as a whole, now that it dwindles to its close.

To begin with, a word about the type of achievement in the interest of which this house was founded: namely, distinguished works of the imagination by American writers. Two of these, both of early January, have appreciably enhanced the public reputation of writers in whose qualities we have the firmest faith, though neither has the speciousness which captures a vast audience all in a moment. *Miss Suckow's* BONNEY FAMILY has sold a little more widely and been praised a little more glowingly than any earlier book of hers; and the same is true of *Miss Isa Glenn's*



Jacket, Debonair

SOUTHERN CHARM. That is enough for us to carry on with, so long as an author himself can have patience and faith. It is part of the slow, year-by-year, book-by-book building-up process with which every publisher is familiar in connection with those of his authors who are going to be the contemporary classics of the next decade. Nearly every author is either on the toboggan or on the escalator; if the latter, all is well in the long run. The important question is what the direction, not how fast the rate.

A first work which has also taken its author several steps up the escalator is HEAVY LADEN, by *Philip Wylie*—a book which possibly owes a trifle of its success to the fact that it has made a reader here and there vociferously angry (we understand that some actual fists have been brandished in the vicinity of the most inoffensive of auctorial noses), but which owes much more to the fact that *Mr. Wylie* is patently in every page one of those originals whose work is not to be mistaken for that of anyone else who is now writing, or who ever wrote. Work of which this can be said is work which we are proud to publish, win, lose, or draw. That we have won in this instance is an added satisfaction. An unusual number of persons are now in the salutary condition of being keen to know what *Mr. Philip Wylie* is going to do next.

The progress of such native work and authors as these, together with that of the season's fine novel of Negro life, *Miss Nella Larsen's* QUICKSAND, is to the publisher a matter of special self-congratulation because the outcome is not one which he can take in any degree for granted. It may be more of a publishing achievement to sell 5000 copies of one of these books in its first season than to sell 10,000 of some other work before they are published at all.

But we shall have to wait until next month to comment on the fortunes of recent books of other classes—including the books of some thoroughly established American and English writers and the rather considerable number of distinguished translations.

(*To be continued*)

A Letter from Theodore Dreiser

THE book referred to in this letter is HEAVY LADEN, *Mr. Philip Wylie's* recently published novel.

April 11th, 1928.

Dear Mr. Wylie:

I have read enough of your book to discover that you have remarkable ability; your story of Hugh is put before the mind with a strange vitality and a clarity as to essence and mass which constitute life in its movement and urges.—I like this.

But why do you see fit to turn on your reader, who after all must be your friend, to say that you "hate his guts" and like pronouncements? Why do you insist you are an atheist? Nobody cares; there are many such, and the fact that you say so does not make it so; no more than the man who declares boldly that he is a gentleman is one, necessarily. Why do you insist so strenuously upon a certain frankness about life? even the cat covers up after herself, and a pig in a pen will go secretly to his corner at times. Among animals the movements responding to nature are not the first, if at any time, the things a man sees: even they are cleanly and reserved.

You should have put your philosophy respecting these things into the texture of your story.

However, I do wish you the best of luck with your book. A book which, were it not for these defects which have been compelled to point out, should establish itself as a marked variation from the commonplace literature of our day.

Very truly yours,

(*Signed*) THEODORE DREISER.

200 *West 57th Street*
New York City

The frankness of HEAVY LADEN has drawn numerous comments from others besides Theodore Dreiser. It has been said indeed that the pungent remarks with which the author strews his pages are a mere harking back to Fielding and Sterne. Whatever the truth, the result is immense

The Borzoi Broadside for June 1928

The War Novel

THE history of WAY OF SACRIFICE is probably as bizarre and exciting as that of any literary production whatever. And it is worth relating, for the effect the book produced on those who were in the very midst of the doings it pictures forms no small testimony—if testimony be needed—to its authenticity. *Fritz von Unruh*, its author, comes of a Prussian military family which has long moved in court circles. As a matter of course, he entered a crack Prussian regiment. But here his life ceased to follow the conventional path. Struck by the futility of his companions' existence, he wrote in his leisure hours "Officers," a play dealing with military life. Max Reinhardt produced it in 1912, and it became both a success and a scandal. The production of his second play, "Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia," was prevented by the Crown Prince.

Thrust into the war by his traditions and his position, *von Unruh* had no choice but to fight. However, not content with enlisting his sword, the high command sought to enlist his pen in the struggle, and he was ordered to write a propaganda novel which should spur on the army before Verdun to the pursuit of greater glory. His retort was WAY OF SACRIFICE, the most devastating picture of the soul-shattering futility of modern war ever penned. This was duly presented to the military authorities as the commissioned propaganda which was to bolster up the failing morale of the troops. The high command decided that *von Unruh's* family was too influential for him to be shot or even disgraced. He was officially declared insane, and preparations were being made to relieve headquarters of this dangerous person, when the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then visiting the front, heard of his confinement. He was so impressed by *von Unruh's* unusual attainments that he used his influence to spirit him away to his country estate, where *Fritz von Unruh* remained until the conclusion of the war as preceptor to the Grand Duke's two sons.

In the meantime, WAY OF SACRIFICE had become propaganda for peace and not for war. In spite of the vigilance of the military authorities, typewritten copies were circulated in the army. It passed among the soldiers from hand to hand in the trenches. Again and again it was laboriously copied out in longhand. These copies were confiscated from time to time, but, somehow, another always appeared. Poor peasant lads, themselves unable to read, stood in the trenches knee-deep in water and listened while a more educated comrade read aloud this story of war by a Prussian officer who had come to believe in peace. Circulated in this underground fashion, the book came to have a tremendous influence on the German soldiers. But not until the revolution had doomed militarism in Germany could it be printed and published, under the title of OPFERGANG, here translated as WAY OF SACRIFICE.

Fritz von Unruh

It is divided into four parts, the first two of which picture the mobilization of the army, the trenches, and the last two the attack. It is a story of the destiny of a company. And through the emotions and reactions of its members we get a vivid and terrible vision of war. *Von Unruh's* method is impressionistic. We view the details and events of battle distorted by their passage through the consciousness of his characters. By this they become more ominous, taking on a universal aspect of inevitability. And always we have the feeling that these men are enduring these horrors, giving their lives, that a better world may come of it.

We have called WAY OF SACRIFICE *the* war novel; and is there any novel of the war which better deserves the title? It stood the test and received the imprimatur of those who were day after day dying in the trenches. It is the actual thing, with all the incoherence and all the futility laid bare; yet with its element of terror and beauty and sacrifice too.

WAY OF SACRIFICE (OPFERGANG). *By* FRITZ VON UNRUH. *Translated from the German by* C. A. MACARTNEY. $2.50 *net*.

A Search for Truth

THE following passage from the first chapter of THE CONQUEST OF ILLUSION describes the aim and method of its author.

"In this book the philosophical method will be psychological and based on experience of consciousness rather than argumentative and based on logical proof. I do not hesitate to use the central reality of mystical experience, namely, the experience of what Bucke calls 'cosmic consciousness,' as a fact of the uttermost consequence in philosophy. The imposing testimony of all ages, which Bucke has gathered in his well-known book, goes far to prove the universal validity of an experience which some would discredit as 'merely subjective.' It is subjective in so far as we approach it through our own consciousness we share a Reality of which we are but an infinitesimal part. The race is growing towards this cosmic consciousness, which is but the concluding chapter in an evolution of consciousness, leading from unconsciousness through self-consciousness to cosmic consciousness. It is in this mystical experience that the intellect is transcended and knowing becomes being. Far from being the vague emotionalism or the hysterical transports which at times have usurped the name of mysticism, true mystical experience is a most definite reality. A philosophy based on it is no longer a philosophy of reasoning only, but primarily a philosophy of experience, reasonably expounded.

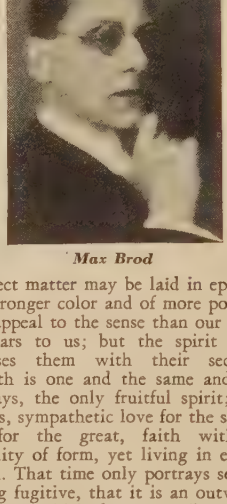
"It is here that philosophy can break through that ring-pass-not which Kant drew round the thing in itself, proclaiming it unknowable by reason. No doubt he was right, but this does not mean that the thing in itself cannot ever be known in any way. In a later chapter it will be shown how the experience of the thing in itself in the world of the Real is a possibility and how through that experience philosophy can be liberated from the Kantian doom. In this liberation the faculty of the intuition, or knowledge by experience, is consciously used, and with this a new world opens for philosophy, in fact, a new philosophy is born. No longer is philosophy then a matter of intellectual belief, a result of irrefutable argument and convincing proof; it has become the experience of living man, life of his life, being of his being, the experience of truth."

THE CONQUEST OF ILLUSION. *By* J. J. VAN DER LEEUW. $3.50 *net*.

The Redemption of Tycho Brahe

"To the city where he had hitherto walked timidly, lacking courage to interpret it or to seize it with the grasp of an artist, [Max Brod] raised a monument in his already finished Tycho Brahes Weg zu Gott (The Redemption of Tycho Brahe) and in Reubeni, Fürst der Juden (Reubeni, Prince of the Jews).* The Middle Ages, that cloud of the past resting upon the present, he now dissipated, darting through it a shaft of creative lightning. . . . At a single blow the miniature-painter became the artist on a grand scale, and he who as a timid, awe-struck boy had confronted the marvelous as something lying for ever beyond his reach now beheld magic everywhere and in everything. . . .

"These strong, far-flung, powerful outlines, this soaring fling at a distant aim, these were really only acquired by Brod since the war. But because of that the artist in him did not forget what it had learned before, the delicate links in the chain of the spirit, the love for creative and illuminating detail, the point lace of tender and animating fancies. Thus his novels are at once wide in their scope and replete with detail. They depict the inner and outer life, the life of the period and of the eternal light; they all derive their being from that spiritual contrast between individuals which cast gigantic shadows over the historical and the heroic. Tycho Brahe, the Emperor, the Pope, Kepler, Aretino, the Rabbi Löwe, Rëubeni, and the martyr Molcho are not merely fortuitous figures, but symbols, each representing an outlook upon the world, permeated with the cosmic spirit and by their destiny bound to the metaphysical. Nothing in these novels is a mere conceit, a decorative detail gleaned from chance reading of books that allure by their wealth of color; but impelled by the need of expression and avowal, the poet presents his figures to the world in order to interpet himself in them, and by them to interpret the world to himself. Only in this sense do historical novels now have any spiritual value for us, when figures from the distant past become symbols for emotions that know naught of time and when their problems join the ocean of things possessing permanent value. For us few works have so fully interpreted the spirit and emotions of the Middle Ages as Tycho Brahe and Reubeni. Secret places of emotion and of thought are lighted up by them, figures are summoned in their corporeal presence from the shadows; and yet their spiritual contrasts belong as much as any living thing to our inner life. For however rich it may be in fancy, no imagination may have any active part in anything which does not become *nostra res*, our affair in the most intimate sense. Thus it would be unjust to confine such novels as these of *Max Brod* to the category of the historical, for they are as much portraits of a religious and moral present as of a distant culture. Their



Max Brod

subject matter may be laid in epochs of stronger color and of more powerful appeal to the sense than our own appears to us; but the spirit that infuses them with their secular breath is one and the same and, as always, the only fruitful spirit; copious, sympathetic love for the small as for the great, faith without rigidity of form, yet living in every form. That time only portrays something fugitive, that it is an outward garment which does not affect anything essential, is clear from the duality of his representation, in which everything temporal is but a pretext for discovering the eternal and the august that dwells within. No one who has penetrated so far along this path and so near to the heart of all passion can stop in his course. And so it is only with a sense of the most profound confidence that the feeling of gratitude, already stirred in a remarkable degree, can accompany such a poet, who for years has repeatedly satisfied his own measure and advances grandly to an ever higher pitch of intensity."—*From the Introduction by* Stefan Zweig.

THE REDEMPTION OF TYCHO BRAHE. *By* Max Brod. *Translated by* felix warren crosse. $2.50 *net.*

Reubeni, Prince of the Jews, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in October 1928.

War Guilt

This is the standard treatise on the part played by England and Sir Edward Grey in the pre-War diplomacy and in the crisis of June–August, 1914. The author is well qualified to deal with his subject—by a wide acquaintance with English history and politics and with leading English scholars, as well as by his task as the German translator and editor of the German edition of the recently published British Documents on the Origins of the War. The book, which is one of the most scholarly monographs that have yet appeared on the subject of war guilt, contains a most interesting and convincing analysis of the character of Lord Grey. Here are the words in which *Herr Lutz* sums him up:

"Gentle in personal life, full of good will and good feeling. A thoughtful, true, and loyal friend; a harsh and bitter enemy. No Machiavelli, and subjectively no hypocrite nor the hawk-headed evil spirit with rapacious clawed fingers that many Germans imagined during the war. No true statesman. A man with a narrow insularity of outlook, his view dimmed by strong predilections and deep prejudices; unconscious of the enormous encouragement which his Entente policy gave to the nationalists in power in Russia and France. Accessible to suggestion and greatly under the influence of auto-suggestion. A man who came unwillingly to his post; who imagined that he was steering his ship with a sure hand, unaware that other hands were also on the wheel; who imagained himself free and saw nothing of the thousand threads of his own spinning that had combined into an unbreakable towrope and towed him in the course of others. A well-meaning, peace-loving nobleman whose heart longed for the simple joys of communion with nature. An upright man of the true British pattern, earnest but humorless. A man with two sets of human values, two standards and a double morality. Not a great man, and not a strong man. A man with a kink in his soul. A man whom a policy of unintentional ambiguity stamped with some involuntary and, in his heart, detested features of Machiavelli; unworthy features, which will never disappear from his melancholy brow. An unhappy figure, not without elements of innate tragedy."

LORD GREY AND THE WORLD WAR. *By* Hermann Lutz. *Translated from the German by* e. w. dickes. $5.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for June 1928

The Book the Underworld is Reading

"My God!" said a Brentano's ore-clerk. "Does everybody in town ant that book?" It was the day after ne publication of *Herbert Asbury's* HE GANGS OF NEW YORK. Every ig bookshop in New York had sold ut. In addition to their regular stomers, strange, unbookish-looking en, with shifty eyes, and fingers used feeling for the trigger, had bought pies.

For THE GANGS OF NEW YORK as roused the underworld.

A former gang chieftain who has ready killed at least five men has reatened to have the author's life. *Ir. Asbury* has heard indirectly that vo other gang leaders are after him. hree prominent figures of the under-orld, all of whom have at least three nvictions against them, have said: We'd bump him off right now if it as not for the Baumes law." These mnants of a past era hate this book, r in its pages the whole panorama of ew York's underworld for a hundred ears is bared to the reader.

And it has aroused politicians and olice as well as the underworld. The ay after publication two Borough residents sent messengers hot-foot r copies. Two New York police de-ctives have left the publisher's ffices hugging the book. And who, ne publisher would like to know, is ne mysterious stranger who so nxiously demanded a copy four days efore publication, and who on being efused reappeared on the doorstep ten inutes before opening time on pub-cation day?

These and other indications re-ived (including the personal visit of notorious gangster) show the im-ense interest being taken by all asses in *Mr. Asbury's* book.

In the Brave Days

"MERCHANDISE in every conceivable shape and bulk piled the quays, and most of it Andrea could identify at a glance: bales of hemp from Padua, to be used in the dockyards; carefully corded cases of honey from the Scandinavias; and wax, mostly for figures of saints for churches. He smiled to himself as he thought of Angelo's twinkling eyes and his comment on this increasing wax demand: 'Folks pray so much better, you know, Andrea, when they can see what they're praying to!'

"A year ago from these very quays

An illustration by Lou Block

Andrea had watched the Oriental Caravan sail out past the Lido; seen it duly return too, with all Venice out to welcome it, to empty its priceless freight of gold and jewels, drugs and spices, silks and fabrics, into the shops and warehouses of Venice, some of it to be pack-trained over the mountains into France, Austria, Hungary; and some to be reshipped in another of Venice's great caravans, the Caravan d'Angleterre, that would touch at London and Southampton and the Flemish ports, leaving alum and glass, pepper and cloves and nutmegs, and bring back tin and hides and woolen cloth.

"He sometimes fancied Venice as a magician weaver who tossed her shuttle from West to East and back, to and fro and over again, as she wove a wonder web of gold.

"From the time he was a very little boy Andrea's dream had been of a galleon that would bear him eastward out beyond the Lido—orange sails and blue sky and a singing sea—to the ports of the Levant. He knew their names by heart, Acre, Beirut, Alexandretta, Smyrna, knew the immense wealth that came from the mysterious lands that lay behind them. He even had a liking for the indefinable odor that clung to the things that came out of the East."

". . . Between casks and boxes and cases he picked his way, past draymen with bent backs and legs that braced and muscles that bulged. There were shouted orders, panting breaths, laughter, curses; sailors pushed and jostled, captains waited for cargoes and passengers. And sunning themselves on the stone parapets of the quays, old loungers, themselves once sailors, exchanged adventures and reviewed with dreaming eyes the pageant of the past."—*From* SWORDS ON THE SEA.

SWORDS ON THE SEA. *By* AGNES DANFORTH HEWES. *Illustrated by* LOU BLOCK. $3.00 *net.*

Secretaries of State

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF TATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY has dvanced a further stage. Under the ble editorship of *Professor Samuel lagg Bemis*, its intention is to survey n ten volumes the entire record of merican Foreign Policy through the iographies of those who have had ne greatest part in its shaping. The resent volume, the sixth, contains ne following biographies.

ohn Middleton Clayton by Mary Wilhelmine Williams, Professor of History, Goucher College.

Daniel Webster (Second Part) by Clyde A. Duniway, Professor of History, Carleton College.

Edward Everett by Foster Stearns, Librarian, Holy Cross College Library.

William L. Marcy by H. Barrett Learned, author of "*The President's Cabinet*," etc.

Lewis Cass by the Honorable Lewis Einstein, United States Minister to Czechoslovakia.

Jeremiah S. Black by Roy F. Nichols, Assistant Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. VOL. VI. $4.00 *net.* (*The set, complete in* 10 *volumes*, $35.00 *net.*)

In Praise of Life

(*Continued from page li*)

the digging camp at Thebes. The rest of the story has to do with the clash between Bezuidenhout and Hugh and their struggle for Ruth's love amidst the bizarre surroundings of the mortuary city. And interwoven with this is the newcomer's startling championship of the living, his attack on the adulation accorded to things long dead.

As we have said, *Mr. Brett Young's* readers will meet a new aspect of their author in this novel. They will be entranced and excited not only by the beauty of his tale but by his strange, passionate plea for a recognition of the wonder of life.

THE KEY OF LIFE. *By* FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, *author of "Love Is Enough," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for June 1928

A Bouquet with Thorns

Presented by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. E. M. Forster

Two very eminent practitioners in the art of the novel, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. E. M. Forster, have lately published books which contain comments, both interesting and illuminating, on their craft and their brother craftsmen.*

Let us before reading some of the memorable things they say about Borzoi authors see what they have to say about each other. How amusing, for instance, if while Mr. Bennett was writing a glowing tribute to that practised craftsman E. M. Forster, Mr. Forster were engaged in an acidulous diatribe against that old has-been, Arnold Bennett. But no! "'The Old Wives' Tale' is very strong, sincere and sad—it misses greatness," says Mr. Forster. "Such as E. M. Forster, and D. H. Lawrence . . . can and do, when up to their form, knock the stuffing out of the boys and girls," says Mr. Bennett.

Here is a more illuminating passage on D. H. Lawrence, this time by Mr. Forster: "D. H. Lawrence . . . is, as far as I know, the only prophetic novelist writing today—the only living novelist in whom the song predominates, who has the rapt bardic quality, and whom it is idle to criticize. He invites criticism because he is a preacher also—it is this minor aspect of him which makes him so difficult and misleading—an excessively clever preacher who knows how to play on the nerves of his congregation. . . . Also the subject matter of the sermon is agitating—hot denunciations or advice—so that in the end you cannot remember whether you ought or ought not to have a body, and are only sure that you are futile. This bullying, and the honeyed sweetness which is a bully's reaction, occupy between them the foreground of Lawrence's work; his greatness lies far, far back, and rests, not like Dostoevsky's upon Christianity, nor like Melville's upon a contest, but upon something æsthetic. . . . The prophet is irradiating nature from within, so that every color has a glow and every form a distinctness which could not otherwise be obtained. . . .

"Humility is not easy with this irritable and irritating author, for the humbler we get, the crosser he gets. Yet I do not see how else to read him. If we start resenting or mocking, his treasure disappears as surely as if we started obeying him. What is valuable about him cannot be put into words; it is color, gesture and outline in people and things, the usual stock-in-trade of the novelist, but evolved by such a different process that they belong to a new world."

(Mr. Lawrence's new volume of tales, THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY, is to be published in August.)

Mr. Forster also devotes eight or nine pages to an analysis of "The Counterfeiters," by André Gide, which he pronounces to be "among the most interesting of recent works." But let us return once more to Arnold Bennett:

"I fancy that the Jewish novels of Miss G. B. Stern are as yet much under-esteemed . . . . My other new author is Dorothy Edwards, responsible for 'Rhapsody.' A short book of short stories. Dorothy Edwards has little feeling for elegance, but she has something original to say, and she says it, if not with distinction, without nonsense and without verbiage. She has an original and suble and intriguing talent. . . . Now Edith Sitwell. 'Rustic Elegies.' With an exquisite photograph of the authoress by way of frontispiece. Edith Sitwell, too, was once obscure. She is so no longer. Clarity is hers. The first poem in this volume, 'Elegy on Dead Fashion,' is enchanting. . . . Gogol! He wrote only one novel (unless 'Taras Bulba' is long enough to count as a novel)—and even that he left far from finished—'Dead Souls.' . . . 'Dead Souls' has taken its place in all Europe as a comic, ironic masterpiece of the first order. It is a rollicking and murderous satire, and must have directly or indirectly influenced all later novelists who have castigated their country because they loved it—yes, down the decades of a century as far as Sinclair Lewis. 'Dead Souls' is gorgeous reading. It is the greatest lark imaginable, and withal deadly. A. P. Herbert's 'The Secret Battle' is among the best young novels of the period.

And here—here are the thorns in the bouquet, which we have concealed till the end. "There are also," says Mr. Bennett, "Messrs. Menchen [*sic*] and Nathan, of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and elsewhere. . . . They are violent, impudent, farcical, grotesque, and intellectually unscrupulous. . . . But . . . I do not wish them dead."

*"The Savour of Life." By Arnold Bennett (Doubleday Doran). "Aspects of the Novel." By E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace).

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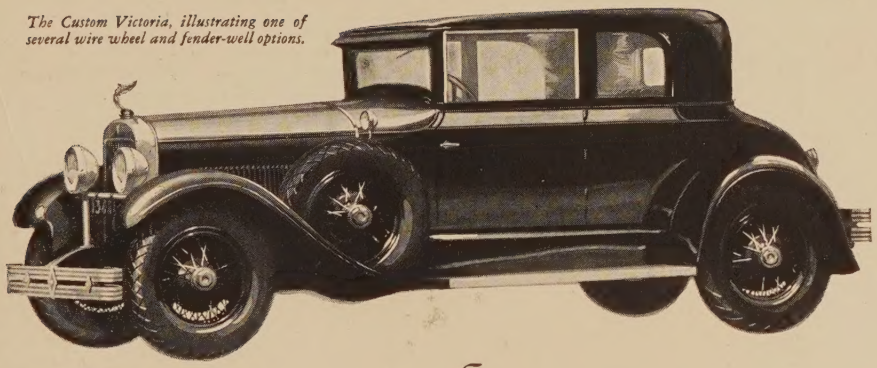
In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

The Custom Victoria, illustrating one of several wire wheel and fender-well options.



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